MAY 4,
1940

Liberty

5¢

EEPING AMERICA AMERICAN

by COMMANDER RAYMOND J. KELLY
OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

MY SEX LIFE by MAHATMA GANDHI

THE REFRIGERATOR WITH CONDITIONED AIR Keeps Foods Fresher Longer!

Controlled Humidity and Temperatures, Constant Circulation of Sweet, Clean Freshened Air!

G-E's Selective Storage Zones provide what General Electric engineers have found to be the most convenient, practical, low-cost method yet developed for food preservation in the home.

MEATS STAY MARKET FRESH DAYS LONGER

1. **New G-E Cold Storage Compartment** automatically controls humidity for keeping meats in prime condition.

AIR IS SWEET AND FRESH— NO STALE ODORS

2. **New G-E Air-Filter** revitalizes the cool, circulating air — practically eliminates transfer of food odors.

YOU CAN KEEP FRESH VEGETABLES INDEFINITELY

3. **New G-E Humi-Dial** provides proper humidity for keeping varying quantities of vegetables garden-fresh.

SEE G-E THAT'S THE BUY!

Thriftiest, Most Complete General Electric Refrigerator You've Ever Seen! Lowest Prices in General Electric History!

COMPARE with any other refrigerator the new conveniences, spacious interiors and better food preservation of the new 1940 G-E. Now you get all the extra-quality, all the extra-value of a General Electric for only a little more than you would pay for the very cheapest refrigerator!

- G-E owners know the genuine economy and tremendous satisfaction of owning the best. In millions of homes G-E Refrigerators have been giving dependable, trouble-free service for years and years. Now come new advancements and new low prices that make a General Electric an even better buy than ever!

Today you can own a bigger, better G-E Refrigerator for practically half the amount willingly paid by thousands of proud G-E owners a few years ago. See the new models now on display at your G-E dealer's. Sizes up to 16 cu. ft. Present terms make buying easy.

HERE'S WHY YOU'LL ALWAYS BE GLAD YOU BOUGHT A G-E!

☛ **ENDURING ECONOMY**—Sealed-in-Steel Thrift Unit—The cold-making mechanism that revolutionized refrigeration costs—now quieter, more thrifty in operation and longer lasting.

☛ **DEPENDABLE PERFORMANCE**—A service record unparalleled by any other.

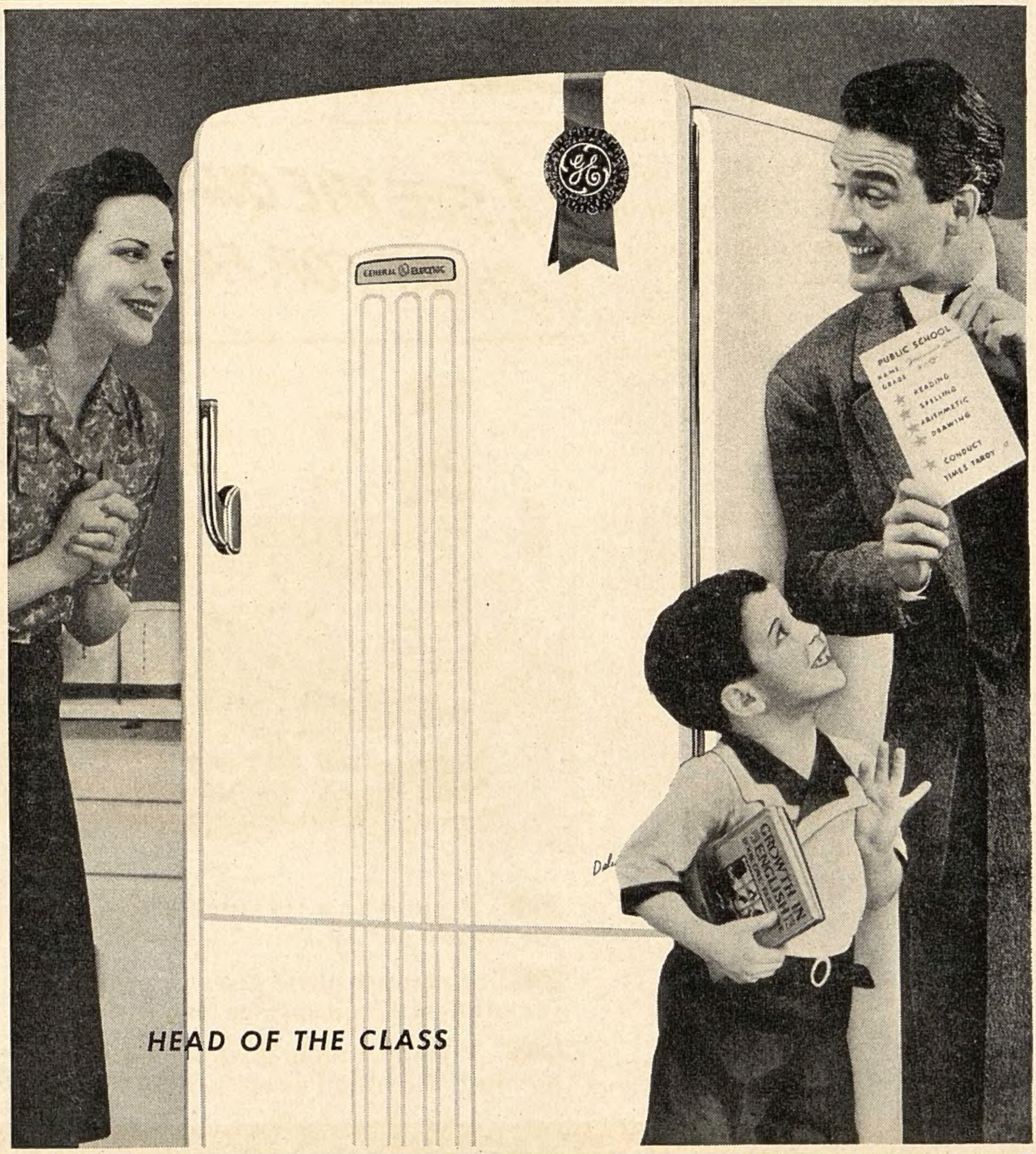
☛ **PRACTICAL FEATURES**—Sturdy all-steel cabinet with one-piece porcelain interior. Stainless Steel Super-Freezer and Stainless Steel Sliding Shelves, Temperature Dial, Interior Light, Quick Trays, Tel-A-Frost, Thermometer and many other features.

☛ **SELECTIVE STORAGE ZONES**—Sub-Freezing Storage; Extra-Cold Storage; Crisping Storage; Safety-Zone Storage.

☛ **A LASTING INVESTMENT**—A product of the combined research, engineering skill and manufacturing experience of the world's greatest electrical company.

A Statement By General Electric Co.

WE BELIEVE the new 1940 G-E Refrigerator to be the finest product of it's kind ever offered to the American public—one that will cost you less to own than any other refrigerator you could buy at any price.

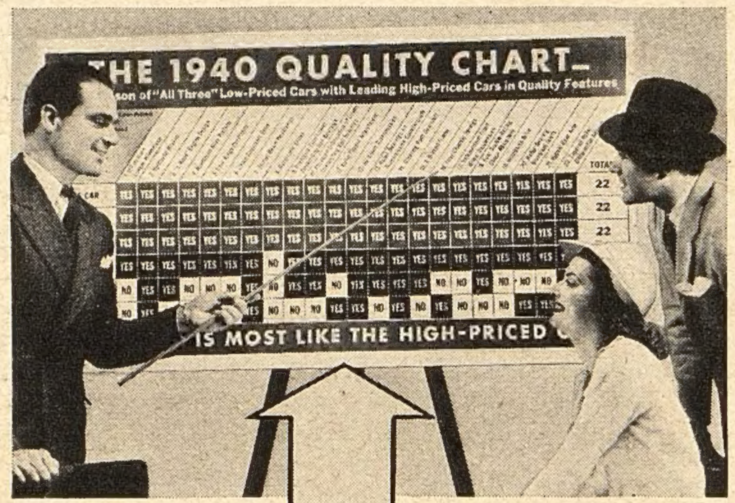


GENERAL ELECTRIC

The More Fine Features the Better Car You Get!

Here's how "All Three" low-priced cars compare on 22 important features found in the 1940 high-priced cars:

Plymouth has 21... Car "2" has 11... Car "3" has 8


THE 1940 QUALITY CHART
IS MOST LIKE THE HIGH-PRICED C

1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS | **2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF**

YOU CAN QUICKLY SINGLE OUT YOUR BEST BUY WHEN YOU JUDGE THIS "ONE-TWO" WAY

ONE: The 1940 Quality Chart reveals what each of "All Three" low-priced cars gives you in size, comfort, and safety...in long life, economy, and fine-car engineering.

TWO: Take Plymouth's Luxury Ride. It's the delightful way to satisfy yourself completely that the 1940 Plymouth gives most for your money!

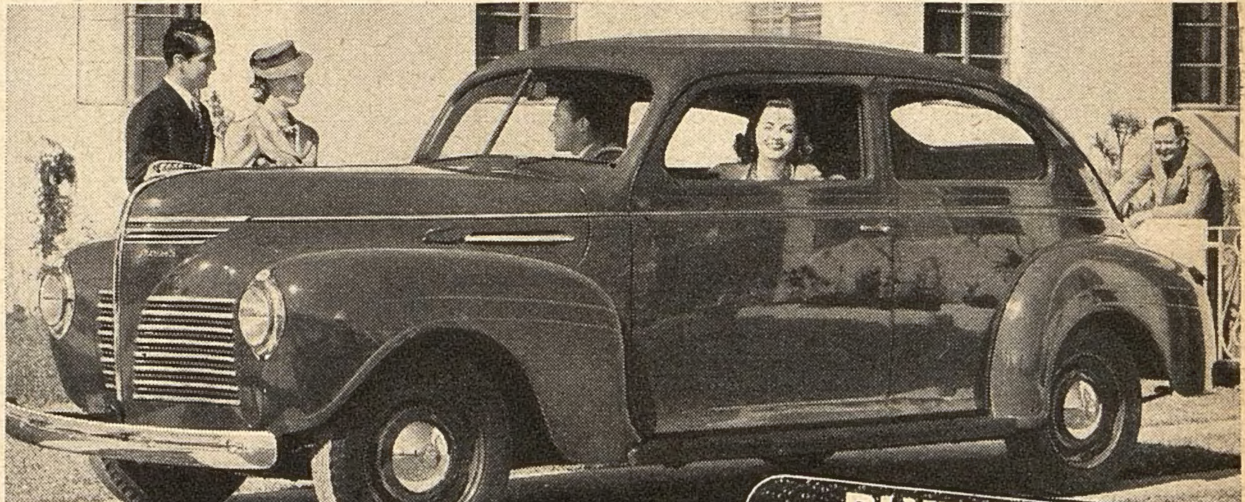
IT'S EASY to see why thousands are switching to Plymouth this year! The new "One-Two" comparison makes this big demand for Plymouth perfectly clear!

Plymouth is the *only one* of "All 3" *low-priced* cars that gives you a majority of the 22 big features found in *high-priced* cars.

Plymouth's 117-inch wheelbase is the longest of "All 3." Plymouth alone gives you coil springs on all models...the thrilling performance of a big, Floating Power, "L-head" engine.

See the Quality Chart at your Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer's. Then, to satisfy yourself still further, take Plymouth's Luxury Ride. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

Major Bowes, C.B.S., Thurs., 9-10 p.m., E.D.S.T.
See the new low-priced Plymouth Commercial Cars!



- **Plymouth's 117-inch wheelbase is the longest of "All Three" low-priced cars.**
- **Plymouth alone gives you the riding smoothness of coil springs *on all models*.**
- **Plymouth alone gives you the big, economical, Floating Power "L-head" engine.**

PLYMOUTH

COUPES START AT	SEDANS START AT
$645	**$699**

Delivered in Detroit, Mich., including standard equipment. Prices include Federal Taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included.

EASY TO BUY

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

MAY 4, 1940 **Liberty** VOL. 17, NO. 18

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

Our Lawless Auxiliary Congresses

BERNARR MACFADDEN

We have freely criticized our Washington legislators because of the powers they have granted to many of the bureaus and commissions which have been formed in wholesale fashion by the New Deal administration, and it is not out of place to refer to these various groups by their proper name, and that is auxiliary congresses.

Many of them have been given powers that belong solely to Congress, and which our Washington lawmakers should guard jealously as their exclusive privilege.

As we have previously quoted on this page, the very first article of our Constitution definitely points out:

"All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States."

There is nothing whatsoever in our Constitution which in any way indicates that lawmaking powers can be passed on to other groups or individuals. It is clearly the duty of Congress to decide all rules and regulations. The argument is frequently used that the complexities of this modern age require a large amount of time for detailed analysis and that Congress could not possibly assume such responsibilities. There can be no objection to the appointment of an advisory group or a bureau that would study a situation, but all final decisions should be made by Congress. But many of the legal complexities of this modern age are really caused by the innumerable laws that confuse and bewilder even the most learned judges.

When our citizens are told what they can do and what they cannot do, such restrictions assume a legal character. They are clearly and definitely laws, and Chief Justice Hughes, in an opinion expressed many years ago, so indicated.

If this contention is correct, then practically every bureau and commission that makes rules or regulations operating through Washington—which is now costing the government hundreds of millions, even billions, if we count the expenditures which they recommend—is illegal according to constitutional dictates.

"The power to tax is the power to destroy" is a statement that has often been quoted. It was the proposal put before Congress in 1909 and finally ratified in 1913 which started Washington on a spending rampage; but it was not until the New Deal came into power that this mine of financial resources was opened up and shoveled out by the billion.

It was the Sixteenth Amendment which gave Washington its present colossal spending power, bringing us an indebtedness of tens of thousands of millions.

"The Congress shall have power," says this amendment, "to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several States, and without regard to any census or enumeration."

In every state in the Union, when improvements are desired which require costly expenditures, the citizens of that state are required to vote on these proposals. They can voice their opinions as to whether or not such money should be spent. But the federal government can spend freely up to its debt limit without consulting the voters of the country, and, as we have pointed out on numerous occasions, every home in the land has already been mortgaged by our Washington lawmakers up to $1,000 or more. This money will have to be paid some day by our children or our children's children. In other words, we are placing a backbreaking mortgage on the future citizens of this country.

The Sixteenth Amendment allows Congress to collect money from any source without assuming the responsibility for the return of values in any form to the states or citizens from which the taxes were assessed. Such a procedure is definitely unjust.

Every state should be a self-governing dependable unit. It should "stand on its own feet." Charity handouts, whether to individuals or to groups of citizens in cities or states, should not be permitted, except in extreme emergencies. It may occasionally be desirable for wealthier states to extend financial assistance as an emergency measure, but such a policy should never be indefinitely continued.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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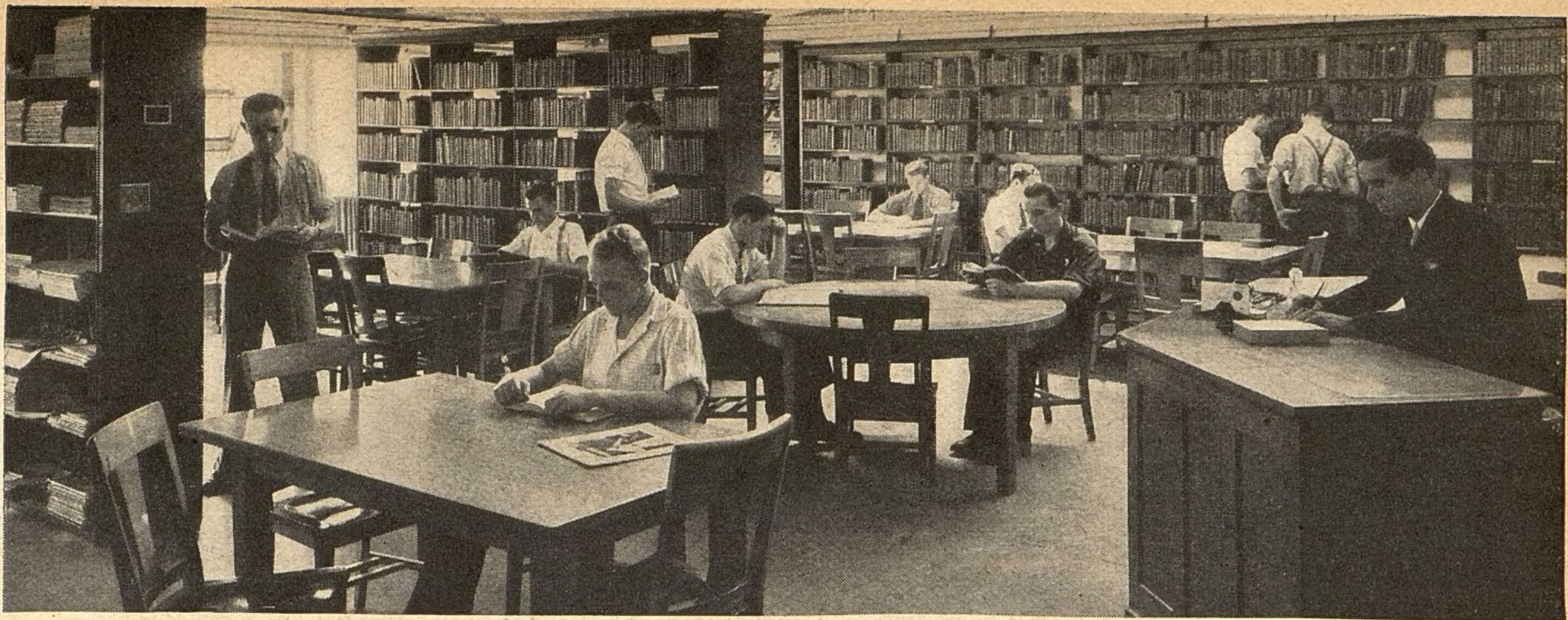
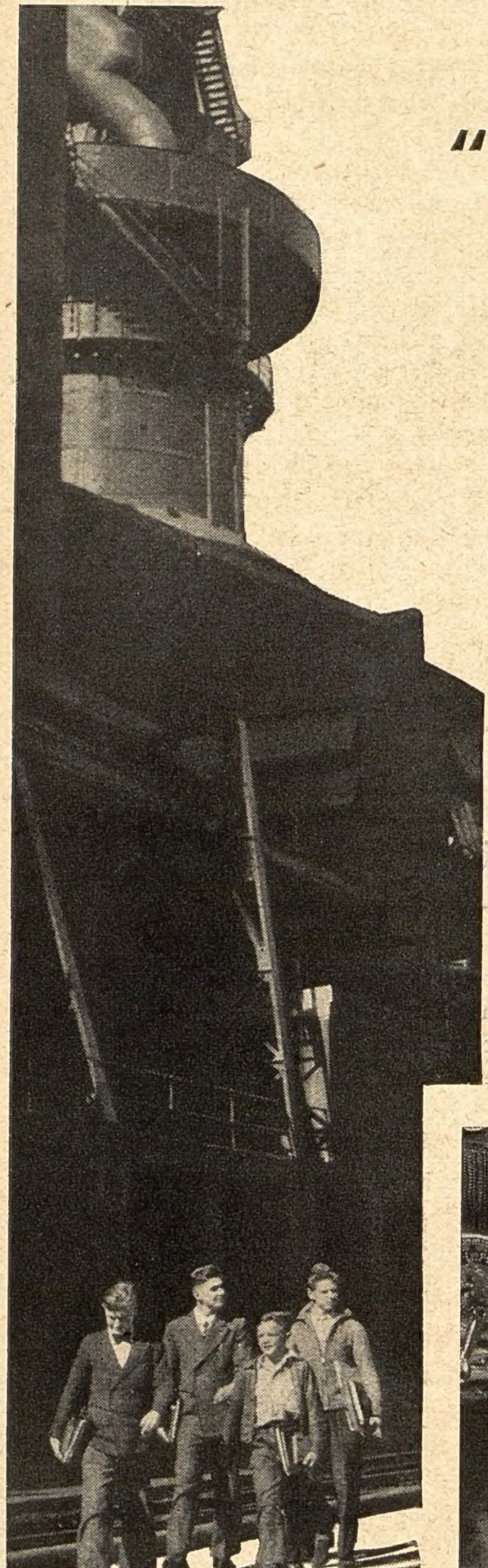


The Library. Academic courses include science, physics, geography, qualitative and quantitative analysis, and chemistry.



"If you give me a chance, Mister . . ."

• At Dearborn, in the midst of one of the most modern industrial developments in the world, stands a school with an enrollment of 1800 boys—the Henry Ford Trade School. Now in its 23rd year, this unique institution exists for one purpose: To provide an education for the boy who otherwise might never get one.

The School year includes 14 weeks of class work, 34 of shop training and 4 of vacation. Boys enroll between the ages of 12 and 15. They spend an average of five years in work and study.

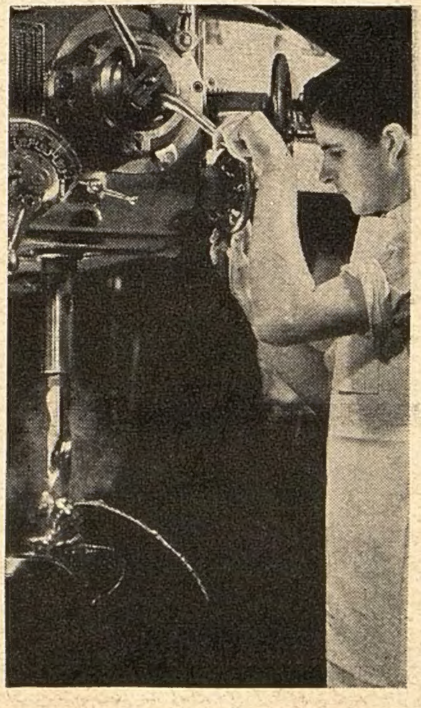
Although they build nothing that goes into a car, the students do useful work from the day they enroll. Younger boys salvage small tools. Later, as knowledge and skill increase, they manufacture drills, reamers, cutters . . . learning to make as well as use the many tools of their trade.

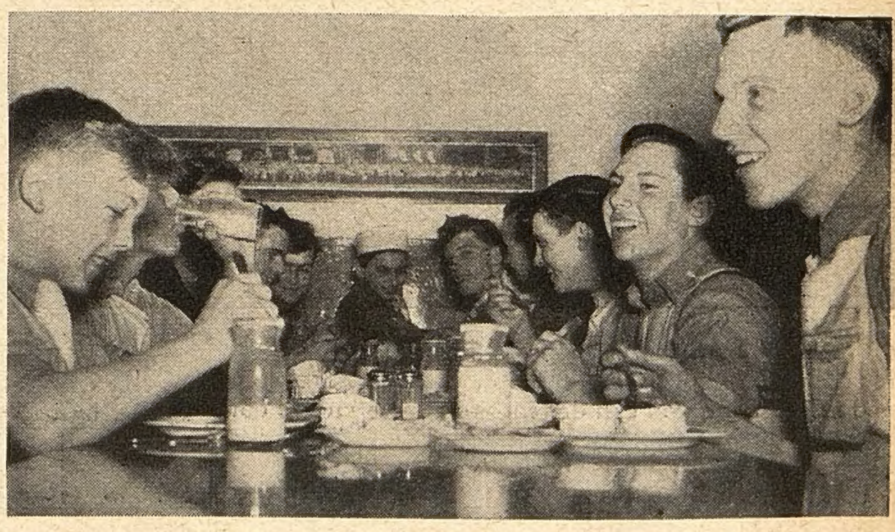
All students receive a cash scholarship in both shop and classroom, beginning at 20 cents an hour and rising gradually to a maximum of 65 cents an hour. In addition, the School gives every boy $2 a week toward a savings account.

Bringing opportunity to thousands, the Henry Ford Trade School is an expression of its Founder's lifelong interest in youth. It is his tribute to ambitious boyhood . . . to the earnest lad without wealth or "pull" who is eager to get ahead . . . who stands, cap in hand, and never dreams that he is voicing the spirit and source of America's progress when he says:

"If you give me a chance, Mister, I'll show you I mean business!"

On their way to class! The problems studied in the classroom are the problems the boys encounter in the shops.





⬅ *A master mechanic in the making. He learns to use such machines as lathes, shapers, millers and grinders.*

⬆ *Lunch time at the Henry Ford Trade School. Hot lunches are provided daily for all students, without charge.*

"It's his second...let's ask him why he picked a Servel Electrolux this time!"

"Uncle Harry's a smart old boy," says Mary to me. "If he chose the refrigerator that freezes with **NO MOVING PARTS** for his *second* . . . maybe we should choose it for our *first!*"

1 **"No moving parts to wear,"** he explains, when we ask him, "How come?" "You see, this freezing system hasn't any machinery. It simply can't wear or lose efficiency. And that means there's nothing to cause noise, either. Just listen to Servel Electrolux!"

2 **"Can't hear a sound, Uncle,"** we agree. "Is Servel Electrolux *always* silent like that?" "You bet it is," he tells us. "And it's the *only* refrigerator I know of that is. You don't hear anything now—and you never will."

3 **"Look at these savings, too!"** he beams, showing us his bills. "They're *something*. Other refrigerators may be pretty inexpensive to run when new, but I can tell you it takes one without moving parts to keep right on running for just a few cents a day."

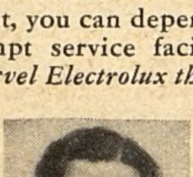
4 **"A tiny flame does all the work,"** adds Uncle Harry. "That's Servel's secret. And should the gas flame ever need adjustment, you can depend on your own gas company for prompt service facilities. *Do you wonder I changed to a Servel Electrolux this time?"*

Whether it's your second . . . or your first . . . be wise to values too!

Get all the facts—Ask these questions when you buy . . . You'll find that only with Servel is the answer **"Yes"** to every one:

1. **Will it be permanently silent?**
2. **Will it give us longest service?**
3. **Will it save us money year after year?**
4. **Does it have every worthwhile convenience?**
5. **Are we assured of dependable service?**
6. **Can we—right now—afford it?**

People with experience are changing to SERVEL!



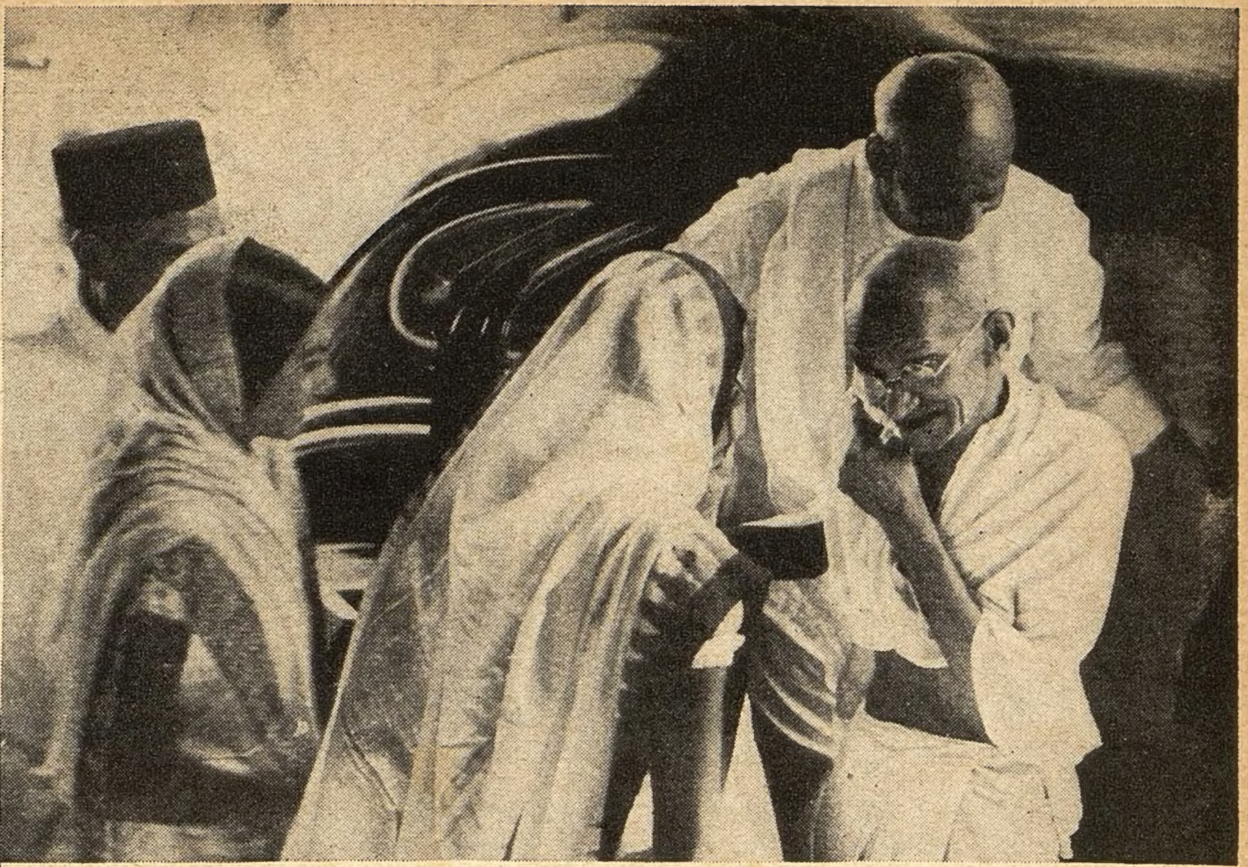
We're certainly glad we switched to a Servel when we bought our new refrigerator. You never hear the slightest noise. And there are no moving, wearing parts to worry about.—*Mrs. Arthur Pohl, 1558 So. 15th St., Milwaukee, Wis.*

The
SERVEL
ELECTROLUX
Gas Refrigerator

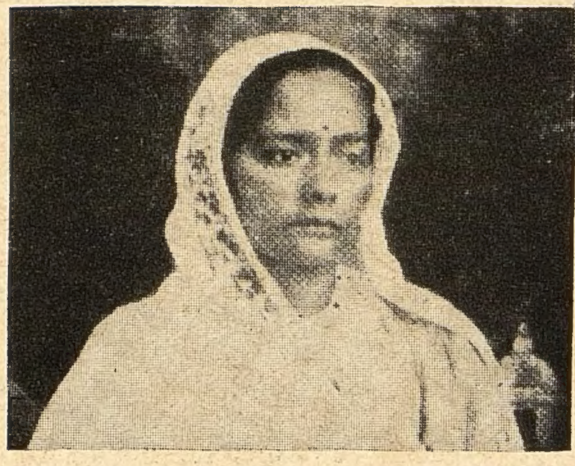
Important

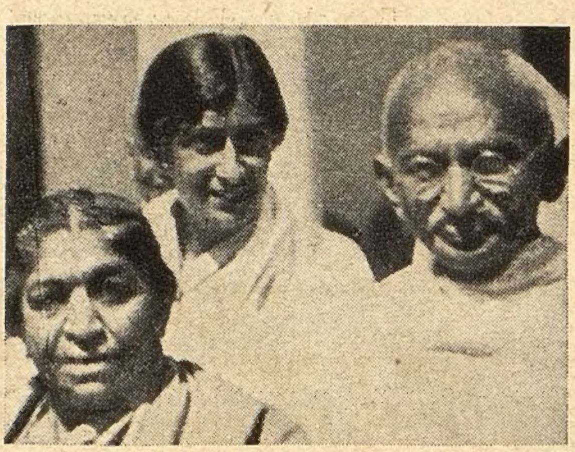
IF YOU LIVE BEYOND THE MAINS, THERE ARE MODELS TO RUN
ALSO ON BOTTLED GAS, TANK GAS OR KEROSENE

Write for details to Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind.



Right: Mahatma Gandhi with his wife on a visit to Bombay. Below: Mrs. Gandhi in 1921, and the Indian leader with one of his many women followers just after his fifth "fast unto death."





MY Sex Life

BY MAHATMA GANDHI

Has India's leader forsworn celibacy? Here is his own frank reply to the charge

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IN 1906 I took the vow of celibacy in the conviction that it would help me to be of better service to my country. From that day forward my life became far more open and free than it had ever been before. It was celibacy that gave me the independence I desired for my work. It revealed a richness and fullness in life beyond anything I had previously experienced or even imagined. I have never had the slightest occasion to regard my decision as a mistaken one. Indeed, the opposite has been true; more and more, celibacy has seemed to me one of the greatest blessings possible to bestow.

Not long ago, however, a sensational story was brought to my attention. Like all rumors, and particularly unfounded ones, it appears to have traveled very widely and very quickly. It began in a native newspaper in India. From there it spread to the pages of a Bombay newspaper, and since this paper has a large circulation of readers, it soon reached England, and perhaps even America.

The story was to the effect that I had given up my celibacy and had resumed sensual relations with women.

I believe that this story had its real beginnings in my campaign against the creed of untouchability, the belief that for centuries has separated the people of my country. When I began to fight against it, insisting that there be no discrimination against untouchables, a group of orthodox Hindus who had previously been my friends broke with me and started to vilify me with all the resources at their command. They pointed to the number of women among my close followers and declared that my pretended "saintliness" in reality was "sinfulness." They dragged before the public eye the woman doctor, Sushila Nayar, who for years has been a constant companion and whose "crime" and "sinfulness" consist of giving me massages and medicated baths!—treatments, incidentally, that are conducted entirely without privacy, and during which indeed I often transact business with my co-workers.

Hitherto I have ignored these charges. I did not think that they deserved the dignity of being acknowledged, much less answered. But when close associates of mine are made to suffer, and when the rumor reaches the ears of friends in other countries, the air needs clearing.

I have no secrets of my own in this life. I think that I have confessed my weaknesses. It happens that I am not sensually inclined; but if I were, I hope that I would have the courage to make the confession.

As I have said, I began the practice of celibacy in 1906, when I was living in Phoenix, South Africa. A detestation of sensual connection even with my own wife had been developing in me for some time. I determined to test myself, to see if I would have the strength and resolution to maintain celibacy, and to see what effect it would have on me, mentally and physically. When I had determined that I could maintain it and that it would benefit me in my lifework, I took the vow.

It was on that day that true freedom began, and not only for myself but for my wife. My wife became a free woman in the most significant sense of the word—she became free from my authority as her lord and master. For my part, I became free from her—free from my previous slavery to her.

There were a great many women around me at this time. It might be said, then, that there was the opportunity for promiscuity. But no other woman had ever had any attraction for me in the sense that my wife had. I had never experienced a sensual urge toward other women. Nevertheless before I took the vow of celibacy I had been conscious of a certain restraint standing in the way of full, open friendship between the two sexes. I think it is a consciousness that no woman, perhaps, can ever entirely rid herself of when she is in the society of men.

But my celibacy changed this. I discovered that it drew me irresistibly to woman as the mother of man. She had become too sacred for sexual love, and so every woman became at once a sister or daughter to me.

Celibacy, in my case, has been governed by no orthodox rules. I have never believed that to practice celibacy one must become a hermit. The restraint that demands abstention from all contact with the opposite sex, no matter how innocent, is a forced growth having little or no vital value. Therefore I never tried to avoid natural, normal contacts with women.

And I found that there was a greater pleasure in such friendship than there had ever been before I took my vow. I found that I could work with all women to far greater advantage. Sex was no longer an invisible barrier between us. Women came closer to me; they gave me their confidence as I think even the closest of my friends among them would have hesitated to give it to me before.

When I returned to India from South Africa, therefore, and invited women of my own country to join the civil-resistance movement, they answered with a wholehearted and joyous response, with a perfect trust that I do not think would have been possible otherwise. My vow had given me a special fitness to serve womankind. The easy access which they gave me to their hearts was a wonderful revelation. The old beliefs and conflicting creeds of India dropped away, and we faced one another as equals.

For example, Moslem women would not veil themselves before me, a thing that would have been unthinkable in other circumstances, as any one who knows the power of the custom of purdah—the veil—will realize. How otherwise could I have overcome this obstacle, the barrier of the veil, when I appealed to these Moslem sisters to support our movement? How otherwise could I have appeared to them as the close and trusted friend, entirely without motivation except in the interest of our movement, that I wished to be?

AND so, from that day forward, there has been no false privacy in my life. In my dwelling I sleep at night surrounded by women, for they feel safe with me in every respect. There is nothing to make us strangers and enemies.

All these great benefits celibacy has given me. I would be weak and foolish indeed were I to relinquish them!

Nevertheless, if I were sexually attracted to women, I think I have courage enough, even at this time of my life, to become a polygamist, to take not one but several wives. For I have never believed in free love—secret free love or open free love. Open free love I have always regarded as dog's love. Secret free love seems to me nothing more than a cowardly evasion.

I hope that this will serve to repudiate the lie that has been circulated about me. People may disagree with my beliefs; they may attack my celibacy; they may attack my ideal of nonviolence—but I do not think it can be said that any one who has come under my influence has ever been turned into a coward.

THE END

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE platform to the one-thirty train out of Pennsylvania Station was crowded. Radthorne Bates was glad he'd had his manservant get him a drawing room; he hadn't wanted to go on this junket anyway, and he hated being pushed around. With a sense of relief he saw his redcap turn into a car and shove his way along the narrow corridor. With a sense of annoyance he saw that the entrance to the drawing room was blocked by the Pullman conductor, who was standing in the passageway arguing with one of the prospective passengers. The conductor was explaining with tired politeness that the passenger's Pullman reservation was for another train and that there wasn't a prayer of changing it to this train. Bates sighed. He knew he was going to offer to share his room—it was the only decent thing to do—and he didn't feel in the least like listening to smoking-car stories all the way to Wilmington. He called to the conductor.

"Hey," he said, "that's my drawing room. I want to get into it. Tell whoever you're arguing with they can sit in it too, if only they won't talk, and then please move and let me in."

"He says you can sit in his room," said the conductor, "if you won't talk to him." Then he stepped out of the way and said to Bates, "She says O. K. and thank you and she won't talk."

"She!" said Bates. "Oh heavens!"

Glaring, he advanced along the passage. He saw a brown coat slip into the drawing room. It looked reasonably young, so his glare softened; and then he saw that the coat housed an exceedingly pretty girl, and the glare disappeared and gave place to what he hoped was a brotherly yet gallant smile, though another person might have mistaken it for a fatuous grin. He tipped his porter, closed the door, and turned to the girl.

"I didn't mean to sound tough," he said. "I was afraid I was going to get a salesman—full of jokes."

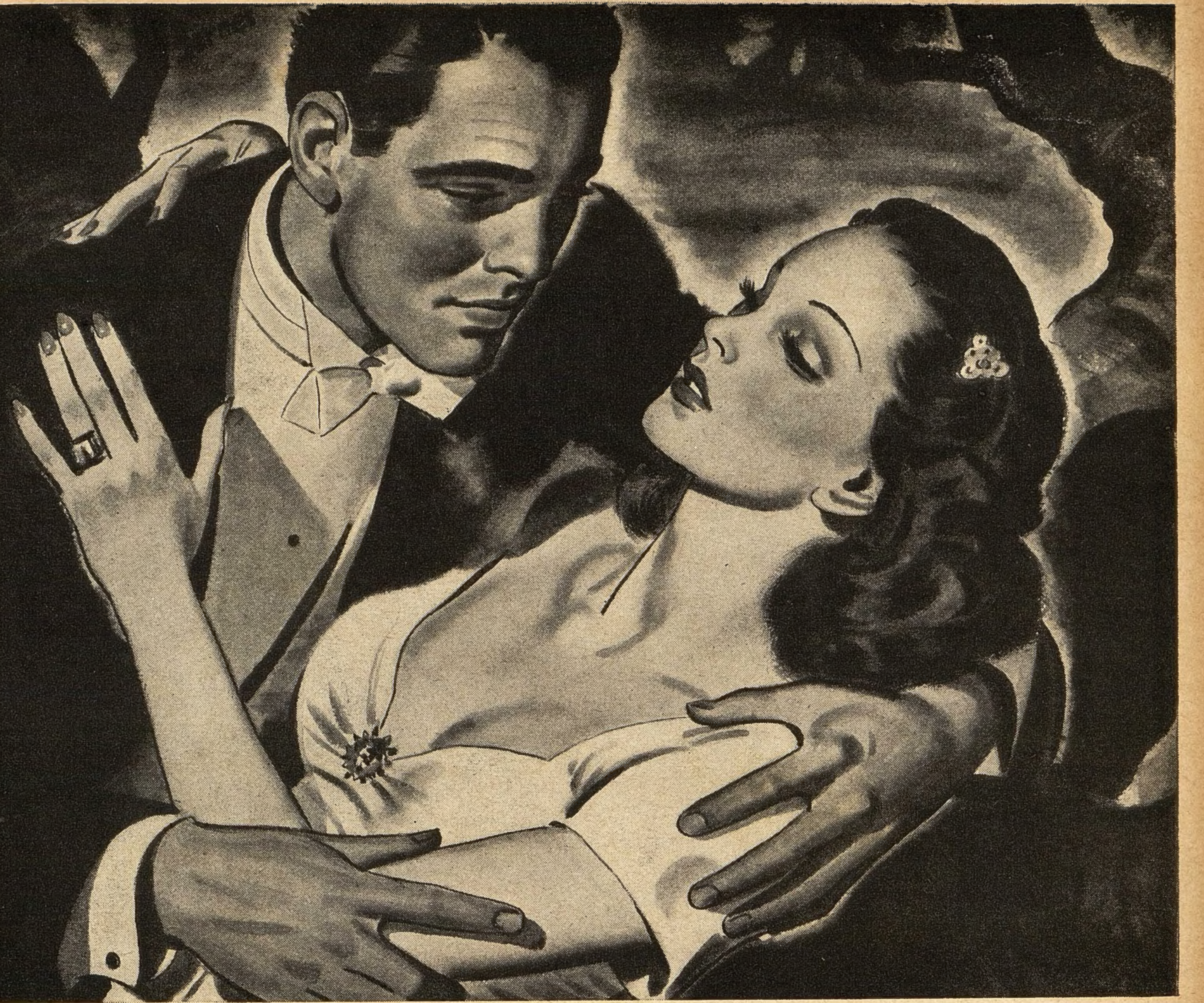
"It was nice of you to be willing to share your room."

Brief memory of romance drifts into a southland garden . . A tale of a moment that was eternity

Magic

She started to take off her coat; Bates helped her and hung it on a hanger. He saw that she had on a light wool dress, and that it went well with her chestnut hair and gray eyes and dark brows and lashes. When he turned back to her, he looked at her eyes more closely. He was used to pretty girls' eyes that sparkled. These didn't. They had the equipment for fine sparkling, too, but instead were somber. It bothered him.

She took off her hat, loosing the chestnut hair. It looked soft and strokable. He wondered idly if he'd be able to get around to stroking it. He hung the hat on a hook, took off his own coat, and then sat down on the seat opposite her.



Then his arms were around her. "I'm dreaming this up!" he said.

in a MIST

BY ERIC HATCH

"I'm Radthorne Bates," he said.

The girl's eyes brightened for a second in recognition.

"I've heard of you," she said. "You're going down to the Pells', I suppose."

"Yes," he said. "You too?"

She nodded.

"A lot of people are," she said. "I was told you'd probably be on this train. My name's Caroline Marshall."

"How do you do," said Bates, and held out his hand.

They shook, and she gave him a little smile.

Bates fished out a gold cigarette case and offered it. The girl took a cigarette and there was the business of lighting it, where their hands touched fleetingly, trembled, and drew apart.

"Imagine old Maury Pell buying a plantation!" said Bates. "And turning into a South'n gentleman!"

Caroline Marshall looked at him sharply. She had been born on the plantation Maury Pell had bought, and she didn't think the mere fact of its ownership would make him a Southern gentleman. The men of her family were Southern gentlemen. They'd lived on Middle Plantation on the Eastern Shore of Maryland for over two hundred years. That made all the difference, but she didn't say so. Instead she said, "I've never met him, but I think it was nice of him to ask me to his housewarming just because Middle Plantation used to be my home."

"You're from the South," said Bates, "yet you don't talk blackface. How come?"

Caroline smiled. Being Southern, she felt she should be offended; but it was difficult to be offended with Bates. He was young, and he was handsome, and he was glamorous the way the last of a vanishing race is apt to be glamorous. Radthorne Bates was the last, or almost the last, real man about town. He lived alone in a small exquisite apartment. He had a white-haired manservant named William and a gray-haired chauffeur named John. He had a town car and an elderly Hispano touring car and he had a yacht. He also had a reputation. It was a mixed reputation, because Bates, being full of Old-World notions and gallantry, got mixed up with people and things from time to time in ways that made good breakfast reading in the papers. In a small way, he was legend. He didn't look like a legend; he looked like an amiable, rather dumb, friendly young man. So Caroline Marshall smiled.

"I haven't lived there in a long time," she said. "I didn't want to go back now, but—but I thought it was so awfully nice of the Pells to ask me . . ."

"I didn't want to go, either," said Bates. "William pushed me into it."

"Who's William?"

"He's my everything," said Bates. "He cooks, buttles, valets, and makes me go to the end of creation to Maury Pell's infernal housewarming." Bates broke off and laughed. "He said I had to go because everything down there was so Old-World and I was sort of Old-World myself!"

"Are you?" said Caroline.

"No," said Bates. "But William said I'd go big on a plantation. I mistrust it. I like good solid sidewalks or salt water. Green grass and gardens and things frighten me."

SHE was laughing; almost there was a sparkle in the gray eyes.

"Why?"

"Something happened to me in a garden once," said Bates. "It was awful. There was a lot of soft music and moonlight and stuff. I didn't think I'd *ever* get out of it."

"But you did," said Caroline. "I—I have a funny feeling about gardens myself."

"Is there a garden at Middle Plantation?"

The eyes did something extraordinary now. They widened and seemed to be seeing something that they'd forgotten, or something that really wasn't there to see.

"Yes," she said, "there's a garden at Middle Plantation. It's a very beautiful garden. I don't believe they've changed it. They *couldn't* have changed it. It's been the same —always."

"And it has moonlight," said Bates. "And roses and boxwood hedges and terraces."

"That lead under the yew trees to the river," said Caroline.

"I knew it!" said Bates. "Oh, William, you louse! You *know* what'll happen to me! Yet you send me!" He laughed again, then lowered his voice. "Will it be you that happens to me?" he asked. "I don't think I'd mind it a bit if it was you."

Her eyes met his for a second, then dropped. "Please don't," she said, and to his astonishment he saw that her eyes were wet with tears. Funny, she was thinking, his joking to her about gardens and about being afraid of them. Nice boy. If she'd never met Trumbull Thomas, she might—but she had met Trumbull, and years ago she had given him her heart. She blinked the quick tears away.

"Sorry," she said.

"Right," said Bates. "What we need is a drink. Train drinks are fun. They come in such silly little bottles."

He got up and rang for the porter. He had an odd sensation that something was going to happen to him. Her eyes — that sudden-tears business. It bothered him. No use asking her what was wrong. She wouldn't talk. Maybe he'd find out at the party.

THE Maury Pells' housewarming ball had everything: pretty girls, soft lights, good music, and perfectly splendid champagne. Radthorne Bates had a wonderful time. He also had a great deal of champagne; because, like many men who are supposed to be social tigers, at heart he was shy with strangers, and, aside from Maury and Peggy, Caroline Marshall was the only person there he knew. He had danced with her many times, had found she was unhappy because she was in love with a pleasant guy called Trumbull Thomas, who was in love with her, and that they couldn't get married because of some silly family thing that had happened long ago, when Trumbull came back from college.

Bates had worried about this. He wanted to do something about it; felt he should. The more champagne he drank, the more he felt he should. By two in the morning it had become an obsession. Then he suddenly realized what he would do. He turned to Maury Pell, who was standing next to him at the bar table.

"Maury," he said, "I'm going to be a counterirritant. I am going to come between Caroline and Trumbull."

Maury Pell laughed.

"You'll get shot," he said, "and I'll laugh myself sick."

"If I do," said Bates, "bury me not on the lone prairee. Actually, I will either spur him on to forget his foibles, or I will so intoxicate Caroline with my charm that she'll be happy anyway."

"Bates," said Maury, "you hate yourself *too* much. G'wan now and irritate. I'm busy hosting."

"*Counter*irritate," said Bates. He teetered off, singing in whispers, "*Count*-er-*irr*itate, *count*-er-*irr*itate, *count*-er-*irr*itate." A few people gave him odd looks as he passed, and smiled. He was a gentle drunk and gave the impression not so much of being outwardly intoxicated as of having moved into a dream world of his own. In the entryway of the library where the dancing was happening, he paused, peering. Then he shook his head. Caroline wasn't there. Would have been easy to see her—she had on an old-fashioned fluffy white dress. He turned away, and presently came to the garden and stood in the doorway looking out. The terraces and boxwood hedges were swimming in a silver haze that was partly of the ground mist mixed with moonlight and partly made of Maury Pell's excellent hospitality.

"Lovely!" said Bates.

He peered. One or two couples were strolling arm in arm on the paths near the house. He peered harder, and saw, two terraces down, on a bench under a vast yew tree, a flash of white dress. He straightened his shoulders and rolled in that direction. He supposed she'd be sitting with Trumbull Thomas, being miserable. He'd fix that!

But she wasn't with Trumbull Thomas—she was quite alone when he reached her. He bowed.

"I've come to make love to you," he said quietly.

She looked up at him and smiled. Then she floored him.

"I've been waiting for you," she said.

"You've what?"

"Been waiting for you." Her smile was of the I-know-something-you-don't-know type. It was also wistful. "I've been waiting for years."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Radthorne Bates.

"Or blessed," said the girl. "I'm blessing you—terribly."

Bates walked three steps away quickly, spun around and walked three steps back. He felt a little dizzy. This lovely girl wasn't talking at all the way she'd talked—on the train, for instance. He looked down at her. Her eyes were wide, questioning.

"Please make love to me," she said, and raised her lips, shaping them into a kiss.

"You Southern kittens sure work fast!" said Radthorne Bates. He bent, lightly kissed the pouted lips. They were cool against his, which were warm with wine. Then he sat down beside her, put his arm around the fluffy white of her dress, and her head dropped to his shoulder.

"Sometimes," he said, "sometimes a minute can be eternity—I mean, if it's the only minute there is, and there can't be two minutes at the same time. There's a law about it."

The girl laughed. It seemed to him her laughter had a quality he'd never heard before—it was fey.

IF you're going to tell me you're in love with me, I can make it easier for you," she said.

"You Southern kittens sure . . ."

"We have to," said the girl. "At least, I have to. You're going to fall asleep in a minute."

"Nonsense," said Bates. He *was* sleepy. He snapped out of it. "That business about a minute. I was leading up to say that this minute I'm in love with you, so maybe I've always been and always will be. You see, there isn't any doubt at all but what you're the darnedest loveliest creature I've ever set eyes on!"

He meant it, too. With the mist

coming from the river and the mist in her eyes and the fog in his brain, she seemed beautiful almost beyond reality.

"Caroline, I—really—I . . ."

"Call me Nonnie."

"I'll call you anything you like," he said. "Why Nonnie?"

"My daddy used to call me that."

"What about Trumbull?"

"He doesn't call me that — any more."

Bates frowned. Time to get to work.

"Say, what about that guy, anyway?"

THEY had stopped talking. She took the lapels of his coat in her hands and he found himself looking deep into the gray eyes. It made him feel floaty, they swam so.

"Radthorne—" It was the first time she'd spoken his name; it slipped familiarly from her lips. "Radthorne, I want desperately, for this minute you were talkin' about—this minute that's going to be eternity—to forget Trumbull Thomas. I want" —her eyes wavered, fell—"I want to be able to remember *you*."

"Nonnie!"

Then his arms were around her.

"I'm dreaming this up!" he said. "I came to old Maury's plantation, and I got four-eyed on old Maury's old champagne, and I'm dreaming it up."

He lost track of things then. Girl, gardens, rivers merged, separated, merged. Dance music knocked against his temples, bounced across the moonlit grass, and after a little he slept. When he awakened, he was still sitting on the white bench under the yew tree, but he was alone. The moon had gone and it was dark in the garden and felt late. He made his way back to the house and to the bar table. He thought a little brandy would be good for him.

In the den, where the bar table was, he found the remnants of the party: Maury and Peggy, another couple who were staying over, and Trumbull Thomas. He asked for Caroline, and found she'd gone to bed hours ago. He fixed himself a brandy-and-soda—then, on sudden inspiration, went over to Trumbull Thomas.

"Come in the other room," he said. "I want to talk to you."

Thomas, curious, followed him to the now empty library. When they got there, Bates faced him.

"Look here, Trumbull," he said. "I like you. I like Caroline, too."

"I *love* her," said Thomas.

Bates nodded.

"I know. That's why I've got to tell you something. I think I dreamed it; but if I didn't, she'll be upset about it and will tell you, and then you'll be upset. She probably isn't used to champagne. I mean, if I didn't dream it."

Thomas had started to get Southern and indignant; but something about Bates' manner, his frankness probably, disarmed him.

"Go ahead and spill it," he said; "I'm listening."

So Bates, walking on eggs, told him about how he'd gone looking for Caroline to make trouble, how he'd found her, how she'd said she'd been waiting for him.

"When was this?" said Thomas. "What time?"

"Two o'clock," said Bates.

Thomas' lips began to twitch in a suppressed smile. Bates went on; told him how she'd asked him to call her Nonnie—and Thomas looked startled, then he grinned. He still grinned when Bates told him she'd said she wanted to forget Trumbull Thomas and to remember him, Bates, for eternity. He put his hand on Bates' shoulder.

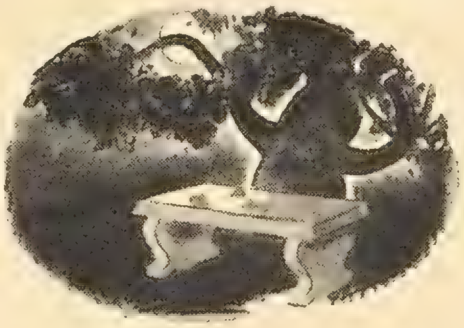
"Caroline and I had supper together about two o'clock," he said.

Bates beamed with relief.

"Then I dreamed it!" he said.

A queer look crossed the Southerner's face.

"No," he said, "you didn't dream it. G'by now; I've got work to do." He laughed. "She wants to forget me and remember you. Boy, you've freed the slaves!"



Bates watched him go.

"I dreamed it," he said, "and I didn't dream it. That doesn't fit."

He went back to the bar, worried. He was still worried when he went to bed, and when, along toward mid-afternoon, he awakened.

He found Maury and Peggy, and the two other guests who were staying over, sitting on the lawn, juleping. When they saw him, they let out a shriek. Maury waved a yellow telegraph blank.

"Bates!" he yelled. "Come quick —it gives romance!"

"And you, my little chick, are mixed up in it," called Peggy.

Bates went up to them, took a julep in one hand and the telegram in the other. He read:

THANKS FOR YOUR WONDERFUL PARTY TRUMBULL AND I WERE MARRIED AT ELKTON THIS MORNING DELIRIOUSLY HAPPY TELL RADTHORNE BATES THAT HE IS A LAMB AND A LOVE AND WE LOVE HIM

It was signed, CAROLINE THOMAS.

Bates looked at the telegram. Then he looked at Maury and Peggy.

"Well, lamb?" said Peggy. "Give."

"It's a little confusing," said Bates.

He took a long pull at his julep. This was way beyond him.

"Of course we know you're modest," said Maury, "but we're coaxing."

"What we don't understand," said Peggy, "is how you did it." She looked at him sharply, saw the complete blankness of his expression, and wondered. "Of course," she went on, "you know the story."

"I don't know anything."

Maury looked at him unbelieving.

"You mean you don't know about Caroline and Trumbull and Nonnie?"

Bates shook his head and said again, "I don't know anything."

"That's why they wouldn't get married," said Peggy softly. "I thought everybody knew about it. It was pretty awful. Nonnie and Trumbull were engaged—they were kids. Then he came back from college and he and Caroline fell in love."

"Rats," said Bates. "Nonnie and Caroline are the same person. Nonnie's her pet name. Her old man used to call her that. Thomas used to too, but she said he hadn't lately."

Peggy and Maury exchanged glances. There was a little silence. The sun, red now and hurrying to its sleep, moved a foot or two nearer the horizon.

"No," said Peggy. "Nonnie was her twin sister. That was why Caroline and Trumbull wouldn't—" She dropped her voice to almost a whisper. "That was ten years ago."

Bates began to feel a tingling in his spine and up to the roots of his back hair.

"You see," said Peggy, "the night they told her, Nonnie shot herself. It was down there."

She gestured toward the river. Bates took a deep breath and turned very white. The silence was thick. The sun moved another foot. Maury broke the spell. He laughed; that is, he made a noise like a laugh.

"Silly, isn't it," he said, "but her ghost is supposed to walk. It's supposed to walk up from the river and sit on that white bench there under the big yew tree."

BATES set down his glass, turned, stared for a long moment at the yew tree. The others watched him. They had the feeling they were watching something terribly private, something they shouldn't see; but they couldn't look away. All of them felt that something was there under the tree and that Bates could see it. Presently he picked up the glass again.

"You know," said Maury, "they really do have ghosts in these parts."

"Are you telling me!" said Radthorne Bates.

Peggy Pell's eyes met his, and he knew that somehow she understood. She reached out and patted his hand and smiled at him.

"Just you keep out of gardens, baby," she said. "You and they don't mix. Drink up."

He drank. The sun had set. Whatever it was that had been there with them had gone now. He smiled at Peggy. He was himself again.

THE END

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

KEEPIN

BY COMMANDER RAYMOND J. KELLY OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

Do you love your country? Read what the Legion does to keep it as you want it!

KEEP America American. Educate for democracy. Perpetuate and strengthen our national defense. Preserve our national neutrality and keep our hands clean of all wars and intrigues across the seas, east or west. That, tersely stated, is the message of the American Legion to the American people today. And that briefly sums up four cardinal points in the broad Americanism program of our organization of World War veterans. It is just four of the many things we are trying to do for America.

We of the Legion made our confession of faith many years ago, and now, with more than a million members—one in every hundred and thirty persons within the United States—our faith has not been shaken. We believe in America; believe in its democratic form of government; believe in its ideals and its opportunities; believe in its destiny. But if we are to keep America in the American way, we must have a good citizenship—an honest, intelligent, and informed people—and a general acceptance of the individual responsibilities that such citizenship entails. There has never been a country where opportunities were greater, where inherited privileges counted for so little, or where the standards of living, social and economic, were higher than in the United States. We want to keep it that way.

Many of the problems that perplex our national life today and fill our people with vague fears were but shadowy potentialities when the Legion first looked upon them with concern. It was in its earliest days that the organization pioneered in Americanism, in insisting upon an adequate national defense, in the establishment of a youth program that embraced both educational and recreational activities, in combating subversive and revolutionary movements, and in opposition to the recognition of the Soviet regime in Russia, to name but a few of the issues. Subsequent events have proved that the Legion was right on all of these issues, and on many more that might be mentioned.

It is not with an I-told-you-so attitude that we recall the Legion's twenty years' fight for the establishment of what we conceive to be an adequate national defense. The National Defense Act of 1920 was written into law to provide what at that time were thought to be the minimum defense requirements of the country. It was passed largely by reason of the active support given it by the men who had recently borne arms and were then enrolled as members of the Legion. But its provisions were never carried into effect until world events within the past couple of years brought our lawmakers up with a start. And that was when the ruthless dictator nations started their series of undeclared wars of extermination on weaker nations. Then the need was apparent. Now there is every indication that sufficient appropriations are to be made by the Congress to provide for the minimum defense which has been agreed upon by the highest military and naval authorities.

It has never been the policy of the Legion to back away from a righteous cause because it was not immediately popular. Today, in the light of world happenings during the past half dozen years, the National Defense Act is conceded to be a wise and sane piece of legislation. But for more than a decade the Legion was looked upon by a great number of people and some organizations with a considerable degree of distrust because they, perhaps honestly, believed it to be a jingoistic, saber-rattling bunch of militarists who were intent upon involving these United States in international quarrels. How little they knew of the mind workings of the average veteran of the World War! He knows what war is like. His insistence upon a national defense came of the same thought that caused him to insure his home against fire. It was a part of his philosophy that as a nation we can best preserve peace through preparedness.

Late last September, just after a new general war had broken out in central Europe and when the whole world was in a state of jitters, the eyes of the nation were turned toward Chicago, where the Legion was holding its twenty-first annual convention. The war in Europe was the common burden of conversation everywhere, and the universal prayer was to keep our nation free from entanglement. We had no young men to sacrifice in a quarrel that was none of our concern.

What would the men who had fought in the last war say?

The answer came, clear and unequivocal. Out of that convention came a demand that our government pursue a policy that, while preserving the sovereignty and dignity of the nation, will prevent participation in any of the present-day conflicts, and the further demand that our armed forces be expanded immediately to support any course that our constituted authorities may chart in the period that lies immediately ahead.

There is no inconsistency in the demand for absolute neutrality in our national relations with belligerent countries, and the request for the expansion of the army and navy, when the whole of the resolution is considered. "We want America strong enough," it continues, "to meet any attempted invasion and to turn the invasion back before it arrives, so that our homes shall remain intact and our families secure. We would prefer to fight outside rather than to see any part of the United States destroyed."

In its fundamentals the recommendation for expansion of the national defense decided upon at that convention is in agreement with the minimum requirements of the defense act written twenty years ago, with modifications to meet changed conditions. It asked that preparations be made to have on hand continuously and completely a sufficient supply of raw and manufactured material to equip, supply, maintain, and subsist a military and naval force of not less than one million men for a minimum period of one year.

The Navy must be second to none, and organized to defend our interests in the Atlantic and Pacific against any possible grouping of aggressors. The Regular Army must reach the minimum peace strength of 280,000, with a National Guard of 426,000, and provision be made that these numerical restrictions be removed so that the emergencies of any situation that may arise may be promptly met. Our approaches to the Panama Canal, and the Canal itself, must be made impregnable. New naval bases must be established. Military and naval avia-

AMERICA American

tion must be completed on the basis of the present air program.

That is the national defense policy of the Legion, for which it will battle, firm in the belief that we are living in an age when powerful dictators recognize no law but the law of might, and no reason but that of force. Our country must be prepared to meet any eventuality.

But a greater and loftier service to our country and to humanity is our insistence upon a course that will keep the United States free from embroilment in the wars now raging in Europe and Asia. That is not a new policy; the Legion, reflecting the sincere desire of its member veterans, recorded its insistence upon the maintenance of neutrality long before these wars began. But we are not idealists enough to think we can wish harm away from our door. While praying for peace and exerting every effort to shunt war from us, our good sense tells us to hold our fully prepared armed forces in readiness for instantaneous action, and to keep our industrial set-up elastic to meet any situation that might arise.

The Legion in its general program has not neglected the home defenses. To further protect and safeguard America, we have asked, in this emergency and until we have taken up the slack in our general unemployment problem, that all immigration be stopped, and that every means be employed to check the growth and spread of subversive and revolutionary movements and propaganda in our country. Our opposition to all foreign isms is traditional, whether these are advocated by the home-grown saboteur or by the dictator's agent from abroad.

Sabotage and malingering from within can cause our national collapse more quickly than any invasion from across the Atlantic or the Pacific. Long years ago the Legion, through its fact-finding committees operating in more than eleven thousand American communities, became fully aware of the infiltration into our social structure of radical Reds, plausible Pinks, and other subversionists. During the past ten years apostles of discontent spread their poison and propaganda, and because of the economic stress these professional agitators found many sound Americans who bent a listening ear. The inroads made by the Communist- and Nazi-inspired radicals began to constitute a menace to the continuation of our American system, unless they could be checked. The mission of the Legion in this field has been that of education, and of disclosing the truth as found.

The organization, however, realized that it could not hope to reach an audience of the size that the seriousness of the situation warranted. Therefore, in an attempt to give nation-wide distribution to factual evidence that the foreign-inspired isms were gaining headway in our land, the Legion at its national convention in New York in 1937 made a request to the Congress for the creation of a Congressional committee to investigate un-American activities.

Despite opposition from many sources, that committee was created in 1938 and has functioned for nearly two full years under the direction of Representative Martin Dies of Texas, and provision has been made for the continuance of its investigations through a third year. The revelations made by the Dies Committee have astounded and shocked the country. It is not a witch hunt, as the so-called "liberals" libel it, but a searching investigation into the ramifications of anti-American and un-American organizations and conspiracies.

As a result of disclosures made by the Dies Committee, the Moscow-and Berlin-directed movements have been slowed up but not stopped. There is much yet to be done. Fritz Kuhn, der Führer of the German-American Bund, is doing a two-and-one-half-year stretch at Sing Sing—not for any offense against our government but for loose handling of the Bund's money—and Earl Browder, a native American who rose to place and power as the Communist Party's number one front man in America, is under conviction for passport frauds and facing a four-year penitentiary sentence. Others are under indictment.

In the light of disclosures made during the first two years, we feel that the action of the Legion in insisting upon the investigation is fully justified; and, to go a step further, we are firmly of the belief that Representative Dies and his colleagues have rendered a great service to America by their fearless prosecution of the investigation. We have every hope that before the Committee is finally dissolved the entire network of alien agents, conspirators, and propagandists will be laid bare to public scorn. At times the Committee has come under severe criticism for acts of omission and commission—it is subject, of course, to the fallibilities of every human agency—but we of the Legion contend that any one who has nothing to hide from the light of such publicity has no reason to fear such a Congressional investigating committee.

Numerically, the Communist and Nazi agents sent from abroad have never constituted a strong force, but what they have lacked in numbers they have made up in noise. Agitators have been permitted to speak at will; for, under our concept of government, every American citizen has the right—and, easygoing, we have permitted the same privilege to noncitizens—to kick, squawk, complain, fuss, and protest about anything he doesn't like. The citizen can criticize the government whenever he feels the urge, and as many times as he likes. He can give effect to his remonstrance by a free vote at the polls. He has the right of petition. He does not have to go to the police department to get special permission to leave his home area, or have to check with the police at point of arrival. Does any power whose agents seek to overthrow our form of government permit such liberties to its citizens?

As an individual and as National Commander of the American Legion, I do not underestimate the potential power for evil in these minority groups, whether they pay allegiance to a foreign dictator or to one of the native American variety those platforms of racial hatred and religious intolerance are just as repugnant to true Americanism as are the doctrines of Communism, Nazism, or Fascism.

For example, there are the seventeen young Christian Fronters (so called) in New York whose ambitious aim to overthrow the United States government was nipped in the bud by alert civil officers. Fantastic as their plot to seize the government by force, " eliminate "—note that they did not use the accepted totalitarian term " liquidate "—Jews and Communists, and " knock off about a dozen congressmen " may seem to the average man in the street, such a staggering conspiracy has great potentialities.

We have but to recall that the Bolsheviks who seized upon the wreck of Czarist Russia were but a very limited number of men, and that Adolf Hitler had but few men around him when he started his rise to power.

But in the long-range view, as the Legion sizes up the situation today, the outlook for the future is not all dark. We, who have maintained an energetic youth program for more than twenty years, believe in the soundness of American youth.

In fact, we go a step further. By and large, we believe that the great majority of American youth today are just as soundly patriotic as any past generation, and perhaps more intelligently so.

THERE are, of course, youth organizations and individuals who through shout and tumult give a general impression that all young America is straying toward the totalitarian theory of national enslavement. Again, though the faction these constitute is as small as it is noisy, the Legion does not underestimate its menace to the majority. The American program of educating for democracy must be maintained and expanded.

In this program we have not only our system of school assistance and our plan of patriotic instruction in the fundamentals of Americanism, but we have carried the work into the playgrounds and into the everyday life of the average normal American boy.

There's the junior baseball program, for instance. For more than a dozen years more than half a million youngsters under the age of seventeen have been enrolled in the Legion teams, playing the national game in a regular competitive series leading up to a Little World Series. There's the Boys' States, a practical course in citizenship and government, conducted during the summer months by more than half of the fifty-six state and separate departments of the organization. There are the three thousand Boy Scout Troops sponsored by individual Posts.

That's only a few of the things the Legion is doing for the youth of today—which is to say, for the general good of all America.

THE END

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A Star writes to the Editor of Liberty

March 5, 1940.

Mr. Fulton Oursler,
Editor in Chief, Liberty.

Dear Fulton:

You have kidded me once too often about writing something for Liberty. So the sin is on what's laughingly known as your head.

You probably want to know something about Hollywood. Three or four people *do* these days. I have been back nearly two months now, so I can speak out with almost Gunther-like authority and tell you all about Inside Zanuck. At the moment I'm working over here at Metro-Goldwyn-Rooney on a little filly called Susan and God that was originally sired by Crothers and subsequently dammed by the Hays office. Had Joe Louis lost his last battle we might have retitled it Susan and Godoy and run it as a double feature with the fight pictures. And, incidentally, it took a deal of doing to get our little story past the censors. Those of us who were unfortunately (for the studio) on salary, rehearsed something or other nearly a month, while the front office worked on cleaning up God. Rumor around town was that He wouldn't play the part—but there was no truth in that.

And, speaking of God, I think you're missing a great bet in not sending a man out to write up the Los Angeles cemeteries and mortuaries. The boys who run them must be the original simon-pure American go-getters. One is never allowed to forget that the Grimmest of all Reapers lies just around the corner, and the constant and soothing reminder is that you're going to feel pretty foolish one day when you up and die without having picked out your own little peaceful hideaway.

Suppose an enormous clock (with no hands on it but with a ten-foot pendulum ticking away the seconds like mad), located at an important intersection doesn't get you. There is still the possibility that you may try to forget it all by going to the theater one night.

You relax into your program, only to find a two-page spread in the center which is as cheerful and reassuring as a poised cobra. It shows a well-turned-out little girl of twelve cheerfully confiding in as handsome a male profile as ever tended a grave. Behind them is a group of the whitest statuary you ever saw—ten or twelve figures ranging from two to ninety-eight years of age. They look as though the round circus curtain would descend and envelop them any minute and give them a chance to relax.

Our heroine may *look* twelve, but she talks like eight—confiding to " the profile " that her grandma " *lives* " in this particular cemetery and is simply loving every minute of it. Not only is grandma peculiarly happy to have grandpa lying right there beside her from now on, but it seems that grandma is nuts about the statues.

You turn your theater program quickly in either direction and come upon another statue or two, slightly more animate but much less soothing. They

Fredric March AND THE HOLLYWOOD Reds

wear less than the cemetery statues do because they are advertising an Earl Carroll something or other. Needless to say, grandpa is not lying beside them—and pretty lucky for him.

And just to bring this cemetery discussion to a close—as if one ever could—I might tell you that one of our better known Russian directors all but swore out a warrant not long ago for the arrest of two cemetery-lot salesmen.

They waited until he was at the studio before descending upon his sweetly trusting old parents. With completely disarming grace they proceeded to explain in faultless English—most of which was lost on the oldsters—how essential it was that they choose their final resting place immediately. . . .

But you see my point, Fulton. We have some "fertile fields" out here for go-getters, and there seems never to be a completely dull moment for any of us.

Which brings me right up to something or other called the Dies Committee. Don't get me wrong. The appellation has nothing to do with mortuaries, as I understand it. There is apparently some sort of witch hunt on, and the ever-recurring rumor is that this so-called committee is sneaking up on Hollywood, lock, stock, and barrel—and all three in excellent order.

There has been much talk about the Hollywood hotbed of radicalism. I'm inclined to agree that there may be a scattering of hotbeds in Hollywood, but I very much doubt that their occupants are radicals, if I'm not too cryptic.

Let's face it, Fulton. There are men of intelligence and good will everywhere. Perhaps Hollywood has a few more than her share. A kind-hearted (or liberal-minded, if you will) Hollywood matron was heard to remark not long ago, "I no longer dare to say that I wish *all* babies might be able to have cod-liver oil for fear I'll be called a Communist."

It may be that some of us more gullible, "highly overpaid" pariahs made a great mistake several years ago in joining an organization that set itself up to fight Nazism—and did fight it. It may be that its officers are in the pay of Moscow and get their orders directly from the Kremlin. Until proved 100 per cent wrong, I shall stand by my conviction that that is complete and utter bunk.

Perhaps after studying the records of the Mooney case for two solid months, and sitting in on some of the hearings in San Francisco, it was wrong to come to the conclusion that a great miscarriage of justice had been done. Perhaps after reading both government reports on the case, the Densmore and the Wickersham, which showed him innocent beyond doubt, it was wrong, being in the so-called "public eye," to express an opinion. I cannot agree it was wrong.

What are we supposed to do—between making up our faces and powdering down for the next shot? Sit home and read Shakespeare all day long?

If Donald Duck could read, don't you think he'd express an opinion? I venture to say he would in no uncertain terms. And if some one were to get Popeye's ear for an hour or two and explain Messrs. Hitler, Stalin, and dictatorship in general, don't you think he'd do a little table-pounding in favor of the Bill of Rights? I think he would.

All in all, it's a pretty sick and sorry world at the moment. But thank God there are a few of us dim-witted liberals who continue to put our necks out for what we hope will prove to be the Right—the side that the Men of Good Will are on. But if we fail, at least in Hollywood, there is always that fellow at the door to sell us a nice peaceful plot. Pardon me, Fulton. The front-door bell is ringing.—FREDRIC MARCH.

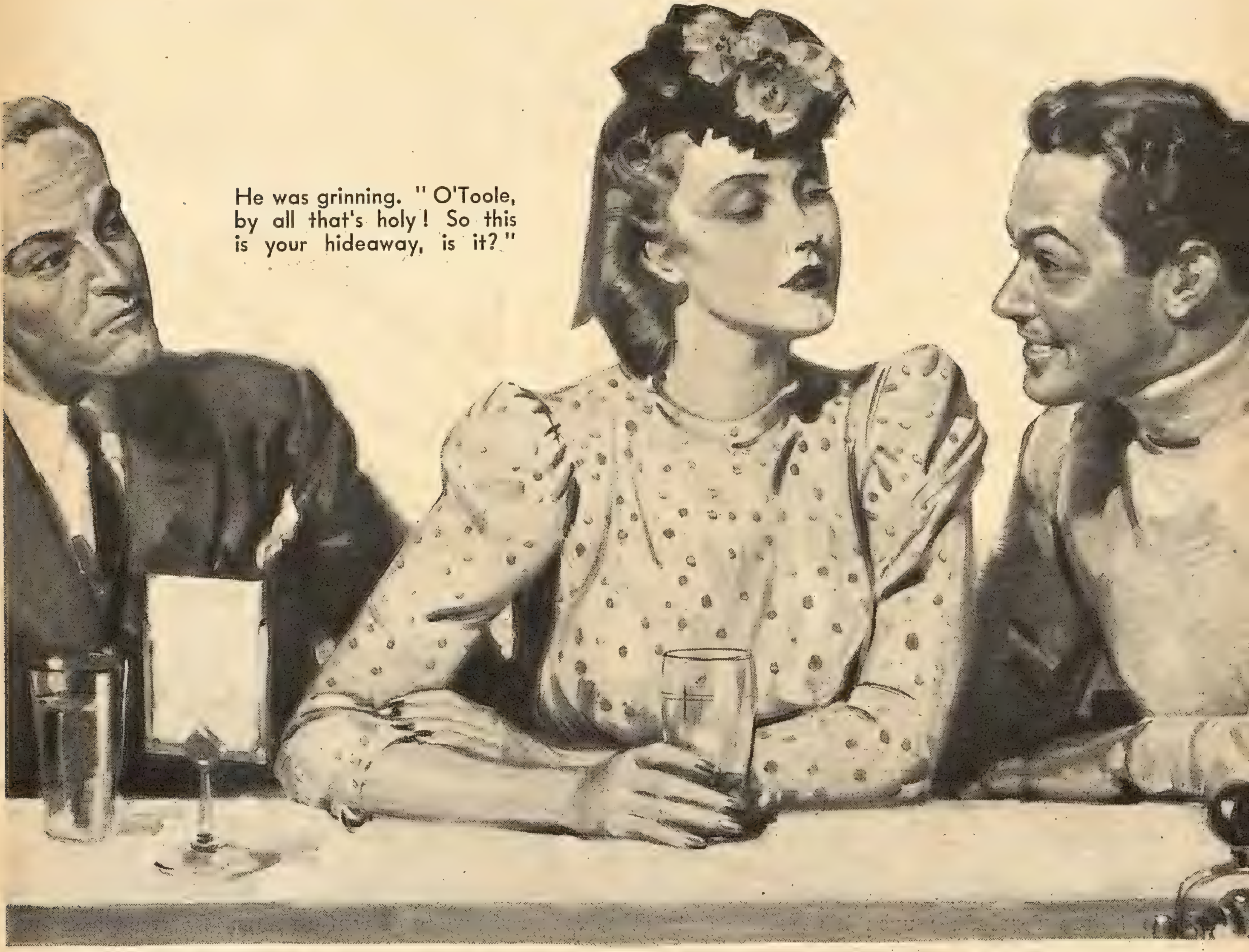
Beverly Hills, Calif.

READING TIME ● 33 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN Gladys Holton, secretary to Mr. Smithers, head of publicity for the Blue Ribbon Plumbing Accessories Company, wins a contest for the "typical American secretary," no one is more surprised than she is. The contest winner is to go to Hollywood, where she is to play in a picture with the movies' Number One heartthrob, Philip Gale. Gladys realizes that she isn't beautiful—except, perhaps, for her legs—and that quite possibly Terrence O'Toole, the G. P. L. Pictures publicity man who is running the Hollywood end of the contest, will be disappointed when he sees her. She doesn't want to go into the movies. She wants to stay home and cook dinners in her little apartment for Bill Blair, the Blue Ribbon salesman to whom she has just become engaged.

Bill, who thinks she looks like Myrna Loy, wants to keep her home, but when she suggests that she tell Mr. Smithers that they are engaged and that she doesn't want to go to Hollywood, he demurs. After all, the company has spent a lot of money on the contest, and if she refuses to carry on because of him, he reminds her, they may both lose their jobs.

So, with a heavy heart, Gladys consents to go.



He was grinning. "O'Toole, by all that's holy! So this is your hideaway, is it?"

PART TWO—A DUCK IN A SWIMMING POOL

GLADYS HOLTON said, "You're Mr. O'Toole, aren't you."

It wasn't a question—it was a statement. From the moment Glad left the train in the new impressive station that marked her journey's end, she had known that the thin man with the carroty hair was Terrence O'Toole. He was as unmistakable as if his name were embroidered upon his necktie. With his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his untidy jacket, and his shoes scuffed at the toes—but they were good shoes—he couldn't have been anything but an Irish press agent. Even his cigarette was typical, for it seemed to hang—without visible means of support—from the corner of his mouth. He was scanning the crowd with anxious eyes.

There had been many people alighting from the train. People evidently who belonged in Los Angeles and Hollywood. Glad, with her luggage piled about her, saw a girl in a chinchilla jacket being greeted vociferously by a boy in white duck pants, saw the sinister face of a movie villain split into a smile as he embraced a tot in pigtails, saw a group of breath-takingly beautiful people—assorted male and female—who talked in italics and hung on one another's shoulders. And then—leaning against a column—she glimpsed O'Toole and, with a swift little sigh of relief, walked toward him and—

"You're Terrence O'Toole, aren't you," she said.

With an upward quirk of the corner of his mouth Terrence O'Toole ejected the hanging cigarette. "Yeah," he said, "I am. *So what?*"

"Nothing, except that I'm Gladys Holton," Glad told him.

"Yeah?" said O'Toole again.

Gladys went on. "I'm the typical American secretary," she explained. Try as she would, she wasn't quite able to keep her voice under control. "I mean, I won the prize for the contest that was held by the Blue Ribbon Plumbing Accessories Company."

OOMPH Girl

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Sudden drama, new surprises in a vivid novel of a streamlined Cinderella and Hollywood magic

ILLUSTRATED BY
PHIL LYFORD

PHIL LYFORD

Terrence O'Toole surveyed her morosely. He withdrew his right hand from the pocket of his jacket, but he didn't thrust it forward by way of greeting—he merely used it to roll another cigarette. Even Glad was sophisticated enough to know that the cigarette rolling was a gag.

"The hell you did!" he said finally. "Come over here into the light—"

Glad obediently followed the press agent into a place where the unrestricted glare of the sun would shine full into her face. It was so hot all at once that she could almost feel her freckles popping. She smiled rather wistfully.

"It's lucky," she said, "that we didn't miss each other, Mr. O'Toole. I was afraid you might meet the wrong train. The Blue Ribbon had a brass band for me back home, but it went to the wrong station."

"Good grief!" exclaimed O'Toole. "Did that idiot Smithers have a band? For *you?*"

"He meant to have one," Gladys corrected, "*but it went to the wrong station.* . . . Now that I'm here, Mr. O'Toole, what do I do? I—I'm in your hands, you know."

O'Toole ejected the second cigarette. He scratched his nose reflectively with a nicotine-stained forefinger, and his eyes were puzzled.

"I'll say you are," he groaned. "Gosh, I always get into the weirdest things! Some day I'm going on the wagon for keeps! My bus is just around the corner. Come on."

Glad, followed by a redcap with her luggage, trailed O'Toole around the corner. She more than half expected his car to be a dilapidated jaloppy of the year one, but it surprised her by looming up as scarlet and low-slung and chromium-plated as possible.

"Climb in," ordered O'Toole. He didn't offer to help her.

Glad climbed in and the redcap stowed away her bags in the rumble seat. O'Toole tipped him lavishly and climbed in too and threw out the clutch. The car leaped forward like a wild thing, and Glad snatched for her hat. It was the new hat that had been in part responsible for Bill Blair's proposal of marriage, and it had historic—as well as sentimental—value.

"You're very sudden, Mr. O'Toole," she told Terrence.

"Yeah," said Terrence. He drove down a wide boulevard in glum silence. "O. K.," he said finally. "Tell me all about it. How did you happen to win the contest?"

Glad sketched the details obediently but briefly. She began at the announcement which had come while she was changing a typewriter ribbon and, omitting Bill Blair, went on through her hurried twenty-four hours of preparation for the trip. She had packed all night. She had done a little shopping in the morning. She had gone to the station escorted by half a hundred Blue Ribbon employees, with Mr. Smithers hot and bothered in the foreground and "a friend of mine"—Glad blushed—bringing up the rear. She had posed for fifteen news-agency men with fifteen alarming cameras, and the girls from the office—bitterly disappointed and for the most part resentful—had presented her with a horseshoe done in crimson roses and tied with a sardonic ribbon on which gold letters spelled out the word "Success."

"You'll need it," interposed O'Toole here.

Glad went on, ignoring the interruption. The trip west on the big streamliner had been very quiet. She had spent most of the time writing letters to her friend—Glad blushed again—back home. No, she hadn't had any drinks in the club car. She hadn't known anybody on the train, and a girl can't drink alone.

"Gosh almighty!" exclaimed O'Toole. "You've a lot to learn!"

Glad laughed at his tone and relaxed slightly. While going over a certain stretch of desert, she told O'Toole, she had disposed of the horseshoe done in crimson roses. She'd kept the ribbon graven with the will-o'-the-wisp word "Success." It would be an amusing souvenir to show to her children—if she ever had any. Finally, after what seemed a draggingly long trip, she had arrived at her destination, and O'Toole knew the story from there on.

"Yeah," said O'Toole. It was by far his favorite word. He was driving slowly down another wide boulevard and he progressed for a matter of minutes in silence.

"Well," he said finally, "I'm the best P. A. in the business, but I can't do much for you, Miss Holton. . . . Even *I* have my limitations."

Glad stole a glance at O'Toole's dejected profile. She was surprised to note that this man had a rather good nose and a firmly modeled chin. His full face—with the eternal cigarette hanging from his lip—had misled her.

"Oh," she said, "you won't have to do much for me, Mr. O'Toole. I haven't any delusions of grandeur. I know that the part I'm to play will be a very tiny one."

"It's nice you realize *something,*" growled O'Toole.

Glad went on. "I was Mr. Smithers' secretary back at the home office," she said, "and I've been in on the contest ever since it started. I understand perfectly that it was only a publicity stunt."

"Even so," said O'Toole, "Smithers should have had more sense than to push you in."

All at once Glad was annoyed. "Mr. Smithers didn't push me in," she said. "He was awfully upset when I got the prize. I—you see, he needs me. He'll have to put up with some second-rate stenographer while I'm away."

"You won't be away long," said O'Toole, boiling over. "That guy Smithers is a so-and-so!" he raged. "When we were doping out the contest idea he kept saying that this Blue Ribbon joint was full of nifties. Why, I expected—"

What he'd expected he left to the imagination, and Gladys felt called upon to defend her boss.

THE Blue Ribbon Plumbing Accessories Company *is* full of lovely girls, but this wasn't a contest for the most *beautiful* American secretary," she said. "It was a contest for the most *typical* secretary. Secretaries don't have to be pretty, you know—in fact, they're usually rather—" She broke off, her voice quickening. "Tell you what, Mr. O'Toole. If you can work out any possible plan of cutting me down to one screen appearance, or if you can make up some extra to look enough like me that the stills will get by with my boss, I'll start home *this very afternoon!*"

Terrence O'Toole turned to stare at his passenger. "You'd be willing to start home this afternoon?" he queried. His tone was fraught with unbelief.

"Willing?" Glad's voice was scornful. "*I'd be tickled to death.*"

Terrence O'Toole was regarding her with a sudden warmth, but Glad was too absorbed in her new gorgeous idea to be aware of it.

"You mean," he asked, "that you're not movie-struck? You mean that you don't want to meet Philip Gale and vamp him? You mean that you don't want to be in the picture game *permanently?*"

Glad's voice was even more scornful. "I was forced into this, Mr. O'Toole," she said. "I had no desire to win the contest. I have certain things waiting for me at home," she gulped, "that are *really* important."

Carefully Terrence O'Toole drew his car over to the curb. He stopped it—with neatness and dispatch—in the shade of a sheltering palm tree.

"Do you mean to say," he asked Gladys, "that you don't aim to set Hollywood afire? Do you mean to say that when we give you the bum's rush you won't be sore? The bum's rush is inevitable, you know." He hesitated. "Do you mean to say that you haven't any illusions about—er—your looks?"

Gladys told him gravely, "I have a mirror, Mr. O'Toole, and though my hair isn't platinum blonde the brains under that hair are—adequate."

Swiftly a cloud was gone from Terrence O'Toole's face, and Glad was astonished to observe that he had a certain naïve charm and that his laughter made up for a million minor rudenesses.

"You're keen, sister," chuckled O'Toole, "and I guess we'll make the grade." He leaned forward and kissed her with a casual but instinctive sense of direction. "As long as you aren't aiming to be a pest," he said, "let's go somewhere and put on the feed bag. . . . I guess I'll take you to the Brown Derby. It'll be sort of restful to take a plain girl to the Brown Derby—a feller's eyes get tired out here in Hollywood."

It was an insult but a genial one. Glad swallowed it as she had swallowed many another of the same sort in the past few days.

"No," she said, "don't let's go to the Brown Derby. Somehow, Mr. O'Toole, I'm not up to seeing a herd of stars in their native"—she hesitated and used a Smithersism—"habitat. Let's go to some quiet little place where we can finish talking this thing out."

"The quiet little places cost too much," Terry objected, "and I'm not sure that I can charge you on my expense account—at least, not until I've checked you in at the studio."

Glad said wearily, "Then let's go to a drugstore lunch counter and have a sandwich and a chocolate malted. I ate breakfast on the train, you know. I'm not starving."

AS they sat on high stools in front of a polished marble counter, Glad could feel ridiculous headlines flashing through her mind. "Contest winner makes Hollywood, but still eats at drugstore," was one of them. "Contest winner meets with colossal reception," was another. "Tremendous ovation given Blue Ribbon's choice," was a third. Probably, back in the home office, Mr. Smithers was dictating just such headlines to an inadequate secretary who chewed her pencil and didn't know how to spell either colossal or tremendous. As the chocolate malted milk went gurgling through a straw, Glad felt herself smiling, and Terrence O'Toole asked a question.

"What's the joke?" he asked.

"I am," Glad told him, "and so are you. Where do we go from here, Mr. O'Toole?"

Terrence answered promptly. "Why," he said, "from here I'll take you down to the studio. We'll crash the G. P. L. publicity department and set the wheels in motion. I'll have some pictures made of you—informal pictures—to shoot out with the press releases. . . . And then maybe we'll give you a screen test, although I doubt if that'll be necessary."

"And then what?" asked Glad.

"Then," said O'Toole, "I'll take you and your bags to a hotel and you can snatch a nap—if you want a nap. And a bath—if you need one."

"And then?" Glad queried.

"Then," said O'Toole, "I'll stop around for you and take you out to dinner at a real place—I'll have a voucher O. K.'d by that time—and show you the town. It's quite a town by candlelight, and—" He broke off with something like a smothered whoop and cried, "Look who's here!"

The man who slid onto the empty stool next Gladys was grinning. His face was smudged on one side and he wore a dirty white turtle-necked sweater—or was it gray?

O'TOOLE, by all that's holy!" exclaimed the man. "So this is your little hideaway, is it? I always thought you had a secret vice but I didn't know it was chocolate malted milk—and with a lady, too. Shame on you!"

Terrence asked severely, "Why aren't you at the studio, you bum? I thought they were all set to try the new make-up on you."

The man said, "Plenty of time for the new make-up. And, anyway, all I have to do is change my natural carefree expression to one of worry and fatigue." Suddenly the face with its smudge of dirt had straightened and solidified into lines of actual pain. "Do I look like a captain of industry now?" queried the man. "Am I Big Business personified—or am I?"

It was Glad who answered the question and she answered it with a gasp. "Good grief!" she asked in italics. "*You're not*—" she broke off in confusion.

"Sure he is," Terrence O'Toole nodded. "Philip Gale in person. Mr. Gale, meet Miss Holton."

"Hello, Miss Holton," said Philip Gale. "Haven't I seen you around the studio somewhere?" He appealed to Terrence, "Isn't she that new script girl in Kahill's department?"

Terrence interrupted. "Naw, she's not a script girl. She's the latest contest winner."

Incredulity flickered across the mobile face of America's greatest heartthrob. "A contest winner!" he echoed. "What contest are you talking about?" Without waiting for a reply he addressed the clerk in back of the marble counter. "A coffee float," he said, "and don't go too darn easy on the ice cream. And a combination on rye—better make it two combinations on rye."

"Your figure, man—your figure!" groaned Terrence. "Gale, you were asking *what* contest? Well, Miss Holton's the girl I was telling you about last week, one day. She's going to play your secretary in Builders of America."

"I don't exactly follow you," said Philip Gale, and Glad—who had sus-

(Continued on page 20)

Frank Trenery, Sioux City, Iowa, businessman, says: *"At our card sessions lately I've been giving every guest a chance to pick his beverage—setting out a bottle of good Port wine along with other drinks and refreshments. Port has proved mighty popular with our crowd—I've noticed that a lot of men nowadays choose this moderate kind of drink!"*

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell W. Turner of Seattle, Wash., write: *"We've found a sure-fire way to compliment dinner guests. With the main course we now serve a good wine—golden Chablis with chicken or fish, red Burgundy with roast beef or steak. You've no idea the lift it gives a meal—and it's a thrifty way to serve your drinks, too!"*

Popular Hosts and Hostesses find more and more people prefer **Wine**

New York City hostess, Mrs. James Neilson, reports: *"At an informal dinner party at our home last week, cheers galore came my way. I served just simple appetizers before dinner, but I also brought on small glasses of Sherry wine. Did everybody go for the nutty tang of Sherry! Folks called it the best before-dinner drink ever."*

Especially during the week so many folks like to be moderate when they relax and enjoy themselves

From almost every part of the country hosts and hostesses report it. When beverages are served they find more and more of their guests nowadays are choosing wine. To see why, just make wine your own choice next time.

You'll discover yourself sipping your wine slowly, savoring its subtle flavor as a connoisseur does. You'll find you haven't any urge to bolt down a glass of wine.

That's one reason, smart hosts and hostesses agree, why wine serving has swept into such popularity lately. So many men and women now prefer to be moderate when they relax and enjoy themselves.

People have noticed also that wine is a thrifty beverage to serve. You can entertain more often, or stage nicer dinners or luncheons with the money you save . . . because good wine today is so inexpensive.

Why don't you make a test next time you have guests at your house. Give everyone an opportunity to choose wine. The compliments that come your way will surprise you.

When you dine at a restaurant, enjoy a glass of wine. **NATIONAL RESTAURANT WEEK, MAY 6-12**

All you need know to Serve Wine

re are two main types of wine . . .) Wines made "dry" (not sweet), called *table* wines; (2) Wines for use with the dessert course or with refreshments, called *sweet* wines . . .

With dinner—in portions about half water goblet size, try:

Chablis, Hock or Rhine wine, which are pale gold, delicate—good with fish or fowl

Claret, which is red, tangy—enjoyed with roast beef, spaghetti, or roast lamb

At the appetizer hour, with dessert, or in the afternoon or evening (in cocktail size glasses) try:

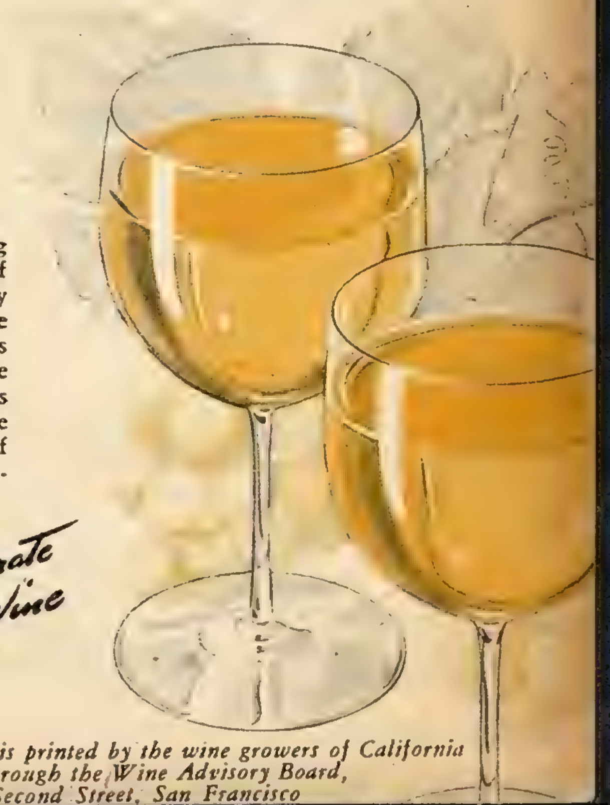
Sherry, which is mellow-amber, "nutty" in flavor—ideal to serve before dinner

Port, which is red, full-bodied, rich—often served with the cheese tray or with nuts

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who now serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

Be Considerate Serve Wine



This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California acting through the Wine Advisory Board,
85 Second Street, San Francisco

(Continued from page 18)

pected that the star knew nothing of the contest and hadn't even sent the congratulatory telegram—was once more annoyed.

"Before all this came up," she told Philip Gale, "I was minding my own business, back in the home office."

"What home office?" asked Philip Gale.

"The home office of the Blue Ribbon Plumbing Accessories Company," Gladys told him. "I was private secretary to Mr. Smithers, who is the head of promotion. . . . Well, one day a couple of months ago Mr. Smithers went East and he ran into this—this *dope*," she gestured with a soda spoon toward Terrence O'Toole, "and they fixed up a contest to find the typical American secretary. It was a voting contest, and I had the most votes, so they sent me out here. The prize was a trip to Hollywood and the chance to play a bit in a picture with *you*."

"So?" said Philip Gale. He had received his first combination sandwich and took a large moon-shaped bite.

Glad continued. "I'm darned tired," she said, "of having people look surprised when they hear that I'm the winner of a contest. I've already explained—to every pair of ears I can find—that I don't want to be in your picture."

Philip Gale told her, "I don't want to be in it myself—it's bound to be a lousy picture." His disarming grin flashed out and he thrust the last section of the first sandwich into his mouth.

"I'm building a new swimming pool," he said through a haze of ham and cheese and rye bread, "out at my place. It'll be a honey. . . . Doing anything this afternoon?"

"Oh, no," Glad told him sarcastically. "I'm merely going to the G. P. L. studios so that the publicity department can get out some releases on me, and then I'm going to be photographed and then maybe I'm going to be screen-tested if they think it's worth while to bother."

"All of those things can wait," Philip told her, gulping down his very soft drink, "but a swimming pool is a swimming pool." He wolfed the second sandwich and scraped the remnants of ice cream from the side of his glass and slid down from his stool. "Come along," he said, as he made for the door, "let's get going."

Glad, sliding from her stool, followed the hurrying figure of America's Number One heartthrob out of the drugstore. Terrence O'Toole, after glumly settling for the three checks, followed her.

THEY were back again in the red car with the chromium fittings. They zoomed down another one of those palm-bordered avenues and up another. Glad's luggage still reposed in the rumble seat. She wondered if either she or the luggage would ever be dropped at a hotel, or if life always moved in circles out here in this impossible city. She sighed and realized with a sudden desire to hide her head, ostrichlike, that she was receiving quite a bit of assorted attention from the passers-by. People couldn't place her as she sat ensconced between Philip Gale and Terrence O'Toole. They stared and whispered.

Philip spent most of his time waving to the passengers of other cars, and Terrence also seemed to know a lot of people. Mostly he drove with only one hand on the wheel; the other one was raised in a seemingly endless salute. As he shouted out, "How're ya, Toots," to this one and that one, Philip Gale told Glad the real dirt from the corner of his handsome mouth. "That gal's about through," he said once, when they passed a radiant creature in chiffon, "but she doesn't know it. . . ." A gap of seconds. "Yes, she was a brunette, Miss Holton; that was last year." And then: "Sure, that's the kid. Yes, she *is* getting fat." Terrence interposed, "She's hungry all the time because they're keeping her on a diet." He chuckled, "Hips at ten!"

GALE'S house was on the outskirts of Hollywood. It was a hodgepodge place. The original structure must have been nice, but the star had obviously added to it whatever and whenever his fancy dictated. There was a patio that sprawled at an impossible angle from one corner. There was a greenhouse that jutted out where no greenhouse should have been. There were tennis courts and squash courts and handball courts; there were kennels in the rear and garages and a stable; and, off to one side, Glad saw what appeared to be an army of laborers at work and knew that she was gazing upon the birth of a swimming pool.

Terrence drove his car across a sweeping drive and over a stretch of velvet lawn, and stopped within hailing distance of the foreman of the gang. Philip Gale opened the door and jumped out.

"Come on," he told Glad. "Maybe I'll need your advice about a couple of tricks." He was halfway across the lawn and speaking in Spanish to the foreman of the gang before Glad could make answer.

"Is he always like this?" she murmured to Terrence O'Toole.

Terrence was searching through the pocket of his coat for a made-up cigarette. He had abandoned the idea of rolling his own.

"Gale's a good egg," he told Gladys; "no pretense about him. And when he's building something, he's like a kid with a new toy."

From somewhere in the middle distance Philip Gale was shouting at them and gesturing. Glad left the red car slowly and started toward the star, with Terrence O'Toole once more in her wake.

This, she thought, will amuse Bill when I write it back to him. He won't believe it when I tell him that Philip Gale's face was filthy and that his sweater had holes in the elbows and that I ate my first Hollywood lunch off a—

Philip Gale was speaking. "Come back to earth," he told Glad. "You're woolgathering. Listen here, Miss Holton— Say, what's your first name, anyway?"

Glad told him and he winked at her. "Well, Gladys," he said, "what do you think of this shade of tile?"

Glad stepped to the edge of the pool. The shade of tile was lovely. It drifted from aquamarine to sapphire and back again without any visible jar of transition.

"It's charming," she said.

Philip Gale told her, "I wanted some sort of enchanted color—like the sea at Bermuda or off Waikiki."

"Well, you've caught it," Terrence O'Toole told him, "But, personally, I think it was a mistake not to bring the blue tiles up to the very top of the pool. Why have you put those goofy white ones at the top?"

"That's foam," Philip Gale explained.

Terrence said, "I prefer mine in a beer glass. If you ask me, it would have been a lot richer if you'd kept the whole thing blue."

"Richer, nothing," Gale growled. "Tony," he yelled to the foreman of the gang who was some hundred feet away, "how soon can we run water into this thing?"

The foreman yelled back, "You wanta go swimming *now?*"

"No," Gale shouted. "I just want to prove a point. . . . Can you fill her up, Tony?"

The foreman shrugged. "Oh, sure, Mr. Gale, if you mus'." He strolled farther away to give an order, and the star turned to the press agent.

"I'll show you what those white tiles at the top will do," he said. "The trouble with you, Terry, you have no imagination."

"Hell's bells," said O'Toole, "I'm made up of imagination. That's how I earn my salary."

Philip Gale laughed. "You've got a swell imagination, Terry," he said. "You're especially good at thinking up contests."

SUDDENLY Glad was again projected into the limelight. Terrence O'Toole spoke angrily across her head. "I'll admit that this Typical Secretary Contest was all a mistake, but it wasn't *my* mistake. The guy I worked it out with—her boss"—he jerked a thumb in Glad's direction—"said he'd send me a looker. How'd I know we were going to rate a kid with sandy hair and no eyebrows to speak of—and freckles?"

The water gushing into the pool had become a miniature Niagara. "Freckles are all right," said Philip Gale; "there's something cozy about them." He moved to the very brink and stood gazing admiringly down upon the tiles that were rapidly being submerged. Glad was close beside him, and Terrence O'Toole was close beside her.

"Freckles," said Terrence O'Toole,

" are all right in the home office of a plumbing accessories company, but on a motion-picture lot—"

Glad interposed. " Myrna Loy has freckles," she began defensively, and broke off because neither man was paying the slightest attention to her.

" As I said before," Philip Gale was obviously instructing Terrence, " it isn't the freckles that I object to—it's the principle. For instance, when I plan a racket, I carry it through. Take this pool," he went on slowly. " I didn't think it out and then leave the details to some one who'd bungle the job. I told the workmen just where the blue tile should end and just where the white ones should start, and then I stuck around to see that my instructions were carried out."

Terrence said, " I couldn't stick around for two months while that dimwit Smithers was fooling with the contest. I had a job out here to take care of. And, besides, you shouldn't have put in any white tiles at all. That's my story and I'll stick to it! "

The pool was filling rapidly. The blue tiles were almost entirely under water now. Pretty soon the questionable white tiles at the top would be creating their foam effect—or else. Glad leaned forward and saw her own face mirrored in the water. The water was so very clear that every separate freckle mocked her.

" As I explained to Mr. O'Toole," she told Philip Gale, " you won't have to put up with me for long. I'm willing to go home at once if you can fix it up in some way so that my boss will be satisfied. I can't let the firm down, or I—"

Terrence O'Toole interrupted suddenly. " There now, Gale," he said with triumph, " if that looks like foam I'll eat it." He leaned forward to point and his elbow—striking against Glad—gave her a totally unexpected jolt. Her purse flew from her hand, she snatched for it, and felt herself slipping.

" For crying out loud! " she ejaculated as one foot shot over the edge of the pool. She teetered perilously and groped for support. Almost she connected with Philip Gale's torn sweater sleeve—almost but not quite. And then there was a terrific splash and she was going down into the devastatingly clear water, and her beloved hat—the hat that had brought forth Bill Blair's proposal of marriage—was floating away from her toward the far side of the pool.

IT was neither the star nor the publicity man who rescued Glad. It was Tony, the Spanish foreman, whose grimy hand hauled her from the limpid depths and deposited her, dripping and breathless, against a barrel of cement. " You're wet, miss," said Tony, " and your dress is ruint."

Glad glanced down at the dress in question. It was a blue-and-white print and it had already begun to run and shrink. She felt her head—it was dripping and—yes, the hat was gone, sure enough. As soon as she could articulate, as soon as she could steer

"Round by Round..
IT'S BETTER SMOKING"

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one arm, she pointed in the direction it had taken.

"My hat!" she gasped. "Somebody fetch it for me."

It was then and only then that Philip Gale spoke. "I'm afraid your hat's a wreck, Gladys," he told her.

Terrence O'Toole voiced his contribution. "I saved your purse," he said. "I've a talent for saving other folks' money."

Glad, through the film of her wet hair, stared at the two men. They were inhuman, they were beasts. They were quite unconcerned by her mishap. Indeed there was a flicker of amusement on Philip Gale's face, and Terrence O'Toole was openly smiling.

I SUPPOSE," said Glad, and shook limp hair out of her eyes, "that this is screamingly funny to you both, but it's not so darned funny to me. That hat you're so casual about has a—a sentimental value—and I want it back whether it's ruined or not. My dress was cheap—it cost six ninety-five—that's why it's gone to pot. You see," she shivered despite the hot sunshine, "I happen to live on the salary of a typical American secretary. As for the—well, as far as you two are concerned—"

Dripping blue-and-white water, Glad rose angrily to her feet. The print dress—inadequate protection indeed—clung to every lyric line of her body, and it had already shrunk well above the knees which Mr. Smithers had called exceptional. "As for you two," Glad said, and her anger was no small thing at this moment, "you can go to—to *blazes!*" She stamped one foot in its soggy high-heeled slipper. "Stop leering at me," she raged. "I know what I look like."

Philip Gale's voice was a trifle blank. "I doubt very much," he said, "if you have the vaguest idea of what you look like. How about it, O'Toole?"

Terrence O'Toole spoke tersely. "What gams!" he said.

Philip Gale was continuing to stare. "That dress," he muttered, after a long pause, "it was too loose for her, to begin with. And then it had ruffles, and they were all in the wrong places."

"Yeah," nodded Terrence.

Philip Gale went on: "We were fooled by a half pint of freckles, Terry. We're a couple of fine talent scouts!"

"I never looked down," Terrence apologized. "Never once."

Speechless with a mixture of bewilderment and rage, Glad lifted the hem of her skirt in two tense hands and started to wring it. More water slithered from the sleazy fabric.

Philip Gale said suddenly, "That dancer in Builders of America—the one who almost beggars me—she hasn't been cast yet, Terry."

Terrence said, "They were thinking of that French importation named Suzi something or other."

"Phooey for her," said Philip Gale. "How about those"—he gestured toward the spot on the edge of the pool where Glad was occupied with her skirt—"in tights?"

Terrence said, "I think you have something, Gale," and Philip nodded. "We must have her snapped doing that," he said. "Squeezing the water out of her skirt—it'll be a trick introduction!"

But the press agent shook his head. "No," he said, "there ain't going to be any introduction or apology as far as Glad here is concerned. We'll even forget about the contest—Blue Ribbon Plumbing Accessories would make those ankles sound like a gag, which they aren't. We'll just throw her in for all she's worth as the find of the century, with no questions asked and no explanations."

"Be your age, Terry," countered the star. "How can we? Consider her eyebrows—and her freckles and the rest of the set-up."

Terrence O'Toole said irritably, "Gladys, for Pete's sake, stop twisting that skirt!" He added, to Philip Gale, "We can manage it without fireworks by handing her over to Mamie. When Mamie's done, we'll fix it for the chief to meet her in some casual way, and let him do the discovering. I'll have to work on it, but—" He broke off. . . . "Listen, big boy. My car can make it from here to the studio in twenty minutes."

Philip Gale objected. "Of course Mamie's the solution, but, Terry—*twenty minutes!* Gladys will catch her death of cold."

Glad said—having found the space to get a word in edgewise:

"I'm catching cold right now. If one of you will bring my largest suitcase from the car and carry it into the house, and if you, Mr. Gale, will lend me a bedroom or a bathroom or any place where I can have a grain of privacy, I'll get into some dry undies and another frock. You might even," her tone was edged with sarcasm, "lend me a bath towel while you're about it—so that I can dry my hair."

But Terrence O'Toole was shaking his head. "We haven't time for that," he told Gladys, and Philip chimed in, "You can go down to the studio in one of my bathrobes, and we'll tie up your head in a towel."

As Glad started to protest, Terrence O'Toole growled, "Hush your noise, Glad. What if your hair *is* wet? Nobody's interested in your hair."

WHEN Gladys Holton arrived at the G. P. L. studio with her head wrapped, from the eyes up, in a towel and her body swathed in a striped flannel number that was eight sizes too big for her, she created a small sensation. A man in a cowboy costume emitted a war whoop that brought ten other cowboys running; the doorman fell back openmouthed, and a dazzling girl with raven curls and sultry eyes trilled in a stylized foreign voice, "Pheelip! What 'ave you been oop to, you ba-ad boy!" Philip Gale looked volumes but vouchsafed no reply.

It wasn't only cowboys and doormen and exotic brunettes, either. The entire publicity department of G. P. L.—crowding into the corridor as Glad and her two cavaliers swept by—went into a collective swoon. And a thin man with an eyeshade—aiming what appeared to be the inevitable candid camera in their direction—muttered something to himself about that last planter's punch.

But Terrence O'Toole was not to be diverted from the path of duty, and Philip Gale—with Glad's elbow cradled in the palm of his hand—continued to give a rather fine impersonation of a strong silent man. Between them, Terry and Philip hustled Glad down a long, carpeted hall and a longer secondary hall that was guiltless of carpet, and up a short flight of stairs, and finally through a narrow green door at which they did not bother to knock. And then a stout woman in what appeared to be a Mother Hubbard and a black wig was bustling forward. Glad felt an absurd desire to giggle, for the woman might well have acted as model in chief to James Thurber, but any inclination toward mirth on her part was blotted out by the sound of the woman's voice speaking harshly.

"What, in the name of common sense," growled the woman, "have you two blitherin' idiots brought me this time?"

It was Terry, the press agent, who made answer.

"Mamie," he said, "before you is Gladys, the find of the century!"

"And where," asked the woman called Mamie, "did you find her? Was it in some gutter or among the flotsam and jetsam on Malibu, or—"

PHILIP was speaking. "Now, now, Mamie," he soothed, and his warm irresistible smile was flashing forth. "Take it easy!" He turned to Glad. "Mamie Flynn," he said, "used to be dresser for—" the name he spoke, and even the Gale voice was hushed as he spoke it, had long since gone down in theatrical history. "Terry and I brought Mamie out here to take care of impossible situations. She has her own little office and—"

"Office!" sniffed Mamie.

Philip continued. "Office," he repeated firmly, "in which she reigns supreme. She's done a couple of jobs for me and—"

Mamie interposed, but firmly.

"It's one thing to cover over a shiner for a friend," she said; "nobody on the G. P. L. lot can do more with flesh-colored grease paint than old Mamie, if I do say it as shouldn't; and it's yet another thing to put a new seat in a pair of cloth-of-gold pants while they're in action—"

"That," explained Terry sotto voce, "was when Philip, here, was starring in Hearts Aflame."

"Even when you brought that prizefighter with the cauliflower ear, I knew it was good clean fun," went on Mamie, "and makin' a marcel stay in that Chinee girl's hair—well, I did it! But when it comes to a pick-up in a man's bathrobe that's trying to hide

(Continued on page 24)

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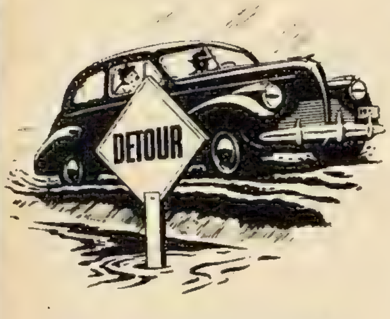

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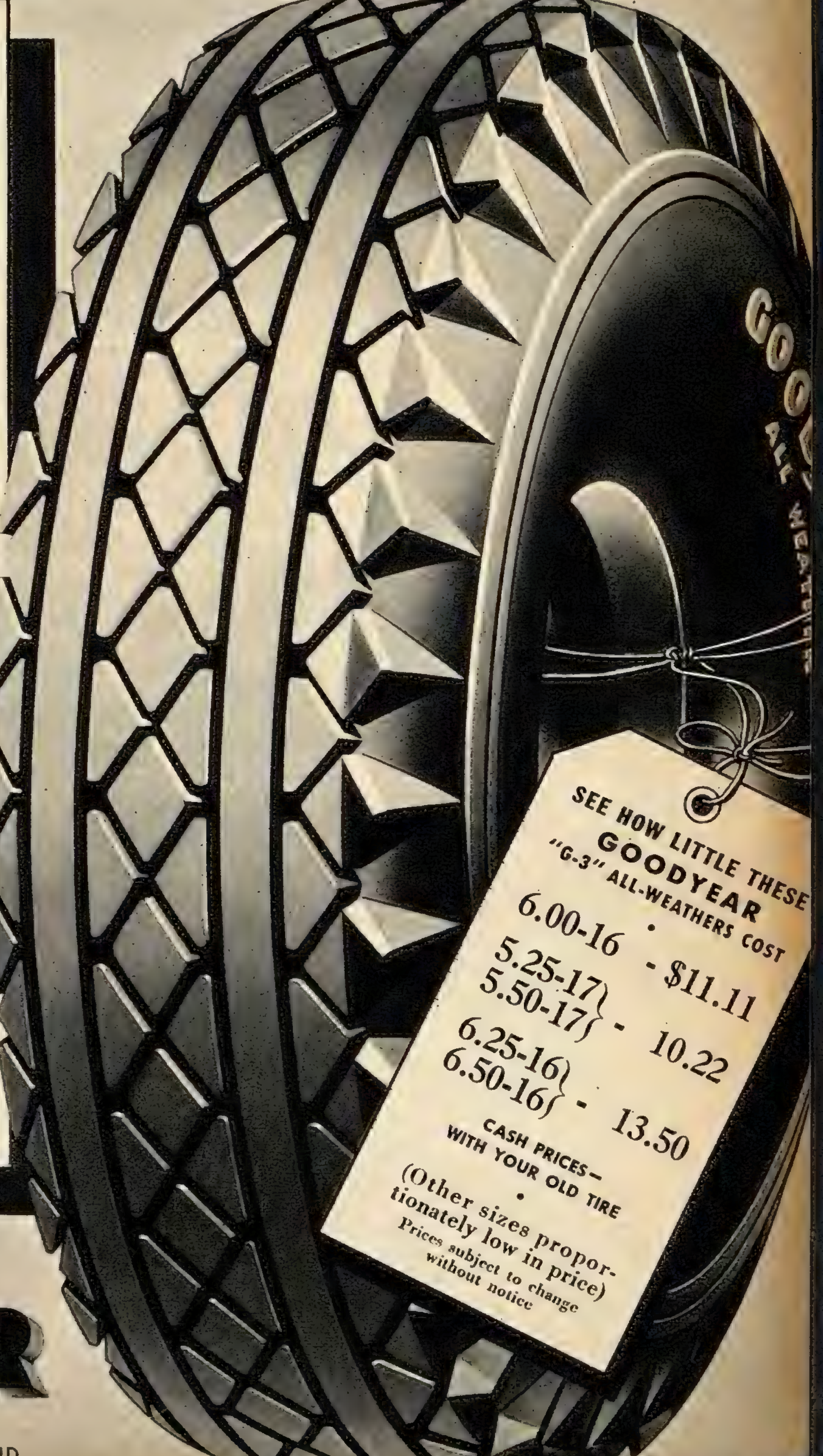
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(Continued from page 22)

the face of her in a towel fer shame—"

Wearily, very wearily, Glad started on the old alibi. It was beginning to grow threadbare in places.

"But," she said, "I'm not a pick-up. I'm the typical American secretary, and I came out here to Hollywood so that I could—"

"Skip it!" Terrence O'Toole warned. He swooped suddenly on the woman in the Mother Hubbard and by the very force of his impact separated her from the rest of the small group. With an arm flung aslant of her broad shoulders, he leaned close, whispering. Twice in the midst of his low-voiced monologue he laughed, and once Mamie's hoarse guffaw blended with his mirth. And then all at once there was silence and Mamie was striding across the room.

"So it's legs you got," she said with a gruff kindness to Glad. "Pull back that shroud yer wearin', dearie."

It was Terrence—Glad was all at once too tired to protest—who switched back the lower section of the flannel bathrobe. Mamie stood for a moment lost in contemplation, a broad thumb and forefinger torturing a pendulous lower lip.

"That girl they brought over from Paris," she said finally, "putting on airs all over the shop because she has a dimple in her left knee—and, anyway, to my notion it's a scar! What this Gladys needs is a personality built up to go with them limbs of hers. . . . Hair, that's easy. A henna dip and a bang. The freckles I can bleach out—that's easy too. And I'll dye the eyebrows—not too dark. The face must be good but not so good it'll draw attention away from—" Mamie broke off. . . . "Clothes," she went on after a while. "Who'll put up for the clothes I'm going to buy her?"

Terry sighed. "I'll advance the dough," he said. "She can pay me back out of her first salary check."

Philip Gale broke in. He hadn't said anything for a long while.

"I'll pay the shot—I owe Gladys a new outfit," he said. "After all, she fell into *my* swimming pool. . . . When'll you have her done, Mamie?"

Mamie laughed. "You boys can take her dancing tomorrow night, if need be," she said. "You can pick her up at my place."

"O. K.," said Terrence. He turned toward the narrow green door. "So long, Glad. . . . Philip, old son, I'll buy you a drink."

"I need one," said Philip Gale as he also turned away. "See you tomorrow, Gladys," he said, "and be sure to do everything Mamie tells you to."

Glad—the flannel bathrobe clutched around her—started forward. Her eyes were wide and incredulous and drenched with fear. "But," she stammered, "where are you going? You can't leave me here, you know. I'm all alone—I haven't a friend in town. This woman—what's she going to do to me?"

Terrence O'Toole, one hand on the doorknob, was lighting a cigarette. He replied in a voice that was as abstract as a Picasso portrait.

"I wouldn't be surprised, Gladys," he said, "not at all surprised, if she's going to make an oomph girl out of you. . . . And when she's done that, you'll have plenty of friends in town. . . . For crying out loud, Phil, make it snappy!"

With a jaunty wave of one hand, America's heartthrob followed G. P. L.'s best press agent through the narrow door. It closed swiftly on their broad and unconcerned backs.

Can O'Toole and Gale carry through their plan? Can Gladys be turned into a beauty? And if so, will she change her mind about staying in Hollywood? Next week's chapter brings you a behind-the-scenes glimpse of how the Mamies of the movie capital do their jobs. It's full of thrills and surprises.

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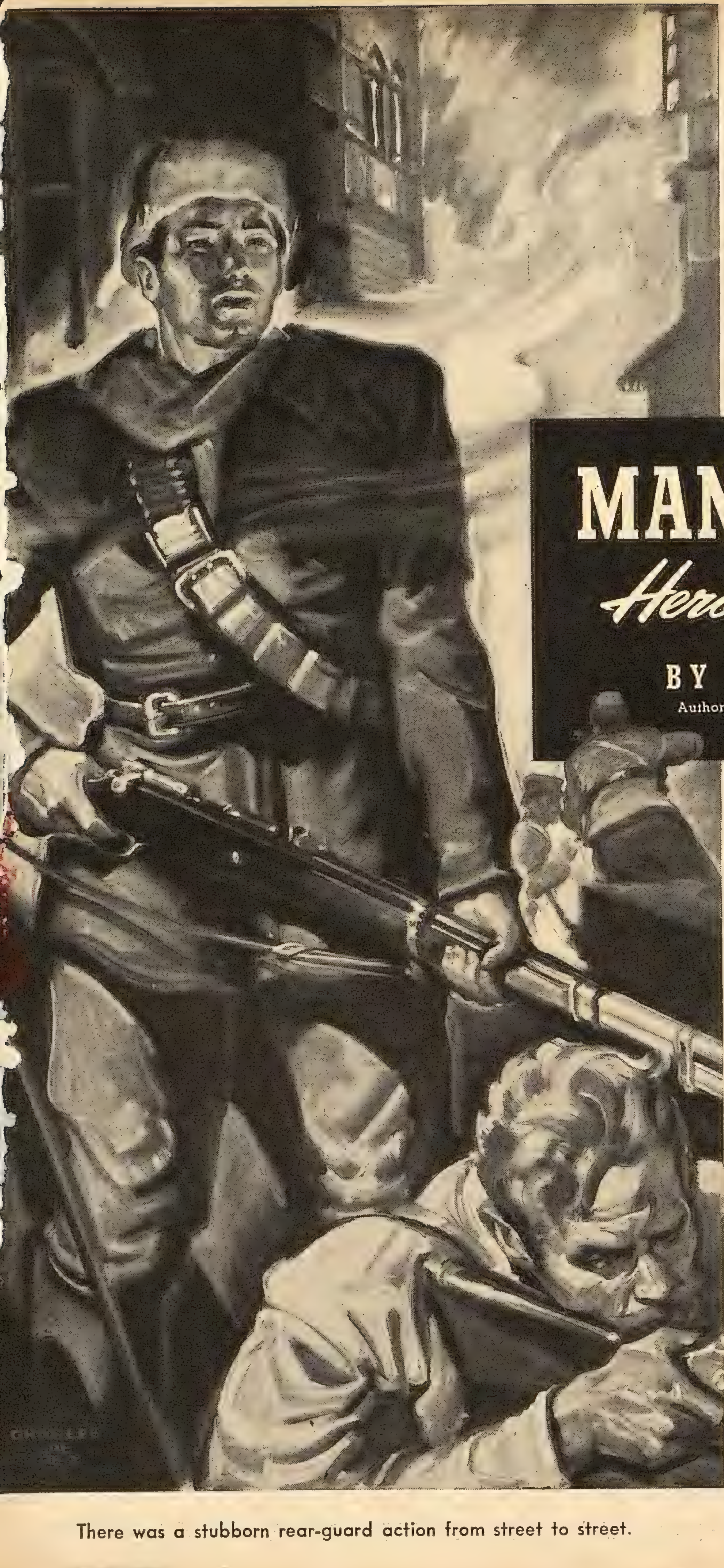

There was a stubborn rear-guard action from street to street.

[A synopsis of the preceding installment of this biography will be found on the next page.]

PART THREE
THE VICTORY OF TAMPERE

IN later years Mannerheim justified his stand against help from either the Germans or the Swedes on the ground that he had sought to strengthen national sentiment in his homeland during the crisis. He had learned from history what fateful influence a foreigner may, in the end, come to exercise over a country which he has been asked to rescue.

But there were deeper reasons, grounded in the fanaticism which we may observe in men who, having long espoused a particular point of view in politics or religion, are suddenly converted to the opposite point of view and must defend the change, before their private consciences as well as before the world, with passionate emphasis. For in this sense the former Russian officer of the Guards, attached to the Czar's suite, was also a convert, and it may well be that the memory of his past endowed him with a double measure of strength to devote to his fatherland in this decisive period of his life.

His first practical task was to cut the line of communication with the Russians, who could forward unlimited supplies to the Finnish "Red Guards." But he could not close the short railroad line from Viipuri to the sea before he had dislodged certain Russian garrisons farther to the north. The old eternally recurring problem was presented to him which is always presented to military leaders, and which each one solves in accordance with his character: Should he act at once or would it be wiser to delay? In this instance the problem was further complicated by the attitude of Mannerheim's government.

“Our men did not want to wait,” Mannerheim recounted later. “An old sergeant came up to me and said: ‘General, our men are discontented. They want to attack.’ The sergeant was a peasant born and bred in this locality, which produces determined and fiery men. I thought a moment, then answered: ‘You and I are old soldiers, so we know that often we have to issue commands which the men don't like. Just the same, the commands have to be obeyed.’ The man understood, and accepted my decision with confidence. But I too felt confidence in him, because his report helped to hasten my decision. Shortly thereafter, receiving a telegram from my government to delay the first attack, I thought of the old soldier, and stuck the document in my pocket.”

THE bearing of responsibility was no new experience to the general. But looking after a dozen men in the pathless mountains of Tibet, or even after several divisions in the World War, was not the same thing as pointing out the right path to a nation or assembling the means to defend its theoretically established freedom from immediate destruction. Is it anything to be wondered at that under such circumstances a man suddenly looks older than his years? There he stands in his fur-lined mantle, his white cap on his head, field glasses slung over his shoulder, a pipe in one hand, a stick in the other; were it not for the sword which sticks out from under his mantle, he would look like the typical landed squire. But the man has definitely aged. We see none of the snap and proud posture which are typical of most wielders of power; and in the group pictures we have of him he is surrounded by plain soldiers more frequently than by officers.

He had taken over the leadership to put an end to a civil war in which his opponents would be aided by the soldiers as whose military comrade he had fought in the Czar's service! But since the Finnish peasantry flocked to his banners in large numbers, and even constituted the bulk of his troops, his fight was not against the poor, though it was definitely, for the major part, against the workers. The same feature emerged as has always emerged in civil wars from earliest times, namely, a war of liberation confused by a class war. In such cases, each of the two parties always believes itself to be the real and sole representative of the forces engaged in the rescue of the country.

There was, however, this distinction: in this particular case the leader could argue that his opponents were fighting on the same side as the foreign intruders. This was another reason impelling him to refuse the assistance of Germans and Swedes alike; for if he had accepted their offer the workers would have been justified in calling upon the Russians to come to their aid.

It was this highly complex situation which prompted the general to act with speed, perhaps even with reckless daring. Suddenly, and before he himself was fully prepared, he hurled himself at the nearest Russian garrison in the western province where he was stationed, disarmed his terrified opponents, and thus obtained a supply of arms. In this first action we may note the smallness of the numbers engaged throughout the war. We read of 350, 180, and seventy troops in successive reports; 800 is already a large number. The figures, as well as the elements of surprise and one-sided initiative, remind one of Bolivar's fight for Venezuela.

At the outset there was such a painful shortage of weapons that 300 troops of the Citizens' Guards had only ninety weapons between them, and were glad to get a supply of German fowling pieces. While during the month of February, 1918, the Allied communiqués spoke of hundreds of cannon captured from the enemy, the Finnish reports read as follows: “After the local troops had received fifteen rifles sent from Oulu, they succeeded in disarming fifty Russians without firing a shot, and in seizing 200 rifles.” During this same month of February the whole Karelian area was saved because Mannerheim succeeded in getting through one locomotive with a single armored car, which put the Russians into a panic and earned for itself the name of “the Savior of Karelia.”

IN LIBERTY LAST WEEK

Mr. Ludwig recalled that early in the World War Mannerheim won for the Czar an audacious victory over the Austrians near Krasnik. As long as the Czar lasted, this aristocratic Finn among his generals was loyal to his service, but after his fall in 1917 it became possible for Mannerheim, then in Rumania, to go home and join in the struggle for liberty for Finland. His decision to do so was hastened by an accident which temporarily disabled him for active service. He telegraphed his resignation to the Kerenski government. By the time he reached St. Petersburg the Bolsheviks were in power and Finland had been liberated and recognized.

But on returning as a civilian to Helsinki on Christmas Eve, 1917, he found an internal conflict causing confusion and terror. Finland's workers were then siding with Lenin's new Red Russia; Finland's propertied classes, with imperial Germany, which Mannerheim detested. It became his task to create an army for the nation's defense. As he did this, working from the ground up, the four months' civil war between "White Guards" and "Red Guards" was fought. Russian forces aided the "Red Guards." He was powerless to prevent their joint occupation of Helsinki. France would do nothing to help a country that had been strongly pro-German. Moreover, the new head of its government, Svinhufvud, was appealing to the Germans for help. Mannerheim was resolutely opposed to calling them in. He assigned to subordinate posts the German and also the Swedish officers who placed themselves at his disposal.

The Reds were better armed than their opponents, besides having several times as much man power. The workers poured from the unions into the ranks of the Reds, so that there were regular companies of tailors, carpenters, and drivers. There were also, of course, fallings out between Finnish Reds and Russian troops, but on the whole they were united by a single idea. The victory cannot therefore be ascribed to the superior morale of the Whites.

The latter were handicapped by the shortage of men and weapons. In one of those places with a typically unpronounceable Finnish name—Uusikaupunki—600 White soldiers had between them 100 old-fashioned rifles and ten bandoleers, besides one machine gun with a single band of cartridges. The one advantage on the side of the Whites was leadership. The Reds were poorly led, by a member of Parliament, by a journalist, or by a regular army officer without staff training. Since it was the leadership which palpably decided this war, the credit, at least during the early stages, belongs to Mannerheim.

But how was this general, operating in a small country with a handful of men, to put up a defense against the mighty forces of the World War beyond his territory? Their effects on his position varied from day to day.

WHEN the Germans broke off their peace negotiations with Russia in February, 1918, and took the field again, Lenin, faced with the need of troops, withdrew his men from Finland to concentrate them against the Germans. Russia's fear of Germany was at first of great help to Finland.

But, as the Russian Reds withdrew, another power threatened Finland from the opposite side. The warship Thor appeared at the Aaland Islands and landed Swedish troops on them with the neat excuse that the poor islands had to be protected from the Russians. It was the old device, revived under modern conditions, for seizing a desirable piece of territory on the pretext of liberating it.

Mannerheim was not fooled. He recognized at once the strategic intentions of the Swedes, but he simply could not get at the islands. He was furious. He telegraphed at once to the Swedish Embassy that the occupation of the islands was an unfriendly act and that the Finnish forces regarded it as a matter of honor that they, and they alone, should act as the liberators. His telegram closed: “The destiny of these islands is a matter which must be left to me to decide.” At the same time he telegraphed the Finnish Whites not to withdraw from the islands. But the telegraph and the radio were not then what they are today; the orders were held up. Another order, a forged one purporting to come from Mannerheim, was produced, and many Finns were unwillingly brought to Sweden.

What alarmed Mannerheim even more was the sudden report that the Germans were sending two vessels with an expeditionary force to Finland—and that, as transpired, with the connivance of the Finnish government. Mannerheim knew that the sole purpose of the Germans was to prevent a landing of the British at Murmansk, the one point from which they could reach Kronstadt, whence the Allied armies might launch an offensive against the German east coast. The German invasion, however, threatened to drag Finland into the World War, and a German victory would ultimately mean the permanent occupation of the country, or at least its virtual enslavement. The moment was so critical that Mannerheim at once offered his resignation to his government because it had left him in the dark on the subject of its negotiations with Germany. And now the government, which had no faith in its little army, was faced with the necessity of canceling its agreement with Germany.

The government implored the general, the one man capable of saving the country, to retain the command. Mannerheim yielded, on the condition that the German troops, on landing in Finland, be compelled to take an oath of allegiance to the Finnish Constitution and of complete obedience to him. This actually took place later. Meanwhile the 40,000 rifles and sixty machine guns which the Germans brought with them were very welcome to the Finnish commander. To these supplies were soon added two airplanes and a telegraphic unit.

THE landing of the Germans on the Aaland Islands, already occupied by another unwelcome guest, produced an opera-bouffe situation. Admirals, however, reach an understanding with each other more easily than generals. The foreign intruders came without difficulty to a *modus vivendi*, having first assured each other of their Christian and benevolent interest in the fate of the Finns. At the brief and pleasant negotiations the Swedish and German admirals divided the zones of occupation between them. Such was the mutual cordiality that the *German* admiral even appointed a *Swedish* officer to the command of the *Finnish* White Guards! Shortly thereafter the German commander von der Goltz landed with 10,000 troops on the Finnish mainland, not far from Helsinki.

A point had been reached which made it imperative for Mannerheim to force a military decision without the assistance of German arms. He concentrated all his men and supplies on a swift offensive. The town at issue was the one with the unpronounceable name already mentioned; for it lay in the center of the southern area and divided the country into two parts. Could Mannerheim break through at this point, the Red army would be split in two. Speed of action gave him the control of the initiative; then followed the smashing blow which annihilated the enemy at Tampere. Mannerheim knew that everything was at stake now, for fail-

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This table shows application of guaranteed new car or truck rate to various amounts, both as to finance charge and amount of monthly payments. Larger or smaller amounts, shorter or longer terms, take proportionate rates.

AMOUNT* TO BE FINANCED	FOR 12 MOS.		FOR 18 MOS.	
	Finance Charge	Monthly Payment	Finance Charge	Monthly Payment
$300	$18.00	$26.50	$27.00	$18.16
350	21.00	30.91	31.50	21.19
400	24.00	35.33	36.00	24.22
450	27.00	39.75	40.50	27.25
500	30.00	44.16	45.00	30.27
550	33.00	48.58	49.50	33.30
600	36.00	53.00	54.00	36.33

* NOTE: You take the cash delivered price of car plus insurance cost and documentary fee or tax, if any. (Your dealer will supply these figures.) Then take off the amount of your down payment or trade-in allowance. The result is the *amount to be financed.*

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ure would mean complete loss of prestige for himself and his young army.

His one burning desire—so he recounted afterward—was to strike successfully before the Germans could take a hand on his side; he would then be able to treat with them as an equal and to ask for the supreme command. The determination which gripped him was transmitted to his troops. The decisive moment had come.

Success crowned his efforts. In a battle lasting several days he cut off the city of Tampere first from the south and then from the west. The enemy force, under the command of a metalworker by the name of Salinela, a magnificent man of action—lacking, however, in training—broke only when the latter was killed. Even so, there was a stubborn rear-guard action from street to street and from house to house. The total casualties were 25,000, the number of prisoners taken 11,000. This battle, which has been called the greatest in the history of the northlands, has also been dubbed " the cavalry battle " by experts. It established on unshakable foundations the military fame of cavalryman Mannerheim.

VICTORY had been achieved, but the war still dragged on. It was now a question of liquidating the civil war, and this could not be done with guns alone. Before the battle of Tampere, Mannerheim had issued the order: "You must take care to treat every man who wishes to surrender as a prisoner. Every act of violence against a man who is ready to surrender is a stain on Finland's honor."

But what was Mannerheim to do with the Germans and the Swedes who were still in the country? The general now had to turn statesman. However, Mannerheim was not without experience in the ways of courts and of foreign peoples, nor were statesmen and men of the world lacking among his ancestors. The general did become a statesman.

Getting rid of the Germans was no light task, once they were on the spot. Half a year had to pass, a historic defeat had to intervene, before that consummation. In the center of the country and in the eastern provinces the general had been able to keep his dangerous allies at a safe distance. Early in March the final signing of the peace treaty between Germany and Russia had so dispirited the Russians still in Finland that their one desire was to get back home. But here the elements suddenly stepped in: ice held the port of Helsinki locked.

Whether the grumbling Russian troops, separated from their brothers and their homeland, saw something symbolic in the situation, we do not know. We do know, however, that they used every means available to break through the ice.

Helsinki, now in the hands of the Finnish Reds, had no alternative but to surrender to the Germans. One solitary representative of the people, arriving in the city, persuaded the local military leaders to put up a fight. The Germans stormed the city, and took it after a bloody resistance. Then the German general entered and was enthusiastically received by the civic authorities.

Mannerheim could not delay for long the first contact between the German troops and his own. There was little more for him to do. Desperate and panic-stricken, the remainder of the Red army surrendered, though not without occasional furious hand-to-hand encounters here and there.

It was already the middle of May when Mannerheim finally rode into the capital with the traditional pomp of a liberator. Four months had passed since the outbreak of the civil war. In prestige not less than in the possession of troops he was all-powerful, and he could have aspired to a dictatorship. Instead, he followed the example of Washington and Bolivar, and relinquished his power to the civic authority with these words:

"My work is ended. Now, gentlemen, yours begins."

Monarchy or republic? For the time being, Mannerheim was to banish himself rather than stomach the possibility of a German prince on a Finnish throne! How he was to continue to serve his country nevertheless, and was eventually to be appreciated by its government and to become again the head of its army, will appear as Emil Ludwig's biography of him is completed next week.

I'M A LADY WITH A PAST!
WHY, JUST A FEW MONTHS AGO...
DON'T RUB IT IN, SUE! OF COURSE I HAVEN'T A BID TO THE CLUB DANCE. YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL WHAT A DUD I AM WITH THE BOYS!
OH, AMY! PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER AND SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH! SORRY TO HURT YOUR FEELINGS, BUT THAT'S THE ONLY REASON YOU DON'T CLICK WITH MEN!
AMY CHECKS UP...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
AMY, YOU MUST TRY MY NEW FORTUNE-TELLER! SHE'S MARVELOUS!
LISTEN, SUE--AMY DOESN'T NEED A FORTUNE-TELLER! SHE KNOWS HER PAST AND PRESENT--AND HER FUTURE BELONGS TO ME!
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

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THE *Baby's* HAD A HARD DAY

BY ANNE WORMSER

A gay, tender romance of a girl who cherished a dream and a man who showed her the road to happiness

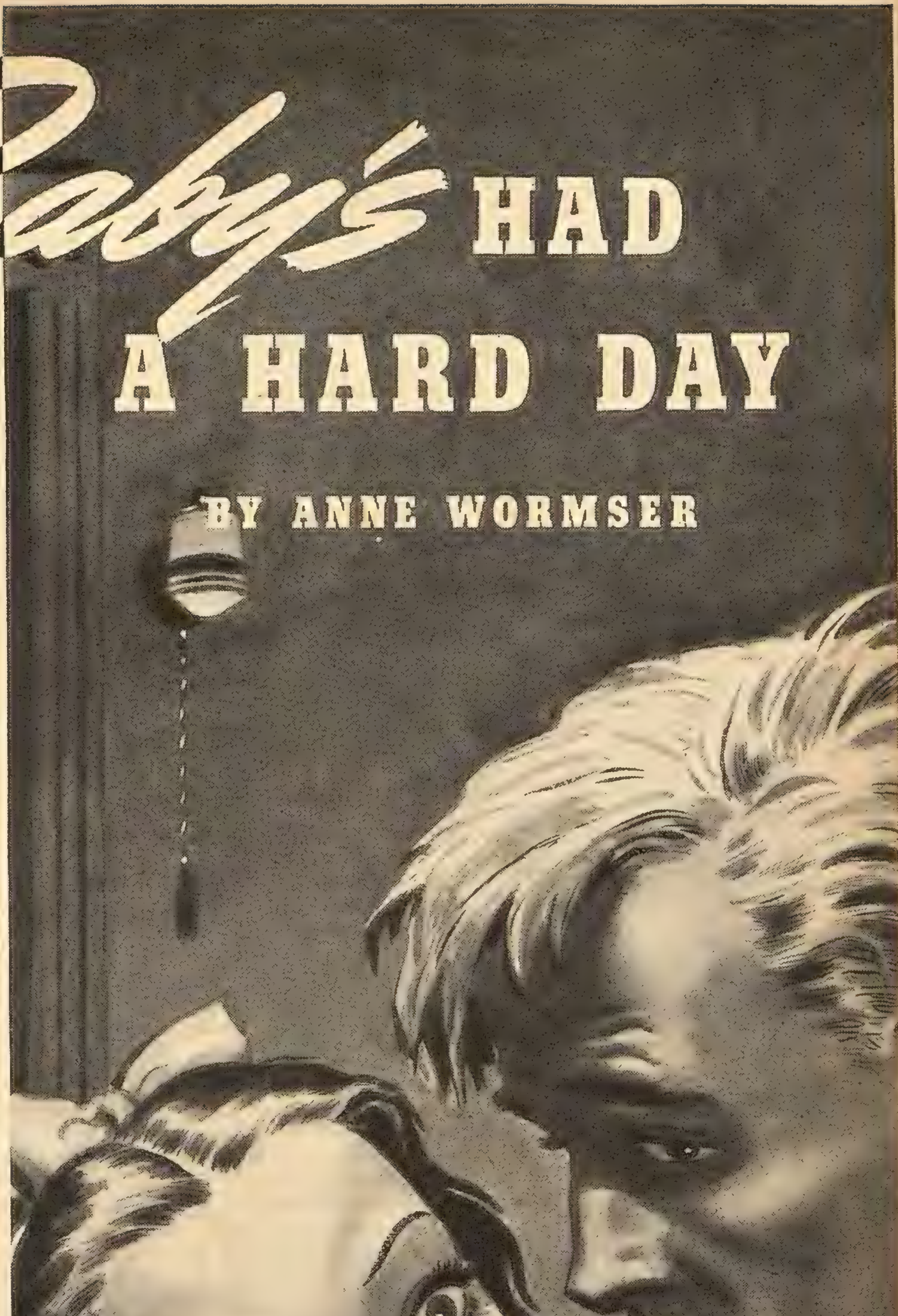
READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE baby's name was Jennifer, because when she grew up she was going to be beautiful and petted. She was going to have a fur jacket and go to a girls' boarding school. There would be lovely college boys in late-model cars to take her to dances. The baby's mother had it all planned.

The baby was going to have long curling red hair like her mother, only maybe her eyes would be deep brown instead of plain old greenish. The baby was going to have flashing white teeth; she had four already, two above, two below. "And a sun tan," the baby's mother decided. "Even, you know; all over." The baby was going to be very beautiful; she was plenty beautiful already.

The baby's mother's name was really Mary, and she wished she'd never gotten that idea of calling herself Mitzi. Such a name for a girl with a baby like Jennifer! She tried to get the other girls at the Small Change Big Store, and Mrs. Willis, where she and Jennifer roomed, to call her Mary. She even tried to get Jimmie Schuler—the fresh thing—to call her Mary. But it didn't take.

When the baby's mother was old—oh, maybe thirty—they were going to live in a nice house, probably with two bathrooms. There would be a maid in the kitchen to cook the dinner parties for Jennifer. She herself would fix the melted-cheese sandwiches late at night, the hot dogs and cocoa; but for the dinner parties, where Jennifer and the other girls would wear their long dresses, and the boys their white pants and dark coats, the maid would cook dinner.



ILLUSTRATED BY
EDWIN COUSE

He looked white now and scared. "Mitzi—well, I went over to the Graves' House."

As for the baby's father, by that time he would have an office in a building downtown, with his name on the door: "Rowland Graves, Jr., Attorney at Law." He'd still be tall and very handsome of course. He'd still have the smile and such white teeth; eyes deep brown and sweet, and thick brown hair.

The baby's father would shake hands with Jennifer's dates and invite them to have a cigarette. The baby's father would talk about football and tennis, and Jennifer's dates would nod and listen and admire. The baby's father had, as it happened, been temporarily annulled out of the picture. But it wouldn't be long now.

It had been nearly a year and a half, the waiting. A little tough, maybe, right at first. But now Mitzi hardly even remembered. She'd been pretty busy ever since Jennifer was born. With the store, with checking up on Mrs. Willis, who was good and honest but who didn't see why a healthy child nearly ten months old shouldn't have a bit of pork chop.

The store in the daytime, and bathing Jennifer and giving her her supper for the evening. And then the books and magazines that told you how to do. There was the trip every month to Jennifer's doctor, and the new diet slips and the weight charts. There was the baby's laundry and her own manicures and collars and cuffs and stockings and blouses, so she would look right for the job, right for a girl with a baby like Jennifer. Maybe the job at the store wasn't so hot, but where else would you make twelve a week and them not ask to see your high-school diploma?

The girls were maybe crude, always kidding her about not going out on dates and all, but they were good enough kids; and Jimmie Schuler, if he was a pest in a way, was crazy and fun to see around. Besides, he was the assistant manager and he helped her out every once in a while. Maybe it hadn't been good news the time he covered up for her with the manager when she dropped the port-wine set—79 cents, retail.

Usually he stopped by the counter in the morning, before they got busy. He'd scowl and frown. "I saw you at the Grove last night," he'd say, and shake his finger. "Is that the best Gary Cooper can rumba?" Or: "What's the idea of betting that big wad on Sea Wolf at Santa Anita? Don't you know we don't allow employees to *plunge?*" Honestly he was a slingeroo.

BUT when he asked her to go to the movies with him, she told him he was funny, really funny. "I don't date, Mr. Schuler," she said coolly. "I don't leave the baby at night."

"Oh, well, if that's all, we'll take it along. I kinda go for kids."

"It's her," said Mitzi. "Not it. . . . Park her in the lobby, I suppose. Get the doorman to hold her."

"Take her inside," said Jimmie. "Let her see the show."

"Don't be ridiculous, Mr. Schuler."

"It's Jimmie," he said, "not Mr. Schuler. And you're passing up a mighty good thing. I'm a prize."

"I'm sorry," she said, beginning to be a bit peeved.

And he strolled off, whistling through his teeth.

Still, you couldn't stay mad at a fellow that would come around to the house nights with ice-cream sandwiches, with bottled orange. And he brought Jennifer a little rocking chair. Jennifer looked so darling when Mitzi held her in it to rock. Her mouth would get all round and she'd blow a bubble.

Four times Jimmie'd come around to the house, even if she never gave him a date. Rozanne, who worked at the glass counter with her, was spiteful about it once in a while. She wants him herself, thought Mitzi, amused. Imagine wanting a fellow like that, kind of short and stocky, and yellow stiff hair falling in his eyes and freckles on his nose, and that old wreck he drove! Imagine seeing Jimmie Schuler when you'd known a fellow like Rhody, been married to a fellow like Rhody!

ANNE WORMSER

after eight years as a research consultant for several corporations and magazines, took up writing, presumably from envy of her brother, Francis M. Cockrell, and her husband, Richard Wormser. She has sold stories to all the leading magazines and has written a novel. She has two children.

Finally there was the Sunday they went to the beach. "It'll be good for the baby," Jimmie insisted. "It's warm and nice; she can lie in the sun."

"Oh, all right. My, when you get your head set on anything—"

April, warm and bright and new. The sand was clean and the wild Pacific seemed friendly. Children ran and tumbled, and mothers and fathers sat under umbrellas of red and blue and yellow, or slept with newspapers over their eyes, or ate lunches. Mitzi had a bag with Jennifer's things, and Jennifer had a beach suit, if you please—a scrap of blueprint panties with ties that went over the firm little shoulders. Jimmie brought an umbrella and a lunch, and a box of animal crackers for Jennifer.

Jennifer sat on her blanket and kicked and murmured. Jimmie and Mitzi took turns running down to the waves and splashing around. After a while Mitzi fluffed at her hair with a towel, and Jimmie said: "I guess that's enough water for me."

A middle-aged couple passed near them and admired Jennifer. Mitzi said proudly: "Yes'm. Only ten months old." As they turned away, the woman said sentimentally: "Such a dear little family."

Jennifer patted her hands and said: "Ow-oo!"

Jimmie said nothing.

Mitzi said: "Why, Jimmie, you're blushing!" Mitzi giggled. "You're a funny one, Jimmie, really funny!"

Jimmie looked straight ahead of him. He said abruptly: "Mitzi, didn't they do anything for you at all?"

Mitzi turned cool green eyes on him. "My husband's folks, you mean, I guess." Jimmie nodded.

"Well," said Mitzi, "since you ask. Of course. Of course they did something for me. Since you ask, they gave me five hundred dollars."

Jimmie dug one foot into the sand. He looked at the foot. "But, Mitzi, didn't they care, I mean? Not even worry—about Jennifer, I mean?"

"Rhody was nineteen," Mitzi said sternly. "He had to finish college. They didn't know me, they don't know me. And I—I was wrong. We shouldn't have gotten married. And they didn't know about Jennifer."

"But, Mitzi—this Rhody now—"

Mitzi looked past him, past the stretch of sand, past the tumbling blue ocean, into brown eyes that had been so sweet and loving and laughing, into brown eyes that had been, now and then, a little worried, and that must have been, at the last, so miserable. Mitzi looked at a mouth that had laughed and whispered and moved over her face in hundreds of little kisses; that had been, now and then, a little drawn with doubt, and that must have been, at the last, tight and miserable. A mouth that seemed to give a silent promise: "Wait for me, Mitzi. I'll come back."

IT was the beach, like this," she said slowly. "Late September. A kind of a party. I went with my girl friend, some high-school kids she knew. A big fire and wienies on forks, and these boys—three of them—fooling around. Could they sit with us? Would we mind? They gave their names to the boys we were with; they went and got a case of coke. We all had fun. They sang with us. One—the tall one—well, that was Rhody."

Jimmie scowled. "Well," he said, "you didn't get married that night, I guess. Looks like you knew what you were doing."

"Two weeks later. We dated every night. He had a swell car. Convertible, red upholstery. And—and then we filed the intention. We—we lied about our ages; they looked at us funny. But the man at the office married us, and nobody said a word. He was at school. We had an apartment down by Redondo. I quit my job. We didn't tell my girl friend even. . . . It was—lovely."

"So then the old folks got wise and it was phooey?"

"He wrote me a letter," said Mitzi slowly. "They found out, he said. They were going to annul. He couldn't do anything, because we lied about how old we were. After—I got a kind of a paper. A legal document. And the five hundred dollars. . . . So I wasn't married any more."

"Didn't they even *see* you?"

"They were right. We were wrong. She—she doesn't look mean. She looks nice. I saw her picture in

(Continued on page 32)

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"CHEVROLET'S FIRST AGAIN!"

(Continued from page 30)

the paper—some club or other to raise money for old soldiers. It wasn't any good, what we did. It—it seemed like it at the time, but it wasn't any good."

Jimmie Schuler jumped to his feet, dug his hands deep into his sweater pockets. "That Rhody, he's a heel, that's what he is, a heel."

Mitzi got up too, perfectly calm. Mitzi reached out her thin little hand and slapped his face for him. She looked him in the eye, and he could really see green sparks. "I'm sorry, Mitzi," he said. "I'm sorry."

Jennifer said, "A-r-r-r," and threw her fuzzy puppy away. Mitzi said: "Skip it. But you wanta kinda watch how you talk. In two months, now, he's of age, and he's graduating. This time, when we get married, we'll be O. K."

"Married," Jimmie said. "You going to get married?"

"What do you suppose?"

"You hear from him? It's all fixed up?"

"Yes," lied Mitzi, because it wasn't really a lie. She knew, and she knew why she hadn't heard. He had to play it safe until he was of age, until he graduated. "It's cooling off, for Jennifer," said Mitzi.

She pulled on her slacks over her suit, she slipped her jacket on. She picked up Jennifer's red ball and fuzzy puppy and put them in the bag. She wiped Jennifer's sandy little paws and dusted stray sand from her tannish pink stomach. She put her dress on and her sweater and her sandals. "I think," she mused, "a kind of a little beach coat for her. Don't you think so, Jimmie? Terry cloth, easy to wash."

"Pink," said Jimmie absently, "or blue, do you mean?"

"White's nicer," Mitzi said. . . . "Jimmie, I don't know why I told you all that."

"I do," said Jimmie drearily. "I know."

THE next morning Jennifer pat-a-caked her hands and said what was certainly ma-ma. Mitzi put down the spoon of oatmeal and hugged her close. Ma-ma! For only ten months old! At the store she told Rozanne about it, and Rozanne said, yes, it was smart all right. "In a way, though, Mitzi, that kid ties you down plenty."

Mitzi smiled dreamily. A single girl would naturally not understand.

After lunch, when she came back from the drugstore, Rozanne was reading the Topics. Rozanne's eyes were sticking out on her cheeks, reading. Mitzi said, "Somebody murdered?"

"Mitzi," said Rozanne, "look! Read, Mitzi."

Well, there it was. With two pictures so you couldn't be mistaken. "University Students to Wed." Rowland Graves and a girl named Bernice —Bernice—

Rozanne said in a scared whisper: "Mitzi—stand up! He's looking."

The store was going around and around, whirling in rows of paper roses and dishes and boxes and counters and people standing in the aisles. And Rozanne's scared face, and, away off there, Jimmie Schuler laughing and kidding with one of the other girls. It was all going around and around, and Mitzi held to the edge of the counter to keep herself from falling. "Mitzi," said Rozanne, "he's watching. Mitzi—look out—"

Mitzi stood up straight. She said: "Who's watching? Who cares?" She picked up her purse, she took a deep breath. "I've got a headache. I guess I've got a headache. I'm taking the afternoon off."

"Mitzi—you can't."

"Oh, hush — Rozanne," she said very loud. "Oh, hush. If they don't like it they know what they can do."

JENNIFER was lying in her little bed. Jennifer was sound asleep. Mitzi looked down at her and smoothed the sheet. There was a scrap of something near Jennifer's fat hand that was without doubt a small piece of pork chop. Mitzi said, "Damn! Oh, damn!"

Rhody, and Bernice Something in a strapless gown. Rhody and the girl he would marry. . . . Rhody. . . . Rhody who hadn't waited, and the college girl. . . .

And Mrs. Willis with the pork chop, and this dumpy old room and having to save up for two months to buy a little cart, even with the discount. And if Mitzi worked until she was ninety, there'd never be the fur jacket, the girls' boarding school, the dinner parties for Jennifer in the house with two bathrooms, the educated college boys to take her to dances. . . . There'd never be a home for Jennifer, the right kind of a home. . . .

Jennifer was creeping these days, was trying hard to walk. Jennifer was growing up, and what did she have? Jennifer, sleeping there, so darling and beautiful and good—

Mitzi took off her store dress and hung it in the closet. She got Jennifer's little suitcase from the shelf and packed it with Jennifer's good clothes. She went to Jennifer's bed and leaned over it and touched Jennifer's hard cheek with her lips. Jennifer opened her eyes, that would be deep brown one of these days.

Mitzi bathed Jennifer and powdered her and dressed her in the little white dress with the row of daisies embroidered around the neck. She put Jennifer's fat arms into the pink silk sleeves of her coat, and Jennifer's fuzzy little head into the pink silk cap. Jennifer wiggled and muttered, Jennifer said loudly: "Bur-ah."

"Hold it, sugar," said Mitzi. "Take it easy."

Mitzi sat Jennifer on the bed and dressed herself in the short plaid swing skirt and the green jacket. She scrabbled through a bureau drawer and found an old piece of mascara and fixed her lashes. She put on the green doll's hat and the high-heeled sandals. She did not look in the mirror when she was through.

She picked up Jennifer on one arm and Jennifer's suitcase in the other hand, and walked out of the room and down the little white sidewalk with the amaryllises on each side.

SOUTH SHADYLAWN DRIVE was a curving slope. Big yards, tiled roofs, Japanese gardeners. "Nice big trees," panted Mitzi, clutching Jennifer's twenty-one pounds. "Nice grass. See, Jennifer? Nice grass."

Number 2463 was grayish stucco with straps of wide brown wood. "Old," nodded Mitzi to Jennifer. "Old and good."

Mitzi set the suitcase down and shifted Jennifer to her hip and rang the bell. Mitzi shifted her back so that Jennifer's face, framed in the pink cap, smiling and beautiful, was toward the door. A woman in a black dress and a white cap and apron opened the door. Mitzi said: "I'd like to see Mrs. Graves."

The woman said: "Who shall I say is calling?"

Mitzi swallowed once and looked the woman in the eye. "Her granddaughter," said Mitzi. "Her granddaughter is calling."

The woman took one step backward. Then she stopped. "Will you come in?" she said in a weak voice.

The front room was big and darkish. A grand piano, deep sofas, deep chairs. Pictures on the walls. The woman disappeared. "Look, Jennifer," whispered Mitzi. "Pictures. Paintings. Everything nice."

Footsteps hurried downstairs into the hall. Then she was there, Rhody's mother. Good silk dress, small print. Gray hair, a little bluing like they fix it in the beauty parlor.

She looked pale and shaky. For a minute Mitzi almost had to laugh.

"Miss—Mrs.—" Rhody's mother gasped.

"Mrs. Brown," said Mitzi, a little tiredly. "I'm Mrs. Brown. This is Jennifer, Jennifer Graves. I thought you might like to have her come and live with you."

"Oh, this is dreadful!" moaned Rhody's mother. "I had no idea."

Mitzi nodded. "That's all right," said Mitzi. "I can't keep her. It costs me too much. If you don't want her, I'll put her in a home."

Jennifer waved her hands, Jennifer smiled and said "Gool-r." "She's a good baby," said Mitzi coldly. "I—like her all right. But—but she keeps me home too much evenings. I never get to go to the movies, the beach."

Rhody's mother sank into a big chair; tears trickled down her cheeks. Jennifer waved her hands again, Jennifer smiled and patted them together. "Hold her a minute," said Mitzi. "My arms are kinda tired." Jennifer went to Mrs. Graves—she would go to any one. Mrs. Graves held her nicely. Mitzi nodded. "See?" said Mitzi. "She likes you. You can have her if you want."

"Oh," said Mrs. Graves, patting Jennifer's little shoulder. "Oh dear, oh dear! This is a shock."

Somebody was running down the stairs, hard footsteps. It was the middle of the week; it couldn't be Rhody. It was Rhody, and he ran into the room, and stopped.

Mitzi was cold from her toes up, cold and stiff. Mitzi opened her mouth and said: "Hello, Rhody. Hello!"

Rhody said: "Mitzi—*Mitzi!*"

Mitzi ran her tongue around her lips. "Congratulations, Rhody," she said, "on your engagement. I read about it."

Rhody smiled and it was terrible. He didn't know whether to smile or not. She could see how he felt. Poor Rhody. . . . Those white teeth, and the deep brown eyes. So handsome, tall, and—so handsome—

Mitzi closed her eyes tight, then opened them. "Now, about Jennifer," she said. "I thought you'd like to have her. I can't take care of her—I'm—busy—"

Mrs. Graves said: "Rowland, I never dreamed."

"Neither did I," said Rhody in a low voice.

Mitzi closed her eyes again. . . . It was nearly too much. "I can't keep her," she said, louder. "And Mrs. Willis—she—she gets drunk. She sets the rug on fire," she went on a little wildly, "right where Jennifer plays—"

Mrs. Graves clutched Jennifer. "Oh!" she cried. "Oh, how awful!"

Mitzi stood up. "Here are her clothes," she said. "Clean. You keep her. She's good." She turned and walked to the door. She said over her shoulder: "Cheerio, folks. See you in the movies."

Rhody hurried to the door and opened it for her. Rhody, tall and so handsome. He looked down, and she could see he was glad to have her go, for all he looked so miserable. "Mitzi," he said in a strange kind of way.

"Skip it," she told him. "Just skip it."

She walked out on the porch. And the heels of her sandals clicked fast in her ears.

SHE felt very light, walking down the hill, not carrying Jennifer, not carrying Jennifer's clothes. Light and queer, like she was floating away off from everything. "She had a sweet look about her," she muttered. "She held Jennifer nicely." Thick grass; the paintings on the wall; dinner parties for Jennifer when she grew up.

She stood on the corner where the bus would pass. She touched a telephone pole to kind of keep her steady. "He couldn't help it," she muttered. "He never knew—about me, about Jennifer. And they would talk him into it and that's the way it would be. He couldn't help it."

The floating feeling carried her onto the bus, all the way home, along the little sidewalk with the amaryllis bushes on each side. It was such a funny cold feeling, a coldness she couldn't quite figure out. "Jennifer'll be all right," she said, before she went into their room. "Jennifer'll be fine."

She stood in the door, waiting to decide to go in. She heard the front door slam open and somebody coming, hurrying. Jimmie Schuler stood in the hall, looking mad, looking furious. "What are you doing, Mitzi? Where did you go?"

"I'm not doing anything," said Mitzi disagreeably. "I guess I can stand in my own room, if I want to."

"But where did you go? I looked all over. Do you want to lose your job?"

"Not particularly," said Mitzi. "And what's it to you? Since you ask, I just took Jennifer to her papa's house, to his mother. She's going to live there, since you ask."

Jimmie Schuler stood over her. Jimmie said: "Are you crazy, Mitzi? Are you nuts?"

"It's a nice house," said Mitzi coldly, "a big yard with grass. She looked sweet and she held Jennifer nicely. Jennifer is going to live there and have everything nice. I'll—I'll have more time to myself—"

He shook her by the shoulders. "I think you're crazy," he said hoarsely. "I think you're nuts."

She raised her head and tilted it back. The long red hair curled down from the foolish hat onto her shoulders, onto the back of the green jacket. She looked up at him long and hard, and her eyes were green and shimmering

(Continued on page 36)

THE HELMETED DINOSAUR, TRICERATOPS, lived 60 million years ago. But even before that, Nature was mellowing and filtering the crude oils used today in refining Sinclair lubricants. These oldest crudes make such fine lubricants that . . .

AMERICAN AIRLINES

. . . AMERICAN AIRLINES RELIES ON SINCLAIR MOTOR OIL in operating the nation's largest air transport system. You'll find Sinclair motor oil of the same high quality available for your car at your nearby Sinclair Dealer. Ask for Opaline or Sinclair Pennsylvania motor oil. They last so long they save you money.

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WHAT ARE *Your* CHANCES

. . . of inheriting a fortune?

. . . of finding a pearl in an oyster?

. . . of making a hole in one?

. . . of having triplets?

ANY MINUTE NOW...*It may happen to you!*

By HERBERT M. ALEXANDER

(*Contributor to The Saturday Evening Post, Medical Review of Reviews, The Literary World and other magazines.*)

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER RICHARDS

REGARDLESS of who you are, where you live, or how humdrum your life may seem—Dame Fortune may be all set right now to spring a surprise on you.

If you want to know the odds in your favor—or against you—all you need to do is consult the Law—the Law of Probabilities.

Let's say you're an average American—25, single, employed. Want to know when you'll marry?

Before you are 36. The chances are 95 out of 100. Your mate will be blonde—the odds are 640 to 360. If you've been engaged for 3 years, it's a 9 to 1 bet that your marriage will be a happy one.

Yes, you'll have children—one or two. It's a 51-to-50 chance that you'll have a boy rather than a girl. Interested in twins? You've got one chance in 87 of getting them. Triplets come once in 7,569 times. Quints are rather scarce—it's 57,289,761 to 1 against them.

As your children grow older, you'll have a pretty decent time. You'll have most of your teeth at 40 (chances 13 to 1) and you'll still have a luxuriant head of hair—it's 2 to 1.

And any minute you may become the "luckiest man in the world"! Don't say, "It can't happen to me." The Law says it *can:*

Take next Saturday's golf, for example. You reach that tricky short hole . . . take a slow, easy swing . . . and—lo! You've made a hole in one—if yours is the one chosen stroke in 7,267.

Or it may happen tonight, at bridge. You'll pick up your hand and it'll be 13 spades . . . or 13 hearts, or diamonds, or clubs. This happens to people regularly—just once in 635,013,559,600 times!

Do you bowl? Even if you're a dub, you may go out tonight and roll a perfect game. The chances are one in 336,000!

Don't be too sure that you won't inherit a fortune. That nice little old lady you helped across the street—she may have you down in her will right now. After all—sudden money *does* happen to people . . . each year to about 1 person in every 1,782.

Of course, you don't believe all those old superstitions about blac cats and ladders. But if you *really* want t play safe, you'll build a house without porch . . . you'll never take a bath . . never set foot on a stepladder . . . an *never* be caught sleeping.

That will reduce your chances of being i an accident by a healthy one-third.

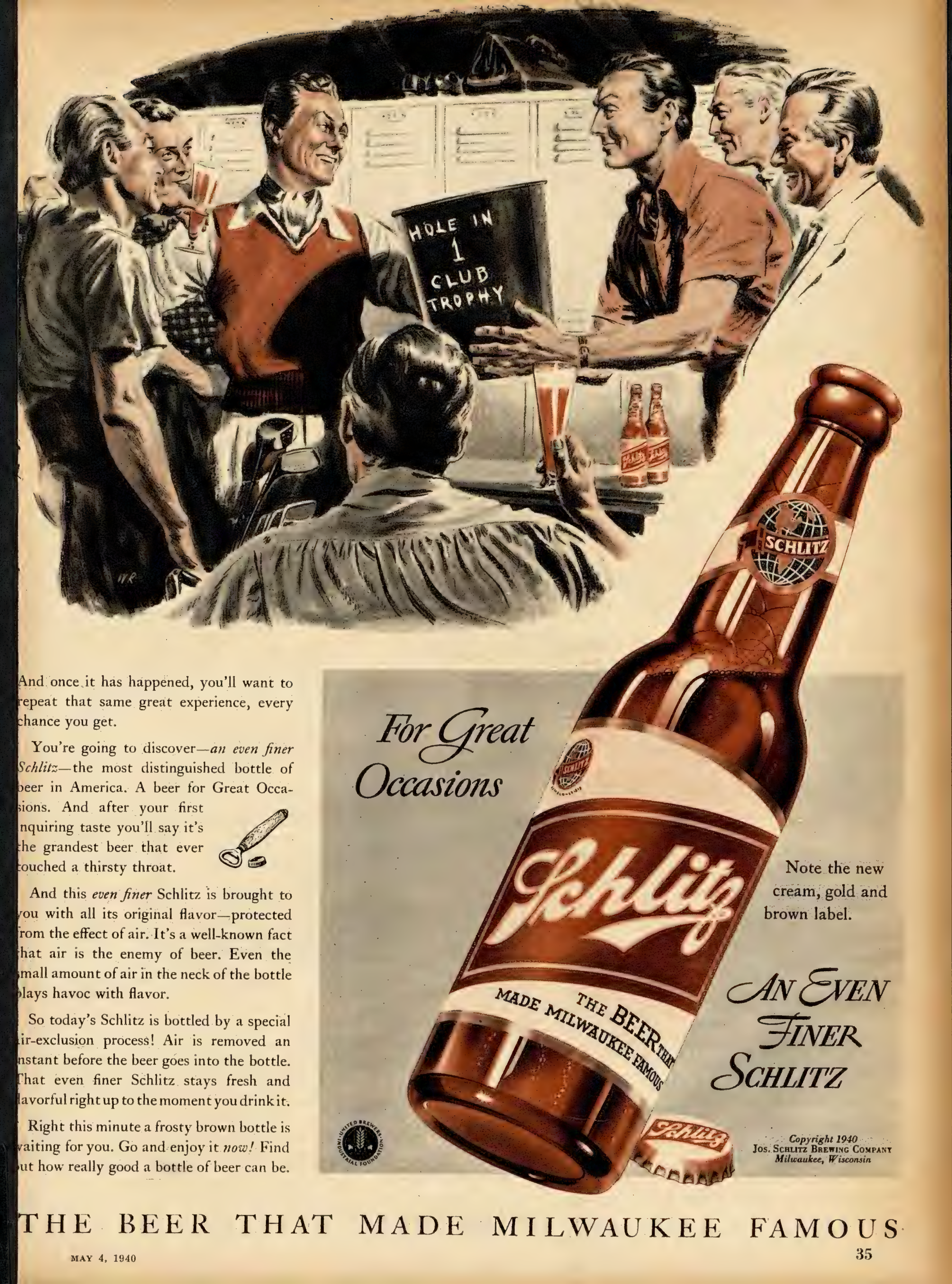
And if you want to improve your "luck" still further, go on an oyster diet. Pear divers say that when you get to that 1,000th oyster—you'll bite into pearl, maybe.

Does all this sound pretty fanciful to you? It's not—any more so than the multiplication table.

For the Law of Probabilities is basically very simple. There's just one thing wrong about it. Nobody—no scientist, or mathematician, or fortune teller—can tell us where or when the probable events will *actually* occur.

And so, while there is a mathematical chance that several hundred of the 40,000,000 people who read this advertisement will be wealthy before the year is over . . . nobody is ever sure who all the lucky ones will be.

However, the odds are not always against you. Here's one case when they are a million to one in your favor. Something is going to happen to *you, any minute now.*


HOLE IN 1 CLUB TROPHY
SCHLITZ
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Schlitz
UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

And once it has happened, you'll want to repeat that same great experience, every chance you get.

You're going to discover—*an even finer Schlitz*—the most distinguished bottle of beer in America. A beer for Great Occasions. And after your first nquiring taste you'll say it's he grandest beer that ever touched a thirsty throat.

And this *even finer* Schlitz is brought to you with all its original flavor—protected from the effect of air. It's a well-known fact hat air is the enemy of beer. Even the small amount of air in the neck of the bottle plays havoc with flavor.

So today's Schlitz is bottled by a special ir-exclusion process! Air is removed an nstant before the beer goes into the bottle. That even finer Schlitz stays fresh and lavorful right up to the moment you drink it.

Right this minute a frosty brown bottle is aiting for you. Go and enjoy it *now!* Find ut how really good a bottle of beer can be.

For Great Occasions

Note the new cream, gold and brown label.

AN EVEN FINER SCHLITZ

Copyright 1940
JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

(*Continued from page 33*)

and deep with tears. Then she looked down and said in a thick voice, "I'll thank you to go away," she said. "I'll thank you to go away and leave me alone."

MITZI sat in a chair and stared out the window. It was dark. Sooner or later Mitzi would go to bed. Why put it off? Just because there was no little fat body to change, no strong kicking legs to be pushed gently down under the blanket, no hard warm cheek to touch with a kiss.

Sometimes Jennifer wanted a drink of water at Mitzi's bedtime. Would Jennifer's grandmother know? I ought to have written it all down, thought Mitzi, worrying. I oughtn't to have been in such a hurry.

If she hadn't hurried, she wouldn't have done it. So what?

She got up from the chair, she took off her skirt and jacket, she put on her bathrobe. She turned on the light and took the spread off her bed and folded back the covers. She stood up, and something inside her turned over and made her dizzy and half blind.

She was sick at the stomach from wanting Jennifer back, sick with knowing she wasn't ever going to have her. She didn't see how she was going to make it to get up and go to the store and wrap up glasses and eat at the drugstore and go back to work and think all the time that Jennifer wasn't going to be there at home when she got through.

"She'll have it nice," she said aloud dully. "Everything nice and a good education. . . . I've got to keep thinking—she'll have it nice."

There was this clatter in the hall and a bang on her door.

She opened the door. "Jimmie Schuler," she said wearily, "don't you ever go home?"

He looked white now and scared. "Mitzi—"

"Yeah?"

"Mitzi—well, I went over to the Graves' house."

"You never did!"

He nodded, he gulped. "Yes, Mitzi. I did. I—well—Mitzi, you could get Jennifer back."

"Oh, Jimmie," she whispered, "leave me alone."

"They were all sitting in the living room. They were all talking and worrying. I stood on the porch and I heard them. I rang the bell."

"I'll say—"

"I said I wanted to see the baby, I wanted to take the baby back—"

"Jimmie! *Where is Jennifer?*"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you!" he shouted. "She's out in the car."

Mitzi was running past him, down the hall, down the steps and the narrow walk. Mitzi was frantically untying the strange mess of Jimmie's scarfs which had served to hold Jennifer in a sort of little harness. Mitzi was crying and crooning and laughing all at once.

She carried Jennifer to the house. Jennifer was heavy in her arms. It was wonderful. Jennifer laid her cheek on Mitzi's shoulder and made a courteous remark. Jennifer yawned, widely, ludicrously. Mitzi said: "Jennifer, oh, Jennifer."

Jimmie stood in Mitzi's room. He was terrified. Then he saw Mitzi's face. "See?" he said, his voice shaking. "Baby belongs at home. You ought to have known that much."

Mitzi sat down. She leaned back in the chair a minute, holding Jennifer; then she began to get Jennifer ready for bed. The pink silk coat, the cap. The dress with daisies embroidered around the neck. "Hand me those diapers, Jimmie," she suggested.

Jimmie handed her a stack of diapers. "They were worried," he said again. "You oughtn't to worry people like that."

Mitzi pinned a pin. Jennifer gave an enormous kick. "Hold still, sugar." . . . Mitzi looked up at Jimmie. "Jimmie! How did you get Jennifer back? Jimmie, what did you say?"

Jimmie hung his head; his face was red as a beet. He looked at the floor. He said, almost in a whisper: "I—I told them—I was—the baby's papa. I said—you'd told them a lie. I—said I thought they ought to give me the baby. Mrs. Graves cried some more and said, oh, that helpless darling baby. Then Rhody said, well, after all, if it wasn't his baby. Mr. Graves said for Mrs. Graves to be sensible. I acted kind of mad. I said I was going to take the baby home."

Mitzi got up and laid Jennifer in her bed. She pulled the cover over her and bent down and kissed her on the cheek. She stood up.

THAT Jimmie! Honestly, if you ever knew what he'd do next! He was looking like a kid caught stealing apples. Suddenly she giggled low in her throat. Jimmie looked up then. "Mitzi," he begged, "I'm going to get a raise next week."

She shook her head back and forth. "Jimmie Schuler, if you aren't the one. The baby's papa!"

She giggled again and a lightness filled her. She felt light again, and free along with it. Free, probably, from Rhody, and trying to keep him a man in her thoughts. Free from kidding herself about Rhody, and what you had to buy for a little daughter to make things nice for her. Jimmie was staring down at her. He said: "I was always one to go for a kid, Mitzi. Honest, you know that yourself."

"You're funny, Jimmie," she said softly. "Really funny. The baby's papa. Well, we'll think it over. . . . Let's go out and sit in the yard. Jennifer has to get to sleep. She's had kind of a hard day."

Jimmie laughed, and choked it into silence. Jimmie took her arm and stood as tall as he could beside her. "Yeah," he whispered, nodding. "Yeah. Past her bedtime. And she's had a hard day."

THE END

ARREST THAT BREATH

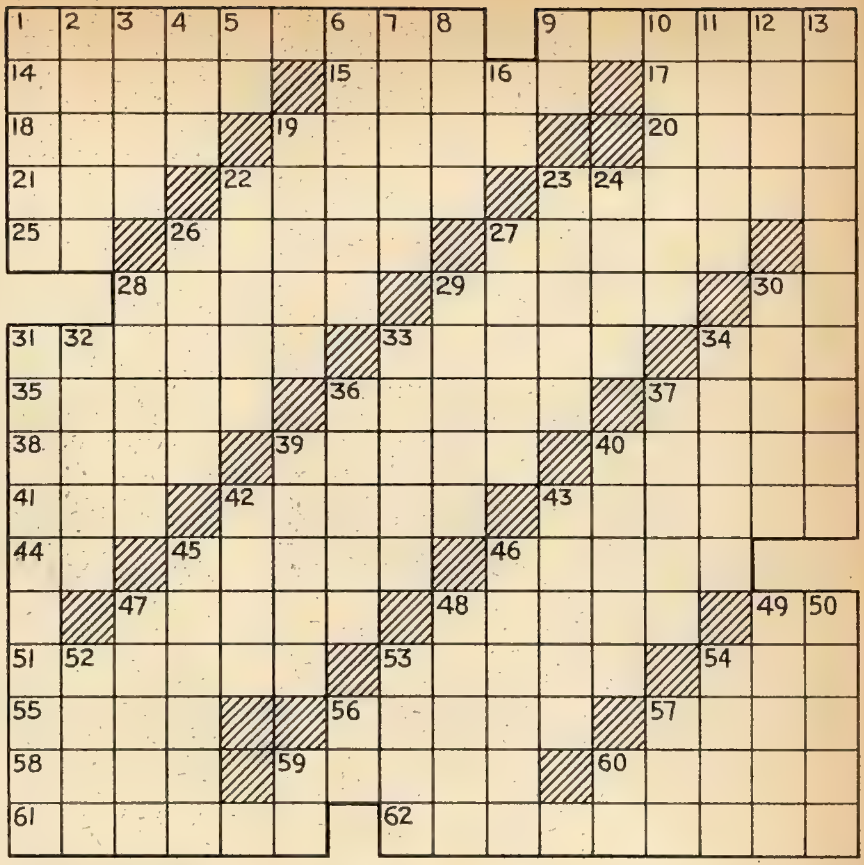
If you've been drinking, eating garlic or smoking heavily—be considerate. Use **CHASERS.** They destroy the evidence. Leave no incriminating odor of their own. Convenient tablet form. Effective, economical. Chasers Inc., New York.

CHASERS per package **5c**

NOT A CANDY—THEY KILL THE BREATH—DON'T MERELY COVER IT UP

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



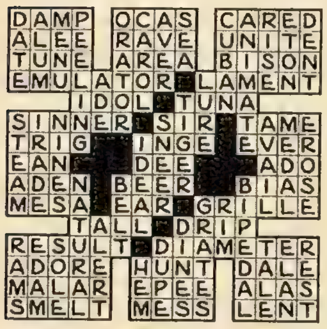
HORIZONTAL

1 Who say: Man who ogle girls during business hours cluck-watcher?
9 Madhouse
14 Egg's ghosts
15 Intestinal fortitude
17 Kind of sub
18 Passel
19 The jitter tree
20 Here's a dry spell
21 You'll find this at the end of every berry
22 Complaints with music
23 Rumble seat on an elephant
25 Asia's beginning
26 A good bet
27 Many a good man's hung on these
28 Nudists
29 Hillbilly face powder (fem.)
30 Half a cent
31 It gets all steamed up and tries to run things, then suddenly blows up
33 African polo
34 How nations get going
35 Fight promoter
36 What bulls are full of
37 Tending to tread on the corns of convention
38 Spanish rivers
39 Pig Latin
40 Corny and a terrible pest
41 Fly DiMaggio can't handle
42 Bottle containing lightning (dry era)
43 High-class grocery grabs
44 Printer's youno
45 Ghost a job
46 Fairy boskerie
47 What the kneady idiot was half
48 Mop nurses
49 One end of Africa
51 The seats of the mighty are attached to them
53 They burn you up but you don't mind
54 French color
55 If you do this, the suspense is terrible
56 The Lone Ranger's pals
57 All Culbertson needs to make a slam
58 Rahshn woman
59 Last time, as this went so didn't go the nation
60 Snakes with inferiority complexes
61 Kansasity
62 She's always kidding around with Billy, is a butt for his jokes (two words)

VERTICAL

1 One strike—and you're out!
2 They're usually left at dinner and show up the next day stewed
3 Our billion-dollar boom-boom
4 A little whiz about the house
5 No. 1 neutral
6 Comes forth (but not fifth)
7 Ambulatory snore shelf
8 Runs into a gal and starts courting her for her money
9 Empty bank
10 What big business men keep in their desks
11 Ladies' men
12 Japanese swallow —they hope!
13 Milady's milliners —they're responsible for the atrocities about women's heads (two words)
16 No no, minus nothing
19 Father of Julius the Streetboy and Tony the Bootblack
22 Nekkeder
23 Holey rollers
24 It's a burden for white or black men
26 Crybaby land
27 A big blowout
28 He's narrower than the Thin Man
29 Straightforward part of a hot dog
30 General in short pants
31 Clip joint
32 The Limburger plant
33 Old-fashioned brass
34 When you're sick, she cares for you a lot; when well, a lot she cares for you!
36 1,000
37 They go places
39 Great stickers
40 Two of them make an African evening gown
42 It's a phony
43 Touches heaven with one's wings
45 Wasp's garage
46 What you share with your neighbor's chickens
47 Church poker
48 Mrs. Hornblow, to Arthur
49 This is given off by tramps and coffee
50 The day the due falleth heaviest
52 Rougeable
53 Chief output of dental office
54 Bull (Sp.)
56 Woman's Home Companion
57 It's put on by society folk
59 Man's Home Companion
60 Who Yawned? (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



DAMP OCAS CARED
ALEE RAVE UNITE
TUNE AREA BISON
EMULATOR LAMENT
IDOL TUNA
SINNER SIR TAME
TRIG INGE EVER
EAN DEE ADO
ADEN BEER BIAS
MESA EAR GRILLE
TALL DRIP
RESULT DIAMETER
ADORE HUNT DALE
MALAR EPEE ALAS
SMELT MESS LENT

Last week's answer

"PEPSI AND PETE" . . . THE PEPSI-COLA COPS

"I MAKE SURE YOU GET A BIG BIG BOTTLE FOR ONLY A NICKEL!"
"I MAKE SURE IT'S PURE AND FINER TASTING!"
PEPSI-COLA
REFRESHING-ENJOYABLE
FAMOUS FOR OVER 30 YEARS
A SPARKLING BEVERAGE
REFRESHING-SATISFYING
12 OUNCES
5¢
BIGGER-BETTER

MAKES NICKELS GO BIG

Mrs. H. McDonald asked several of her friends in for refreshments after the movies last night. Pepsi-Cola was served along with cheese and crackers. "Delicious Pepsi-Cola certainly stole the show," she said. "And say . . . a nickel goes *big* when you swap it for a big 12-ounce bottle of Pepsi-Cola."

FIRST AID FOR "LEAN" BUDGETS. Good news for thrifty hostesses. The handy Pepsi-Cola home carton holds 6 big bottles . . . 12 big drinks. All you need for a good, big party.

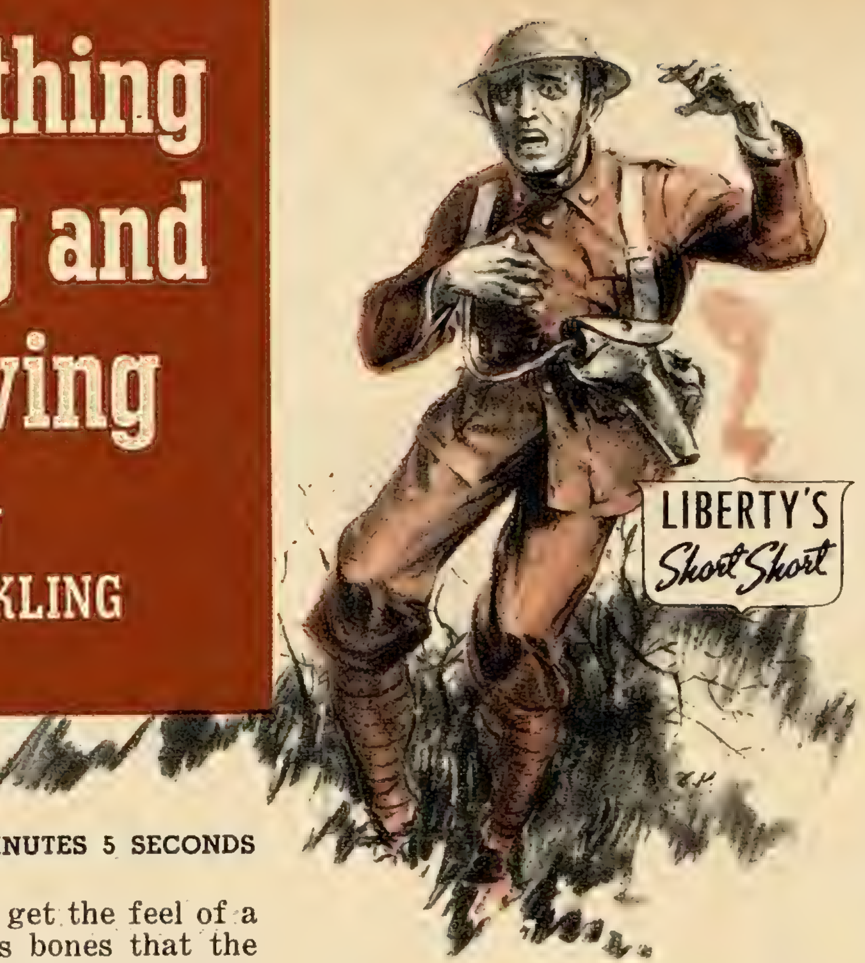
If your dealer cannot supply you, fill in his name and address and mail to Dept. A3, Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

Dealer's Name. . . . .
Address. . . . .
City. . . . . *State*. . . . .

12 FULL OUNCES

Something young and growing

By N. CONKLING



READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IT was probably to get the feel of a war back into his bones that the commanding officer ordered Aikens to scout the dog-leg patch of wooded hillside that rose sharply between the two lines. A veteran like Aikens could have told him what he'd find in the woods: mostly trees. Now, if it were the last war, the one with the shooting in it—

Aikens reached the shelter of the woods and stood up. Belly-walking had come much more easily at eighteen than it did at forty-two, even for an old regular encrusted with calluses. But it was worth it to escape the confinement of trench quarters for a spot where a man could stretch and breathe some other fragrance than that of wet clay.

The undergrowth was thicker and higher than he had expected. He picked his way with care, from habit rather than any feeling of need, for about two hundred yards; then stopped and pivoted slowly in his tracks until he had described a complete circle.

" 'Is 'ighness said to go out and look around," he told himself comfortably, "and that's wot I done to the letter. 'Aving obeyed my superior and 'aving done it most expeditious-like, 'ere I am with time on me 'ands. So 'ave yourself a seat, Aikens."

He settled himself gently on the ground, his back against a tree trunk, and stuffed a gigantic quid of tobacco into his mouth. After a moment he cast about for a target. A tiny premature sliver of green ten feet away caught his eye. "So you think it's spring, do you?" He took careful aim, but relented before he spat, hitting just below the bud.

"Always knew you was a softy, Aikens," he said mournfully. "Can't bear to muss up somethin' young and growin'. That'll never get you no place."

He chewed methodically on, wishing himself back home with the wife and kids. This was no war for a grown-up man. It wasn't even dangerous enough to take one's mind off the minor discomforts, he thought as he scraped his back vigorously against the tree. If they—he wasn't quite sure whom he meant by "they"—knew how to run things in proper fashion, they'd send him home before he got bored. Once a veteran like himself lost interest in a war, they might as well call in the diplomats and take the best offer.

He drew his gun quietly from its holster and rested it on one knee. Fifty feet ahead of him something moved; something that took shape as a man in uniform, coming carefully, directly toward him. Aikens watched, without motion or alarm. Nearer and nearer, a cautious foot at a time, the man came until barely five yards lay between them.

Aikens, concealed by the brush, raised his gun a fraction of an inch until he had the feel of a perfect aim. His finger began to crook on the trigger, then relaxed.

A spot of light fell on the other man's face. "A young one," thought Aikens. "Eighteen, maybe, like I was in the last one. And just about as scared. I ought to give it to 'im right now. Wisht he was a little older."

He frowned indignantly. "Ought to keep kids like that at 'ome. Puts the devil of a load on a easy-goin' chap like me. Almost got a mind not to plug 'im."

Aikens knew he wasn't going to shoot—unless, of course, the youngster threatened to step on him. When you had gone through one war and done a couple of stretches in the regular army besides, you began to draw certain distinctions. Nothing you could put on paper, because you made them up as you went along. For example, one man more or less wasn't going to decide a war; and if he happened to be a clean young one, and scared — not cowering and terror-stricken but scared like any normal youngster who had also been ordered out to "look around"—you didn't *have* to shoot him.

"I wisht 'e'd stop comin' my way," thought Aikens uncomfortably. "I can't give 'im more'n another step"—and, as the youngster took the step—"or maybe two."

The young soldier stopped and held his breath as he listened to the hushed wood murmur that echoed so frighteningly within him. He turned to his right and made his way slowly off through the trees. Aikens sighed with gusty relief and arose. He had suddenly lost his taste for the hillside.

He took a slightly longer route back, but made better time because of the lighter undergrowth. He halted at a little sunlit clearing, kneeled to lace a boot, then rose.

Seventy-five yards up the hillside, the youngster had also stopped for a last look. A lane about two feet wide and almost straight ran down the hillside and into a small open area. His eyes followed the lane and came to rest on the figure of a kneeling soldier.

He snapped his rifle to his shoulder and sighted; but at first—perhaps because he was so young and scared, and had never pointed his gun at a man before — his hands shook too violently for him to aim. He steadied his arm against a tree until the barrel no longer wavered. A fanatic fire blazed up in his eyes, a flame so fierce it reduced to ashes what a man was born with and left only what he had been taught: *that* man is our enemy. As the kneeling soldier straightened, he pulled the trigger.

The shuddering impact spun Aikens squarely around. The yards that stretched out between them, the trees, the cause itself, disappeared as two men looked at each other. The young soldier's arms lowered and his rifle slipped unheeded from suddenly trembling fingers. The fire died out of his eyes. He turned and ran blindly into the woods, not from Aikens, but from something once born in himself.

" 'Im," thought Aikens vaguely. "The young one." The quid of tobacco in his mouth was choking him. A leaf, green and reaching eagerly toward the sun, came into dim focus before his eyes.

His lips puckered uncertainly as he took aim. "Gonna—get yer—this time." He spat—or thought he did.

The leaf, bright and clean, nodded gently as Aikens crumpled to the ground.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

What ITALY plans

BY VIRGINIO GAYDA

Il Duce's "spokesman" sounds a blunt warning against a Balkan grab and talks plainly about his country's ambitions

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

MONTHS have elapsed since the outbreak of the war, and many people are asking, "What does Italy think?" The thought and attitude of Italy are considered important, in fact decisive, because she is the greatest European nation that today is not participating in the war, and because her known policy, openly declared by Mussolini, has not put her definitely outside the war.

Italy, first of all, has found that the new war promises to be very long, uncertain, terribly costly and exhausting. It appears, therefore, to more than one Italian to be a useless war.

All forecasts regarding the war have been denied by events. The destructive air aggression which was expected has not materialized. Neither side wishes to be the first to begin it. The very dreadfulness of air war has prevented its outbreak.

Both have hesitated to start a war of movement and resolute assault. It is not the Maginot and Siegfried lines, formidable as they are, which have discouraged this initiative. It is rather a different calculation as to the method of war to be desired.

At the end of the eighteen-day war on Poland, Germany declared that she did not wish to undertake the responsibility of a war in the west, of which she did not feel the necessity.

Great Britain and France, on the other hand, calculate on the necessity of saving men, who are less abundant than money in their countries. The two democracies, in substance, expect victory by the implacable and static siege of the whole of Germany.

But it is these very prospects that make the war more than ever uncertain and destructive.

The Western democracies must calculate actually on Germany's capacity to resist for a very long time.

Statistics are not sufficient to explain resistance in war. They have already been found lacking in the war of sanctions against Italy.

In the present case, Germany must be considered as supplied not only with a resolute spirit of resistance but also with most abundant material means.

During recent years she has accumulated vast stocks of raw materials—iron, copper, rubber, and cotton. Her economic independence ensures her new possibilities of autonomous productions and supplies.

Germany has also at her disposal abundant cash reserves, consisting of, first, considerable gold and appropriated currencies accumulated during the mark crisis, when, profiting by the speculation in almost every country, she changed her own worthless paper for gold and gold-backed money; secondly, many commercial credits in dollars made by the United States; thirdly, a favorable trade balance over a long period of years; and, fourthly, those acquired by the occupation of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia and the transfer to the Reichsbank of their abundant bank reserves.

In addition, this static and blank method of war allows Germany to save war material and to intensify her production of munitions.

There is no doubt that in the long run Germany's powers of resistance may be worn out. This method of war, however, may eventually also cause serious, even irreparable, damage to the Allies, not only economically and financially but also in regard to their imperial interests.

In these conditions, the war shows itself, from my Italian point of view, as being both uncertain in its outcome and, above all, anti-European.

For this latter reason Mussolini tried as hard as he could to prevent the war and later to stop it.

Among their reasons for being so certain of victory, France and Britain brag about the superiority of their economic and financial means and their maritime and political dominion throughout the world.

This is naturally a theme which must be linked with the problem of that "Better Europe" which echoes so frequently in speeches in the belligerent countries.

It is evident that so long as there exist in the world a few countries so powerful as to give them almost automatically an assured victory before even a war is fought, there cannot be in Europe a healthy balance of power, nor, therefore, a real guaranty of peace.

The Versailles system increased instead of diminishing the disparity of resources between European nations, out of proportion to their quality and their human and civil rights. From the inevitable crisis of this system arose, first, the European political crisis lasting twenty years, and subsequently the new war. In the new "Better Europe" which is to be one of the bright outcomes of peace, equilibrium must be established.

Another boast of the power of the two democracies frequently echoes through the British and French press: that England is in a position to close the Mediterranean at her discretion because she has in her hands the control of its entrance and exit.

By what are these newspaper claims prompted?

Do they wish to remind Italy of her position as a potential prisoner in the Mediterranean?

They warn us, in time, that the present position does not coincide with that just European order which should mean freedom and parity of positions for all nations.

Italy's conception of a better Europe is very simple.

Italy does not seek in Europe or the world any particular privilege for herself. She is against all systems which give obvious or hidden supremacy to one nation or nations. She has still some vital problems to be settled, problems which were aggravated instead of solved by the Versailles system. The solution of these problems cannot be further delayed. It is now necessary that all the great European Powers understand this clearly.

It is necessary that they shall recognize and accept these particular Italian needs and rights: Free and fertile space for expansion of the Italian population, which asks only the right to work and produce in peace on Italian territory; freedom of life and movement of the Italian nation, which is entitled to claim the elimination of every system of foreign control.

But Italy maintains that her needs can find their solution in a more balanced, sane, and just Europe than that which came out of the Versailles workshop.

How will this Europe be formed? With what power of war or peace? It is still difficult to foresee.

Certainly Italy does not intend to be absent from its formation. To this end Italy follows the new European conflict and the course of events not as a neutral Power but merely as a Power not today directly interested but ready for any eventuality of peace or war.

Italy would like to hope that, to reach the new European order, extension of the war would not be necessary. Her policy hitherto has been to limit the conflict, and, in fact, she has been able to do so. But only the course of events and the development of political and military plans of the belligerents will show whether the war can be confined to its present sphere.

Soviet Russia's advance into Danubian Europe and her pressure on Balkan Europe bring, in the meantime, new problems. Does a Communist menace, such as many foreign newspapers would like to make out, really exist in southeast Europe? Italy cannot be indifferent to this contingency. In fact, Italy's interests are permanent and vital, as she borders on Danubian Europe and has today become the greatest Balkan Power of Europe.

Italy is not prompted by any aggressive plans against Soviet Russia, and in this her attitude is different from that of other Great Powers. Italy intends only to prevent the expansion of Communism and its consequent threat to civilization, order, and sanity in Europe.

Italy's policy in regard to Communism is in substance an integral part of her policy of a sane and civilized European order. Soviet Russia may remain tranquil inside her own borders, and Italy will have no objection.

But if Communism should attempt to advance toward zones of vital interest to Europe and Italy, Fascism will know how to reply.

THE END

DON'T SOAK YOUR HAIR with water to comb it, barbers say. They are experts in hair care and know water washes away natural oils, leaves hair wild, unmanageable. Kreml grooms hair, keeps it neatly in place.

Your Barber says:

"GET OFF THE WATER WAGON"

USE KREML DAILY—the wonderful tonic-dressing that keeps your hair looking its natural best—easy to comb—always neatly groomed, never sticky or greasy—dandruff scales removed, excessive falling hair checked. Ask for Kreml at your drug store or barber shop.

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CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Is your child being taught to loaf?

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Are democratic principles disappearing from our schoolbooks? A vital problem that every parent should make his own

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHEN the editor of Liberty commissioned me to write a series of articles on what is happening to our children in the schools, Hitler and Stalin had not yet entered openly into their vicious alliance to destroy Western civilization. "Liberals" were still insisting upon glorification of Soviet Russia in the textbooks used in our schools.

More important than that, the general tendency of these so-called "liberal" teachers and textbook writers was to play down the United States. Whereas Lenin, Karl Marx, and even Stalin were painted as glorious saviors of mankind, Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, and even Jefferson figured as business men protecting their vested interests and keeping democracy down.

I have shown in the three previous articles of this series, by authentic quotations from the most widely used textbooks, that that has been the pap upon which children have been fed. What is more, I have sought to show you how many of the men and women who teach our children are dominated by subversive ideas.

Will the American reaction to the Hitler-Stalin alliance make a great change? It is any man's guess, but I don't believe so. The textbooks are purchased. Economy dictates avoidance of change. Teachers who enjoy tenure cannot be removed. They represent in many cities and states politically powerful pressure groups. They cannot be influenced by individual parents, because in many parts of the country state laws protect the teacher in his professional rights, but *there are no laws which protect the child from corrupt and subversive teaching, and there are no laws which protect the parent's rights to the intellectual as well as physical guardianship of the child.*

Parents, therefore, have to fight for the children, and in this country the fight can only be by publicity and political action.

This series of articles, of which this is the concluding one, is not a complete study of the subject. Liberty has, through them, only scratched the surface and started the ball rolling. It is up to the parents now to take on the fight; and the first task is to read the textbooks that are being used by your children, and the second task is to look into the personalities, affiliations, and ideas of their teachers.

Let me show you how important this is. The Social Frontier, a leading teachers' publication, contains, in Vol. 1, No. 6, a statement the heading of which is, Along What Lines Shall Teachers Organize? This is part of a proposed basis of an organization of teachers:

"Educators have become increasingly aware that their efforts in the performance of their professional duties are frequently thwarted by the traditionally accepted economic and social system. Under that system, despite abundant national resources, teachers see, even in so-called 'normal times,' the lives of uncounted children physically and spiritually impoverished. In the periods of depression which characterize that system, they find schools closed and educational services crippled. The security of every teacher and administrator may be threatened. . . .

"Teachers strive to develop in children attitudes of co-operation, only to see the results of their work nullified and destroyed by the demands of a ruthlessly competitive economy; they nurture the creative impulse, only to see it stifled by the regimentation of industry and society organized for profit; they inculcate a love of truth, only to have this smothered beneath a flood of propaganda directed toward selfish ends; they prepare youth for socially useful tasks, only to send graduates out into a society which can make no place for them. Teachers thus find the present profit-centered system standing irrevocably between them and the purposes to which American education is avowedly dedicated.

"Being convinced that the interests of education, as well as the general welfare of the American people, require the supplanting, as rapidly as possible, of the existing competitive and profit-centered economy by a collective planning economy in which production and distribution are democratically controlled and scientifically administered to serve human needs and to enrich the common life, the members of this group have banded together for the purpose of discovering and employing ways in which educators can contribute most effectually to the realization of their social objective."

Then this group state their guiding social hypothesis, which includes: "A collective planning society is organized on principles qualitatively different from those inherent in capitalism. It is unsound, therefore, to attempt to establish such a planning society through exclusive reliance on piecemeal, gradual reform. It is inevitable that at some stage in the transitional process a critical point will be reached which will necessitate a drastic, fundamental, and thoroughgoing break with the present system."

The Social Frontier says of these quotations that they were prepared by "teachers from public and private schools at every level from the nursery school to postgraduate teaching and research."

Theirs is a revolutionary statement. Its aim is the destruction of the American way of life. How many American parents want their children to be revolutionists? How many want them to be followers of the ideology of hatred which is represented by the teachings of Karl Marx as practiced by both Stalin and Hitler?

When the boy and girl reach twelve or thirteen, father and mother begin to wonder about their future. What have they got out of the public school, and what will high school and college do to them?

WELL, they're doing well at school," says mama. "Never left back once. Always promoted."

Does that mean anything? It used to in our day. It used to be horrible to get left. The dunce was left behind when the other boys and girls were promoted. The idler found that life paid no dividends for idleness. Character counted. The ability to work counted.

But that is not true today in many parts of America. A new theory is motivating promotions. It is the theory that it is *socially* evil to leave a child behind; that it is *socially* sound to promote a child whether the child is bright or dumb, hard-working or lazy, honest or sneaky. In a word, it is a doctrine of sacrificing the competent, efficient, and hard-working child in the interest of the incompetent and lazy child. But is it really to the lazy child's interest? Is he not being kidded into believing that life is just a bowl of cherries—and that all that he has to do is slide along? Would you want your child to gain that conception of life?

Yet, if you will question your boy and girl, they will tell you that homework has been decreased, that tests and examinations have been reduced, that few children are ever left behind. But more important than that, if you will read your children's textbooks, you will discover that for straight history and geography and civics—for hard subjects—pleasant books in story form, tied together in what they now call the social sciences, have been substituted.

Obviously, no textbook for children can be large enough to include all the facts and the definition of facts in any situation. The textbook writer has to be selective. He picks the "high lights." Of course he has a wide choice in picking them, but we can get a definite picture of what he wants to convey when we read from Carl Becker's Modern History, which is an important textbook widely used:

"The second aim of the Soviet government [in Russia] is to give the people a new philosophy of life. Formerly society rested on the institution of private property. People were taught that it was well to become rich, and that if the mass of the people were poor it was either their fault or their misfortune. The Soviet government wished to destroy this idea. In the schools the children are taught the extreme Communist doctrine that private property is the cause of poverty and therefore an evil which must be abolished. They are taught not to admire and envy those who are rich and have fine clothes and possessions, but to regard them with suspicion as anti-social and anti-patriotic. The result is that people do not exhibit their wealth even if they have it. The highest officials in the government receive no higher salaries than the skilled mechanics, and in the theaters and elsewhere it is impossible to tell who is an 'important' person by his dress or his manner of living. [Let me interrupt the textbook with the remark that this happens not to be true.] . . .

"It was the theory of Karl Marx that the old religions, Catholic and Protestant, furnished the strongest support to the institution of private property and the enslavement of the poor by the rich. Lenin accepted the idea. . . . The statement, 'Religion is the opium of the people,' which Lenin borrowed from Karl Marx, may be taken as a kind of official motto of the Soviet government. In the schools, and by official propaganda, the government teaches the doctrine that the old religious beliefs are not only untrue but hostile to the welfare of the people. . . .

"Thus the Soviet government is frankly hostile to the old religions. It frankly tries to convert all the people to its own professed philosophy of life—the extreme Socialist or Bolshevist doctrine. Bolshevism is in fact regarded not merely as a theory of economic reform, but as a philosophy of life, a religion. . . . Its saints are Karl Marx and Lenin—especially Lenin. . . .

"The Russian Revolution aims to effect a complete transformation of society—the establishment of a Communist economic regime and the acceptance of a Communist philosophy of life. This is why it is, of all the events of our time, the most interesting and perhaps the most important." (Page 792.)

I give this quotation at such length because it provides an excellent example of how a statement that is accurate can be high-lighted for children. Unless the teacher explains to the child that "religion is the opium of the people" is bad doctrine, is not the child likely to associate that phrase with the sentence, "This is why it is, of all the events of our time, the most interesting and perhaps the most important"? Is it more important, for instance, than our own efforts to maintain a democracy in the face of world pressure? Is it more interesting than the fact that in the United States 130,000,000 people are surviving a ten-year depression without revolution, without losing their religion and traditions, without sacrificing their rights as enunciated in the Bill of Rights?

DOES any one happen to have told your child that *nowhere on the face of the earth, even after ten years of depression in this country, is the standard of living of the average family as high as ours?*

Does he know that food and clothing are more expensive in Soviet Russia and that wages are lower than in the United States? Does he know that that is also true in Italy and Germany? Does he make comparisons?

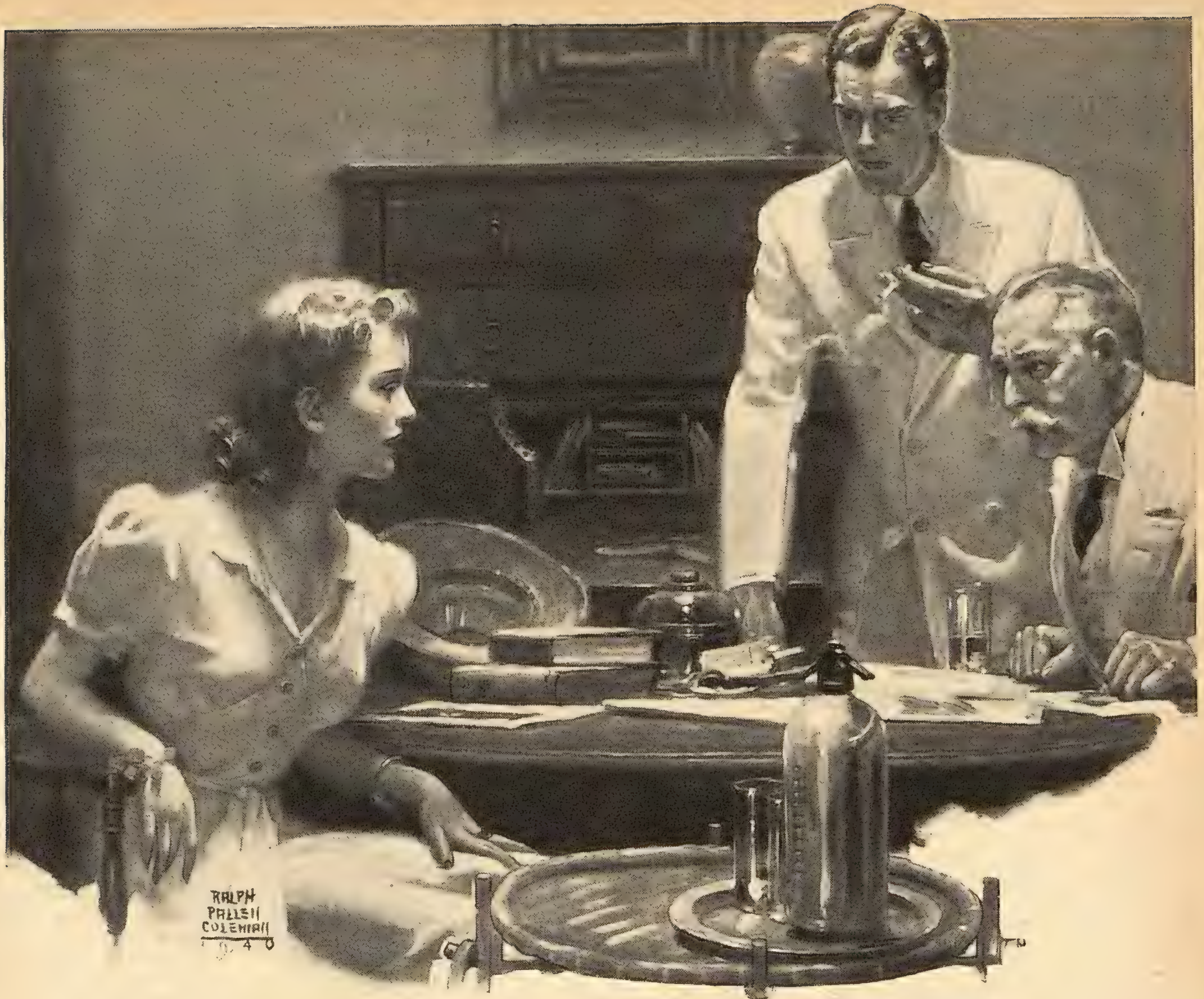
Of course his teacher might do that for him. But what if the teacher belongs to one of the collectivist groups—like the one I quoted?

This example of "high-lighting" ought to make clear what the method is. The fundamental task of protecting the child from it is up to the parent. Ask your child:

1. What role did the Bible play in the forming of American ideals at the beginning of American history? If the youngster does not know, find out why.
2. Ask your child whether it is true that no principle other than the class struggle motivated American life. If the child believes that, find out why.
3. Ask your daughter whether Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, and all the other founders of this country were just a bunch of rich men who grabbed power and had no interest in the welfare of the people. If she believes that, find out why.
4. Ask your son whether it is true that the greatest human progress in our century has been made in Soviet Russia. If he says yes, discover where he got his information.
5. But most of all, find out if your boy or your girl can be passed without work, without being trained *to believe that, in a competitive world, men and women must work hard to get on, and that getting on, getting somewhere, making money, owning property is sound.*

If your child believes that all that is bosh, read the textbooks that he reads, discuss with him what his teacher tells him, and see his principal. That, it seems to me, is a parent's first duty.

THE END



"If I tell you what the plot is," Ginger asked, "will you give me a full share in fighting it?"

Calcutta ADVENTURE

BY EDISON MARSHALL

One battle won, a new threat looms as a man and a girl fight through webs of danger and intrigue

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—THE STOLEN PISTOL

(Synopsis on page 44)

IT was an old trick. Bruce hardly hoped to work it on steady-nerved truculent Tej. But Kabar whirled, and in one dive Bruce was behind him, his big body for a shield.

It did not serve Bruce long. Life is cheap in India. Perhaps Tej and Kabar were friends, but it did not stop Tej from taking the quickest way possible to uncover his target. As the pistol cracked, Kabar grunted, and Bruce felt a hard rap against his shoulder as a spent bullet pierced his garment and his skin and stuck there.

But the old Sikh was not yet down. With his last strength he tried to keep his feet. The second's delay before his muscles wilted gave Bruce time to draw.

He took his time. Another bullet brushed his clothes. He held for that last split second that spells deadly aim. Tej tried to fire again, but his

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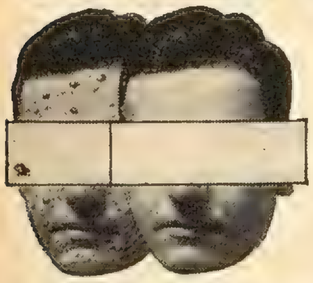

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***Note:* Pinkham's Compound comes in liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).**

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN his faithful native servant Khodo is murdered, Bruce MacBride (M-148 of the Criminal Investigation Department of Bengal, India) disguises himself as the dead man so as to run down the killer and round up a ring of gunrunners which has for its leaders such men as the Raj of Kapperpore, a powerful ruler; Richard Warwick, an important business executive; a shady fellow called Verdi; and a Dr. Alva, a sinister Bengali.

The C. I. D. head, Sir Eric Tarlton, is counting on M-148 for a great coup, and pretty Ginger Kay, Sir Eric's Number Two secretary, becomes excited and curious about the case which may affect the whole of India. In turn, Bruce becomes deeply interested in the girl herself. After several narrow escapes into which she has been drawn, Bruce induces Ginger to agree on a real partnership in the man hunt.

Following this arrangement, the girl disappears. But she leaves behind a note that accuses Dr. Alva of one attempt on Bruce's life, and incriminates the doctor's associates. Arrests are made, but Alva escapes the police.

Where is Ginger? From hitherto unheeded remarks Bruce deduces that she must be held prisoner in the fearsome endless cellars under the raj's palace. Making necessary plans with the police, and still in his borrowed character of Khodo, Bruce tackles the black dank cellars armed with flashlight and gun.

His insight is verified, for after a short search he discovers the girl in a stone cell under guard of two natives, Tej Singh and Kabar Singh. But they are suspicious of "Khodo" and the written message he has, supposedly from the raj. It is a faked document, but Bruce is determined to bully and convince these ignorant natives. Ginger overhears the altercation, but she is helpless.

Tej insists that the message be taken upstairs to the palace proper and substantiated. He has Bruce covered with his gun. Suddenly a look of terror spreads over the face of the visitor. "Look!" he shouts, pointing.

---

arm faltered and the pistol dropped with a clatter on the stone floor. Then Bruce looked over his crumpled form into Ginger's eyes.

"Where's Babu Dass?"

"In one of the other cells. I don't know which one." And her voice echoed weirdly against the wall.

Bruce bent over Kabar Singh to find the keys. In a few seconds he had unlocked Ginger's cell and caught her hand. But as she was taking flight beside him, her fingers tightened on his.

"Oh, can't we take him too?"

"I'll go back for him," said Bruce.

Together they sped up the corridor, and she needed no help to climb the stone ladder to the trapdoor. Then they were out of the wine cellar, past the inert form of the guard, and in signal range of the native cracksman waiting in the fuel bin. Bruce flashed his light three times.

He saw the signal repeated by an electric torch in the lookout's hand. "Go toward that light," he ordered Ginger, "and show them where to come."

She hesitated, as though to protest, then sped on.

Bruce turned back, hastened down the stone ladder, and in a moment more was back in that still corridor of danger and death, unlocking the first of the other three cells. Ginger's life was precious only to him and those who loved her. Babu Dass's testimony was important to the case.

The first cell was empty. The next cell showed a shadowy figure lying against the wall. Bruce brought his light close.

Turbanless, almost naked, his fingers blackened and dead where his nails had been pulled out, this was still the greatest of the native secret agents, Dass of the C. I. D.

Bruce shook him violently by the shoulder.

"Dass, Dass!" he cried. "Wake up."

The dying man stirred slightly.

"M-148," Bruce told him, his lips close to the dark ear. "What have you found out? Speak quick."

"Don't cheat me," came a faint whisper in reply. "How quick."

"*Overly* quick. Who's back of all this—the man they call Adams? For heaven's sake, hurry."

"Adams? Why, he's--"

But just then there was a sound of rapid feet in the corridor. If it were the police, they can arrive quickly, and Bruce had to take his eyes from the tormented moving lips to see.

It was not the police. The sickly lanternlight revealed another Bengali, a pale-colored one, and there was a pistol in his hand. Bruce had been forced to ignore the steps leading down from some hidden entrance to the passage, in order to take things as they came, and now Dr. Alva had come.

So they had met alone at last. Dr. Alva had killed Khodo. Now his pistol was out again and blazing.

But now Bruce had flicked off his flashlight. Alva could not see to aim in the dimly lighted cell, and his bullets ricocheted screaming from wall to wall. Bruce returned the fire.

The bullet missed. Alva was leaping for him. Bruce's pistol was knocked from his hand by the impact, and in the second before they closed, Alva tried to fire again. Failing this, he tried to force his barrel into his enemy's side.

But now Bruce's hold was firm upon his wrist, and it would not break again. Alva struggled in vain. The pistol barrel was turning now, not toward his enemy. It was twisting back to his own breast. And in his ear was a hated voice, a fateful reproach.

"You killed my Khodo, you *barnshoot.*" And that name alone used on a high-caste man must be avenged with blood.

Just then the glimmer through the cell door began to grow. Long beams of light from up the corridor were flashing against the stone walls. Their reflected gleam showed Bruce what hate and vengeance had made him forget—the third man in this cell. Babu Dass had raised on one elbow. His mouth was opening, shutting. He was trying to speak . . . .

Dr. Alva saw him too. Suddenly Bruce felt the wrist he was forcing yield a little to his grip, then stop, held motionless by a last, desperate surge of strength. Still Bruce did not suspect what was happening. Out of that silence rose a ghostly voice, rattling in its frantic haste:

"*Adams is—*"

But Dr. Alva had his aim by now. His hand never jerked as he pressed the trigger. Babu Dass's supporting arm slipped slowly out from under him and his head struck the floor with a little crack.

Alva's pistol was not empty yet. With that same burst of strength, he tried to force its barrel again toward Bruce's side. But a little extra power came into his enemy's arm, and slowly the weapon gave before it. Now Bruce's finger was in the trigger guard, pressing his own. . . . Alva felt something hard and small against his breast . . . heard a sound as from a cap pistol . . . and then the silence spread like the waves of a great sea and was streaked with fire. . . .

Bruce let him fall and sprang quickly to Babu Dass. But the great Bengali had nothing to tell him now, or to tell the police who crowded about the door.

BRUCE did not wait for the arrest of the raj's household. He caught a distant glimpse of Ginger, her hand in both of Sir Eric's, and, after a brief explanation to the Deputy Superintendent of Police, headed for his hide-out at the hospital. He had a few wounds, not all of them of blood, that needed treatment.

When Bruce wakened, it was well after noon. Carefully he removed his paint and wig, and dressed in the street clothes he had not worn since the day of Khodo's murder. Now Khodo was avenged.

Sir Eric came in midafternoon. They talked in low tones until twilight. As the chief rose to go, he said something that seemed more important than all the plots and counterplots of the case.

"Ginger wants to come up here, if you can see her, and report the whole story personally," Sir Eric said.

"I'd like to hear it, but shouldn't she spend the whole day in bed?"

Sir Eric smiled faintly. "You still don't know my stepdaughter very well. Up until I left, she'd shown no

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sign of shock. I don't see where she'd be taking any risk by stirring out."

"You'd better send some one with her, though. I'd like to see her at once."

Sir Eric left. In the next fifteen minutes Bruce walked approximately one mile—between the various walls of his room. Then he heard her quick step in the hall, but beside it was a slow, irregular step.

His mounting excitement took off, leaving him oddly cold and dull. That step was Phil Dudley's.

"Haven't come to intrude myself on this meetin'," Phil said quickly. "Just wouldn't hear of Ginger stirrin' out alone until this mess is cleared up. Gad, MacBride, I'm glad to see you out of bed."

"Thanks. It was nice of you to come with Ginger."

"Won't stay a minute. Know you've got a lot to talk over. Ginger, old girl, how are you goin' to get back to the stockade?"

"I'll see she's properly escorted," Bruce promised.

Phil limped away. Bruce turned the key in the lock. Then neither of them knew what to say. At last Ginger burst out:

"Awfully embarrassing, isn't it?"

"A little," Bruce conceded.

"Give me a smoke, or a drink, or something. I've got to do something with my hands." She wagged them back and forth. "Bruce, if you were an Englishman, I'd say, 'Rather good job last night, old bean,' and there it would be. But you're Scotch—"

"It wasn't a good job though," he insisted.

"Oh, Bruce." Ginger sat down, her high color failing.

"It wasn't your fault," Bruce went on. "You were wonderfully brave—willing to wait in that black hole while I helped Babu Dass. But I wouldn't let you. I lost my head. And so—for all I know—I've lost the case."

"We shouldn't ever have met, Bruce."

"Weel, I don't know." Bruce dropped into a chair. "For your sake, I failed to question Babu Dass in time. But except for you, I'd have never found him at all."

"That's over my head, Bruce. Do you mean I led you to him?"

"No, he led me to you. I felt sure that by finding him, I'd find you. But I had the clue all day yesterday. It was your disappearance that made my brain work hard enough to follow it."

"Oh."

"I didn't care enough about him for that last, hardest thinking. It took a lost girl to inspire it. I'm not fitted to be a C. I. D. man."

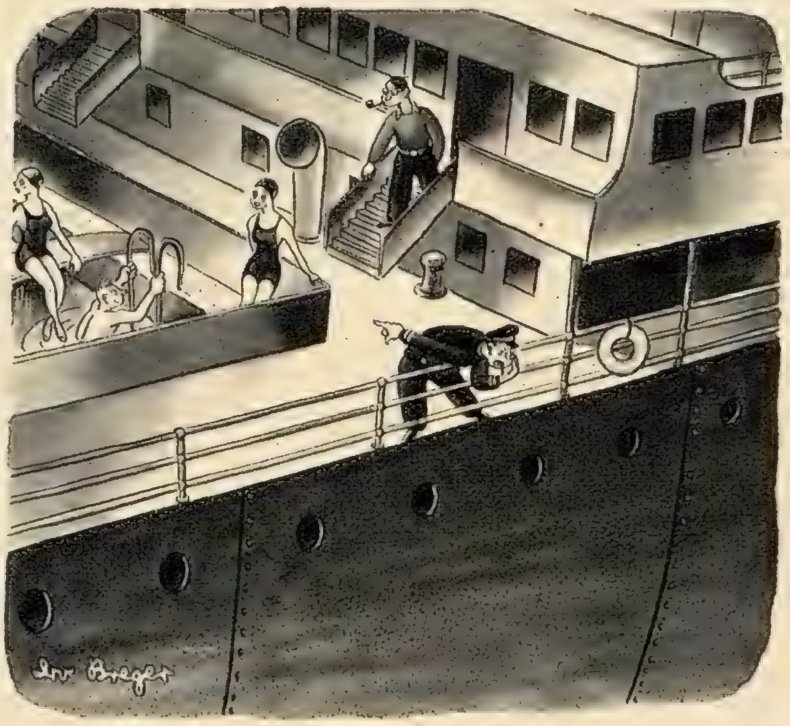
Ginger looked away. It was a long time before she turned her face to him again, or before she spoke.

"Bruce," she said, "I'm hungry. I can't stand all this on an empty stomach. Can you order me a sandwich?"

"Let's go out and have some supper."

"I've got Mr. Warner's car—"

Bruce drove. It made him nervous to have a woman drive him, he explained. She made no complaint when he took her to the same little Chinese eating house they had visited before, and her eyes seemed unusually bright under the dim lamps. They chose a corner table where they could talk safely.



"No, no, madam! The ship's pool is on this side!"

"It was less than two weeks ago," Bruce said. "That's hard to believe, isn't it?"

Ginger nodded.

"We'd just met. You said I looked disappointed because Sir Eric's stepdaughter, Virginia Tarlton, failed to arrive on the ship. I was, too—but I got over it very quickly."

"Did you, Bruce?" Her brilliant eyes widened slightly.

Bruce went on in calm tones: "You see, she had already arrived—on the plane from Aden."

"What did you say?" Ginger looked at him wildly.

"I understand now why you used the typewriter when you wrote me that note, Virginia—to hide your handwriting. That alone should have made me guess the truth. Still I didn't guess it. I had to be told. That's the kind of detective I am!"

"While you're giving yourself the blame, couldn't you give me a little credit—for putting it over? I think you might—just once."

"Did you put it over on Phil, too?"

"He doesn't know yet!"

"And he's known the granddaughters of earls all his life! Yes, it was a fine job, Ginger. But why did you do it?"

"Look, Bruce. Order me a drink of that white cordial, or whatever it is, that feels so warm inside—I'm cold. Then I'll try to tell you."

While they were waiting, she narrated her adventures the preceding night. The abduction had been well planned and perfectly carried out. She had been sure he would see the meaning of the piece of candied ginger she had left on the table—almost sure that he would find her soon. Then she drank the liquor and rubbed her stomach.

"Bruce, I didn't fib to you about my name," she began. "I really am called Ginger, instead of Virginia, by all my friends, and my last name is really Kay. That was my father's name. But because I wanted to keep it for something special, I came out in society under my stepfather's name—as Virginia Tarlton."

"What was that something special?"

"Well, at first it was the stage. The first letter you wrote to me was to describe a costume for an amateur play."

"What a fool I was, not to remember you were an actress."

"But I decided to visit my stepfather, Sir Eric, before trying for the professional stage—and I wanted to see you, too. We'd had a nice correspondence."

"Go on, Ginger."

"When the war broke out, I knew I'd have to give up the stage for a while, and all the way from Aden to Bombay I was wondering what use I could make of the little talent I had. And I'd always been so fascinated by Sir Eric's work in the C. I. D."

Bruce rose a short distance from his chair and sat down quickly again. "A fool's no word for it," he said.

"But I couldn't explain to Sir Eric in a wire, so I waited till I got here to spring it on him. As I'd taken typing—I wanted to be a playwright too—he let me take Hanley's place as assistant secretary. I felt sure that various people would try to use me—to find out what was going on at headquarters—and then I could turn the tables."

"Wait just a minute. How did you learn Hindustani?"

"My father had served in India several years, and taught it to mama and me. I reviewed it all the way out."

"Then you must have arrived after I'd left for the dock to meet 'Virginia Tarlton'?"

"Oh, Bruce, I was so thrilled. When Sir Eric said he'd sent you on a goose chase, I jumped at the chance to try out Ginger Kay on you. And I was in a hurry to see what you were really like."

"Well, you've found out. A hard-working missionary's son—out of your class."

"Do you have to bring that up?"

"It brings itself up. We can't get away from it."

"I don't know how to answer,

Bruce. One reason I wanted to do this, was to get away from the caste system. Didn't you say it wouldn't outlast this war?"

"You said it, Ginger. I said that you, Virginia Tarlton, had it in your bones."

"We'd better be frank about this. I can't ask you not to let it interfere with our friendship; it's all up to you." And it was the granddaughter of an earl speaking now.

"No, it won't interfere with our friendship. But it means"—and Bruce seemed very busy, lighting his pipe—"that friendship's all."

Ginger waited a long time. "How about the case? Can I still work on it?"

"I don't think Sir Eric will let you, after last night. I'll miss you, Ginger."

"I suppose he'll let me keep on being his office girl. That alone is more fun than I ever had before. I'll investigate Dr. Chatterji's health-ray machine sooner than—"

Her words died away. Bruce's color was changing. There came a queer prickle as of premonition along his spine.

"I've heard that name before," he said. "What is the case, Ginger?"

"Why, it was just a routine complaint I had to copy. A native bought one of the machines—paid fifty rupees for it—a long tube, with a lamp at one end, and changeable colored glasses at the other, and you just let it shine—"

"Did you say fifty rupees? That's a lot of money for a native. Surely he couldn't sell many—"

"I don't know. They're pretty well advertised—"

"That's just what I was thinking. . . . Queerly worded advertisements. . . . And, Ginger, unless I'm badly mistaken—"

WITH flying hands, Bruce opened his purse. Folded in the bottom of it was an almost forgotten clue—a scrap torn from a native newspaper, found on Metha.

On one side was a want advertisement for a lost purse. This had been investigated without result. No one had thought twice of what was on the other side—a fragment of a display advertisement.

"I wonder how often we look on the wrong side, Ginger," Bruce said in the deep voice she knew. "Listen to this." Then he read aloud:

"Free demonstrations of Dr. Chatterji's Wonderful Health Machine will be given at Hamur's Magic Herb Store in Benares Tuesday night, at Dorja's Perdu Maternity Hospital in Delhi Wednesday night, and at the Calcutta Palace of Health Friday night."

"Those dates!" Ginger cried. "Aren't they the same as on the Adams letter?"

"I wondered if you'd see that." Bruce's eyes were glowing. "Ginger, you have the makings! What else?"

"Well, a rifle is about the same

Big, juicy frankfurts!
So tender they cut at a touch of your fork!

Simmer—don't boil—frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve immediately. Cook cauliflower head, leaving some of the green stalks attached, in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, add butter, sprinkle with paprika and place on platter with frankfurts.

Made of selected cuts of fine meats, subtly seasoned . . . they're fine fare indeed!

● Like a thick chop or steak, a *large* frankfurt tends to be fine-flavored, juicy, very savory. But never till now has this lusciousness been combined with *tenderness*.

Now a wholly new standard of delicacy in frankfurts has been achieved! Swift & Company has perfected a unique way of "tendering" plump, juicy links in (of all things!) pineapple juice. This new method—patent applied for—leaves not a trace of pineapple flavor . . . but you'll have a delightful surprise when you first touch your fork to one of these tender beauties! And when you *taste* its savory goodness—subtly seasoned with fragrant spices, and faintly reminiscent of aromatic hardwood fires—you'll call it a new adventure in dining.

Serve them soon . . . and *often!* To get these new, *finer* frankfurts, ask for Swift's Premium—in the new large "dinner" size.

STANDARD SIZE →
Swift's Premium
Swift's Premium
←DINNER SIZE

Take your choice! *In addition to the big "dinner" size, your dealer has Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts in the standard size, equally delicious. But whichever you choose, look for the "Swift's Premium" seal of finest quality.*

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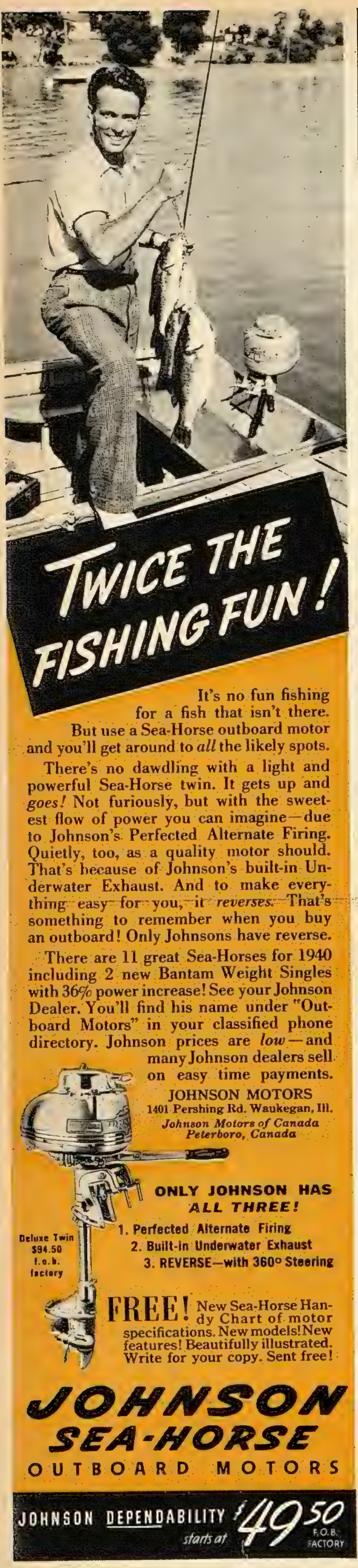
Tender Frankfurts

Swift's spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country make many other "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" meat products, including Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Leona . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!



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It's no fun fishing for a fish that isn't there. But use a Sea-Horse outboard motor and you'll get around to *all* the likely spots.

There's no dawdling with a light and powerful Sea-Horse twin. It gets up and *goes!* Not furiously, but with the sweetest flow of power you can imagine—due to Johnson's Perfected Alternate Firing. Quietly, too, as a quality motor should. That's because of Johnson's built-in Underwater Exhaust. And to make everything easy for you, it *reverses.* That's something to remember when you buy an outboard! Only Johnsons have reverse.

There are 11 great Sea-Horses for 1940 including 2 new Bantam Weight Singles with 36% power increase! See your Johnson Dealer. You'll find his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone directory. Johnson prices are *low*—and many Johnson dealers sell on easy time payments.

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$94.50
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FREE! New Sea-Horse Handy Chart of motor specifications. New models! New features! Beautifully illustrated. Write for your copy. Sent free!

JOHNSON
SEA-HORSE
OUTBOARD MOTORS

JOHNSON DEPENDABILITY starts at $49^{50} F.O.B. FACTORY

length and weight as one of the machines—"

"We've been wondering how the enemy distributed its guns. We're too late for the demonstrations at Benares and Delhi—but tonight is Friday—"

"Oh, Bruce! Do I get in on it?"

"Neither of us does. This is work for the Department. Will you come with me to put in a telephone call?"

"Then I suppose you'll take me home—where I'll be safe." But she did not speak as lightly as she desired.

"I'll take you home, but you won't be safe. We're going to talk the case in and out with Sir Eric, and heaven knows what will happen next."

So in half an hour they were seated with Sir Eric at an untidy table in the inmost chamber of the C. I. D. At last Ginger knew what it was to light her own smokes and pour her own drinks and to be utterly disregarded save for her contributions to the work in hand—the highest compliment she had ever received.

SIR ERIC summed up the case. The Department had made slow but steady progress. The handwriting of the Adams letter had been identified as Verdi's. An old passport had revealed that Verdi's middle name was Adamo, from which the name Adams could be easily derived. Although he looked like a cheap gambler, there was no further reason to doubt that he was the real head and moving genius of the enemy organization.

"But I wish we could find something in his past to explain him," Bruce said in troubled tones. "His voice at the Ritz sounded like that of an educated cultured man—and there was something queer about it—"

"I might throw a little light on that," Ginger said airily, "if you'd ask me."

"This isn't a guessing game, Ginger."

"When Phil was taking me to see you today, Bruce, we passed Verdi on the street."

"You did!" Sir Eric broke in eagerly.

"What's so wonderful about that?"

"Go ahead with your story."

"Phil happened to tell me a little secret about him. 'That Johnny there.'" Ginger was imitating Phil Dudley perfectly. "'Met him once at Nice, but thought he might not care to be reminded of it, so pretended to forget. Known as Verdi. Really an Italian nobleman—one of the oldest houses in Europe.'"

Bruce's eyes gleamed. "That settles it. You've done us a good turn, Ginger."

"Why in the deuce didn't Phil tell me weeks ago?" Sir Eric complained. "His blasted chivalry—"

"He can't be blamed for what's in his blood," Bruce said thoughtfully, not even glancing at Ginger—Virginia Tarlton.

"Why were you surprised at my seeing Verdi?" Ginger asked.

"We've been looking for him since early this morning," Sir Eric explained. "Apparently he's—"

"On the lam?"

Aristocratic Sir Eric sighed. "It's a new age," he conceded. "'On the lam' expresses it very well."

"Doesn't that show the whole gang is broken and their plot against India gone up in smoke?"

Then up spoke Bruce. She had never seen him so grave. "Never believe it," he said.

"What do you mean, Bruce?" Sir Eric asked after a long pause.

"I haven't been so frightened since the affair began. Listen. We've arrested the raj, the countess, Warwick, and Metha. Alva is dead. Verdi—Adams, we'll maintain—is apparently in flight. Gunrunning from outside has about been checked. The gunrunners' method of distribution and communication is known and won't work any more. So we've won our fight."

"Well?"

"That's what they want us to think. But do you suppose the genius who planned the whole thing and inspired such loyalty in his followers is going to miss this chance to take us off guard?"

"Good heavens, Bruce!"

"Tens of thousands of guns have already been distributed. If we're able to put down the revolt, they've won just the same—thousands of men slain, and our prestige and position weakened beyond repair. So will they merely delay the zero hour? No, they'll move it ahead. Tomorrow—the day after—perhaps tonight—"

"What can we do? Raise the hue and cry against Verdi?"

"We can try it, but if Verdi is Adams, he's prepared for us. It isn't action we need tonight. It's thought."

"Oh, Bruce," Ginger broke in, "if we could only help you—"

"Maybe you can. Conditions are right. We're close tonight—our minds in tune. Let's tackle it. Find out what they're going to do before they do it—and it's too late."

BRUCE had flushed. Both Ginger's and Sir Eric's minds seemed more receptive, more alert than ever in their lives.

"That conversation you overheard at the Ritz?"

"That's the key to the whole matter. If it were not, would Adams have gone to such lengths to silence me? Now he's convinced that I didn't hear enough, or understand what I did hear. But that may yet prove the greatest mistake of his career."

"What did you hear, Bruce? Give it to us word for word."

"I can't remember it word for word. They spoke first about some job that even Mohammedans could not be hired to perform. That sounds as though it were some appalling sacrilege."

"Yes." Sir Eric said. "Yes."

"Then they spoke of Gandhi. How, when he wanted an operation, the white surgeon did not want to take the case—and this would be a thousand times worse. That's all I heard."

They sought to establish some relation between these cryptic words and the other developments of the case. Sir Eric reviewed the violent anti-British campaign in the native newspapers, in which Gandhi was played up as a martyr. The government was plotting to kill him, these sheets maintained. And some of their ammunition had been supplied by Gad-Sir Englishmen who had written to the Imperialist, demanding that Gandhi and the new saint, Rama, who also stood for India's freedom, be shot against the wall as traitors to the English king.

"It's strange how Rama keeps appearing in this case," Bruce said thoughtfully. "But always in the background."

"He got into the foreground today," Sir Eric reported. "I told you how his disciple, Dono, was shot on the day of the raj's party. I didn't tell you that today's investigations have just about pinned the killing on Dr. Alva."

"If Rama had been in with the gang, perhaps its leader, and Dono had discovered it and threatened to make trouble—"

"That might be the answer. Certainly the native press was strangely quiet about the shooting, instead of blaming it on us—"

"Still, I think we're headed the wrong direction on this trail. I can't believe that that holy man has swindled and betrayed his people—"

THE talk went on for another hour, but Ginger took little part in it. Her blue eyes had become very large and empty, as though her thoughts were far away.

Suddenly she spoke.

"Were those English letters in the Imperialist, demanding that Rama and Gandhi be shot, ever traced?"

"No," Bruce answered. A prickling sensation ran down his spine. "What do you mean, Ginger?"

"How do you know they weren't written by natives who signed English names? That silly newspaper would print them without investigating—"

"We have plenty of fools among us, Ginger," Sir Eric answered.

"No, those letters are part of the plot. Now I've got a proposition to make to you. If I tell you what the plot is, will you give me a full share in fighting it?"

"Virginia, have you lost your mind?"

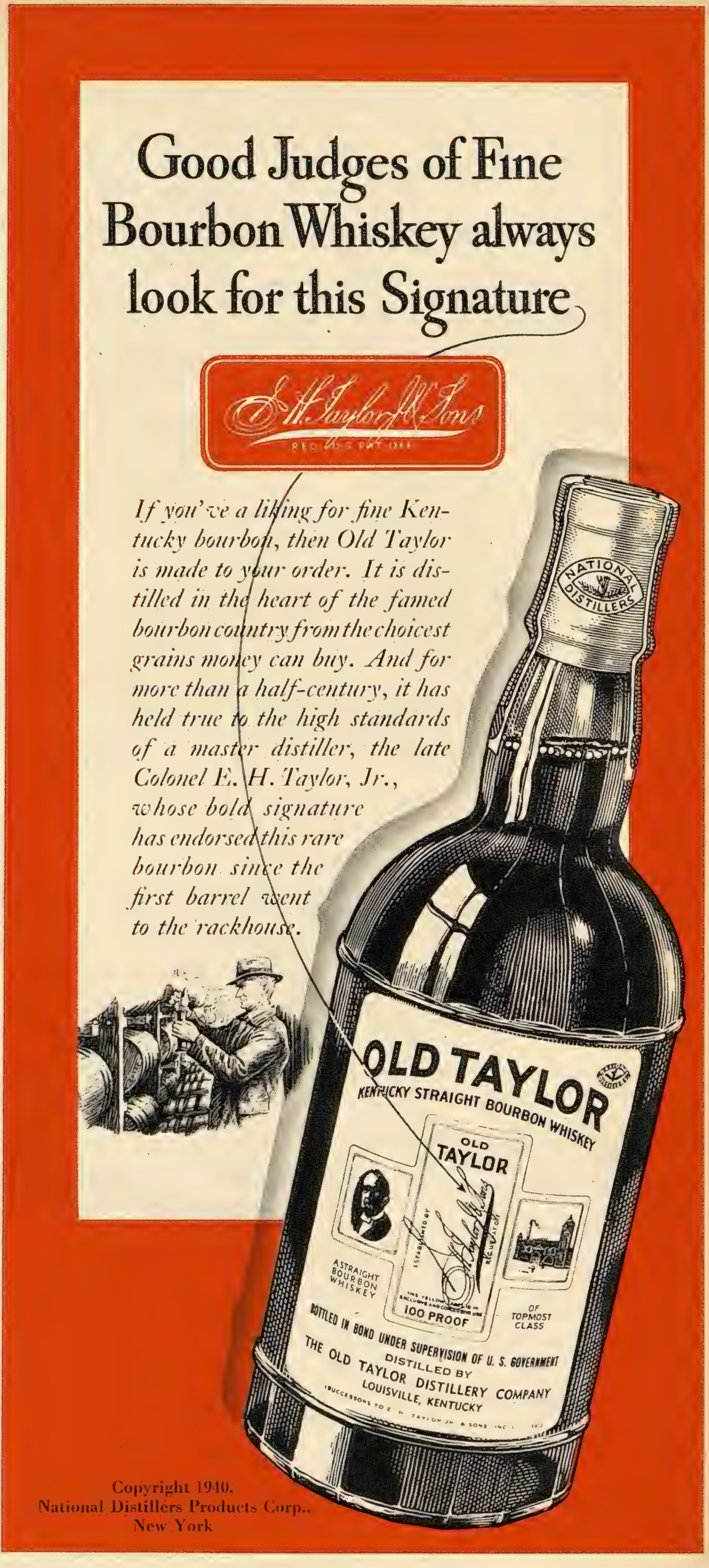
But Bruce did not get this impression. Virginia's eyes were no longer empty but glittering with excitement.

"Wait and see. My terms are that I'm to be in at the death and made a wartime member of the C. I. D., not a girl to protect. If you won't grant them, you can solve the problem for yourselves."

"I never heard of anything so outrageous."

"Will you or won't you? Like it or lump it."

"Ginger, if you can do it, you deserve a full rating as a C. I. D. agent,"



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said Sir Eric. "I don't approve of such highhanded methods, but I'll meet your terms. Not that there's much danger of you succeeding—"

"How about it, Bruce?"

"O. K."

"Why, Bruce! You're catching on. All right, here's your answer. Why didn't the English doctor want to attempt Gandhi's operation? Because if Gandhi died, the natives would believe the English had killed him or let him die, and there'd be the devil to pay."

"That's true of course, but—"

"'This would be a thousand times worse,' the conspirators said. So they weren't talking about Gandhi. Gandhi hasn't all India with him now. They were talking about Rama, the new native leader at Parbatipur, almost a god come to earth."

"Go on, Ginger," Bruce said very quietly.

"I don't know why the disciple was shot, but certainly not by his own crowd. Probably he too had seen the plot against Rama, and had to be silenced."

"The plot against Rama?"

"Those forged letters were written to prepare the people for what would seem the cruelest and most terrible act the British could commit. Because Rama has opposed English rule, the people would believe we are guilty, and unite in a holy war against us. No wonder Mohammedans, who love Rama, could not be hired for the job!"

Ginger steadied her voice, then went on quietly:

"The plot is to murder St. Rama and blame it on us."

Ginger received no praise for her discovery. Perhaps the burning eyes of her two companions were better than any praise. There fell a brief silence. Then Bruce spoke laconically.

"Get a railroad timetable."

"What?"

"You're still a secretary around here, aren't you, even if you are in the C. I. D.? I want to know when the first train leaves for Parbatipur."

AT three the next afternoon, Bruce and Ginger were seated in a second-class compartment, watching the little shady villages and green rice paddies of Assam stream by their window. In another hour they would be in crowded Parbatipur, girded for the last great battle of their war; but now they were alone and at peace.

"I thought at the last minute you'd try to keep me from coming," Ginger said. "Why did you let me come?"

"Because your fresh viewpoint is just what we need in this amazing case—and you're in the C. I. D."

"Neither of us will be in any danger, as long as Rama's alive."

"That's good headwork, Ginger. Any more trouble up here before the plot goes through would make clever Indians suspicious. That's one reason I dared let you come."

"So I'm not really in the C. I. D.? Just playing at it?"

"You're a temporary member. Anyway, the danger is more than enough for us old regulars. Did you bring your pistol?"

Her eyes opened wider. "Yes."

"See that it's in that big pocketbook everywhere you go. We don't know near enough about this case."

"If we win this fight, will I be made a regular member?"

"We've got to win it, Ginger. At any cost. As for remaining in the service after the war's over—you won't want to."

"How do you know so much about me?"

"From your letters. You'll want to go back to your own world. This is grubby, dirty work. There's no time for the things you think important—sport, and society, and money, and fine living. You still believe in caste, Ginger—and unless you're a big chief, like Sir Eric, this is an out-caste job. But—I'm grateful for having you with me as long as it lasts."

"Thanks, Bruce."

"I'd made up my mind that there could be nothing but friendship between Virginia Tarlton and me, so I have no right to be disappointed."

"I don't mind you being—a little."

"You teased me once about how I would greet Virginia on the dock. Weel, I still think I've got that coming."

"I do too, Bruce."

He drew Ginger into his arms. It was more than a casual kiss. But when he caught fire and crushed her against him, she shook her head.

"I was carried away, Ginger."

"I was too—but it's no go."

"As soon as we get quarters in Parbatipur, we'll go out for a first look over the ground."

"Stout fella!"

The train pulled into the station, thronged with pilgrims. The two drove in a native car to a well ordered dak bungalow and took rooms. In twenty minutes they had brushed off the dust of travel and were starting for the suburb where Rama preached to his people.

"You haven't forgotten anything, Ginger?" Bruce asked.

"Bruce, I even powdered my nose," she answered with her high spirits. "If you think I'm going to let being a sleuth turn me into a dowdy old—" Meanwhile she was reaching over to pat her python-skin bag. Her words died away and her expression changed.

"What's the matter, Ginger?"

She opened the bag, and looked in. Then she turned to him, her eyes widening.

"Bruce, it's gone! Some one's stolen my pistol."

Who could have stolen Ginger's pistol? Was a secret enemy on the train preparing the way for another murderous attack? Can Bruce and Ginger possibly succeed in their all-hazardous mission to Parbatipur? Next week's Liberty will bring you the startling finish to this great adventure yarn.

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PEG NEWTON styles smart clothes for tall women. She's five feet ten herself. Her fitters and sales help average five feet nine. They had to have an extra-high board built for pressing. . . . The business is such an odd one, from all angles, that I asked Miss Newton to tell us about it. . . . "My own clothes troubles commenced," she said, "when I was fourteen, and grew steadily worse as I grew taller. As every tall woman knows, full-length mirrors are always hung too low for us—never let us see the tops of our heads. We can't make clothes for ourselves because all the Betsies [dressmakers' dummies] are too short-waisted. And all patterns have measurements only for normal heights. Our lot is sad indeed!" . . . Peg Newton first went to work as a court reporter. Then she became a fashion editor and designer. She says: "I was terribly self-conscious of my size. To dress well, I found, a tall girl had to dress expensively. For us tall-ies there are no nice clothes under thirty dollars. Slacks and bathing suits were almost impossible to get. To manufacturers of moderate-priced garments we were forgotten women. So I launched my crusade. . . ."

With statistics she proved to manufacturers that American women are growing taller every generation. With figures she demonstrated that making clothes especially for tall-ies could be a paying proposition. In time she convinced enough garment folk, and a little less than a year ago she opened her trade in tall togs. Already her list of clients includes lofty ladies from coast to coast.

☆ Here are Miss Newton's tips for you if you're five feet six or over: . . . Do limbering exercises to improve posture and cure awkwardness. Go in for pleated skirts, swing skirts, trimmed hems, two-toned dresses, hats and accessories generously large, wide belts, shoes with contrasted trimmings. Avoid neck frills, boleros, unnatural waistlines, all minutely figured fabrics.

☆ Last week's batch of mail about lady plumbers brought in one letter that probably will give you the most complex attack of inferiority you ever had in your life. Written by an employee of a Chicago plumbing firm, it lists the abilities of the boss's wife. . . . "Though not active as a plumber, when called upon, she can cut pipe, fit fixtures, put in tubs or sinks, install electrical appliances, do carpentry, bookkeeping, typing and general office work. She also makes several kinds of rugs; has taught knitting and crocheting; does beautiful petit point and needle point; makes her own dresses, bedspreads, curtains, and tablecloths. She's an all-round cook and bakery connoisseur, excelling at foreign dishes. For recreation her game is golf, which she shoots in the nineties. And she captains a bowling team. . . ."

Now aren't *we* ashamed of ourselves?

☆ Not long ago I saw two thousand editors have lunch together at a national convention—and they all drank *milk!*

To rationalize this freakish statement I must explain at once that they were editors of school papers throughout America—girls and boys from twelve to twenty. The management of New York's Hotel Commodore, where these conventions have been held for the past sixteen years, tells me no beverage but milk is practically ever demanded—not even coffee or tea.

I thought it good to find youth so solidly behind our country-wide health-from-milk drive. It *was* rather comic watching the dignified waiters try to bear up under staggering loads of pint bottles.

☆ I believe older editors—or others who may need liquid nourishment—will appreciate this time-honored recipe for invigorating *Boston Milk Punch:* . . . To 1 pint ice-cold milk add 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ jigger bourbon whisky, and ½ jigger Virgin Islands rum. Shake, strain, and serve in tall glasses.

☆ I started this page by writing about tall women. Now I'm going to write about midgets. The story comes from a woman of West Coast importance who asks me not to reveal her name. Her husband is president of a great big railroad. "When the Russian ballet played San Francisco," she says, "the son of a prominent rail executive here had charge of hiring extras. He advertised for *one* midget to knit on the stage during the Salvador Dali number. Next morning *forty* midgets turned up for work at the railroad company's office. It was a turbulent scene, as you may imagine. We suspect the road's press agent put it over as a joke. His sense of comedy seems to run along parallel lines with that of the newspapermen who embarrassed J. P. Morgan."

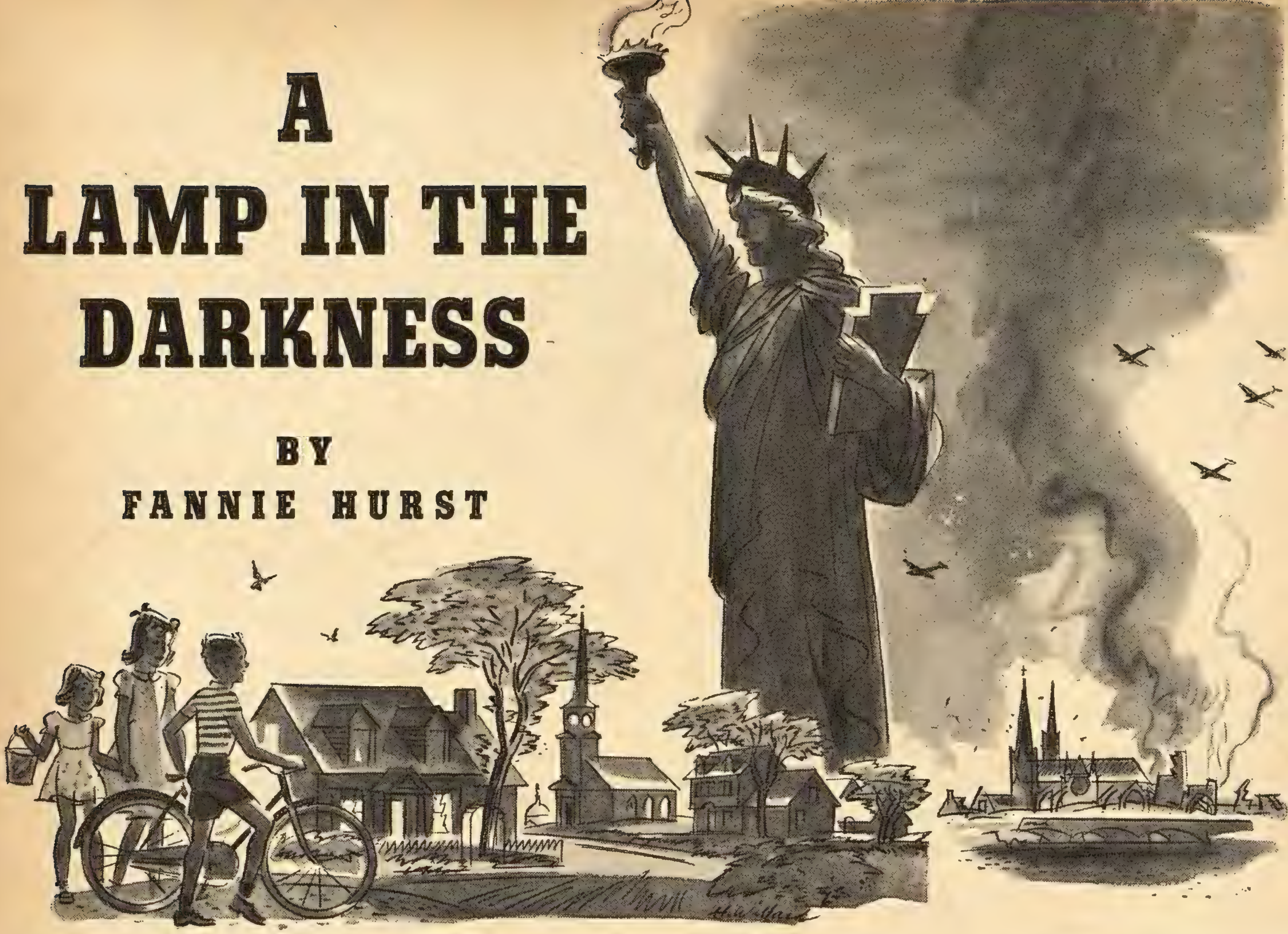
Yes, but let's see the financier whose lap can seat forty midgets!

☆ If you're planning a vacation trip by car, I suggest you read Norman Bel Geddes' new book, Magic Motorways. It will enrich your sightseeing. (Published by Random House.)

"We'll only be a minute."

A LAMP IN THE DARKNESS

BY FANNIE HURST



A poignant picture of Europe's need—America's chance to build a new world of hope tomorrow

READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IT is dark.

It is so dark that all the accustomed designs of daily life that make the sunlit world alive with color and movement are blacked out. Only the wind, which has a sound like the moan of a soldier dying in a trench, is abroad in the blackness.

The wind is full of the sounds of many kinds of anguish. It is a wind at night, laden with the cries of children whose swollen stomachs hurt terribly from the gnawing of the mice of hunger at their little vitals.

The cries of children constitute one of the most unbearable sounds in the world. They gnaw at the vitals of those who love them, just as hunger does. These cries rise and fall in the night wind with dreadful cadence. Mixed with them are the dying, sobbing noises of the men in the trenches, the whine of shells, the roar of planes, the boom of cannon, and the screams of wounded horses. Sighs are in that wind, prayers, imprecations; stench is in that wind, the stench of blood, decaying flesh, gun smoke, hatreds.

Listen to that darkness! May you never hear its like again. It is a darkness of war, intolerance, man's inhumanity to man.

On this side of the ocean, however, it is not a blacked-out darkness. It is the peaceful darkness of the end of a normal and functioning day.

Looking toward our evening shores from the Stygian blackout of European countries are hordes of yearning men, women, and children. On our side of the ocean they see a light. It is as if it were a lamp burning on the windowsill of a house.

It is.

The house is America. The light on the windowsill has been placed there to guide and comfort the anguished hordes who are looking toward it. It is as if this house of the American family were almost the last frontier of hope for those war-ridden, driven, forgotten, and banished souls who look so pleadingly toward it.

The children out in the darkness peer with starving eyes in the direction of the children who enjoy the security of that house-of-democracy.

The children within the house-of-America, even the poorest of them, are so rich, compared to their bedeviled brothers and sisters overseas! They are in a position to give out of their comparative abundance to the children out there in the darkness; to open the doors of their hearts and hold out helping hands.

After all, did not the parents and the grandparents and the great-grandparents of the children in the great house-of-America once come from those same foreign shores?

It is now the blessed opportunity of the young Americans of those ancestors to pour hope and help to those wistful-eyed denied children who are peering through the dark.

The children in that secure house-of-America have become sort of guardians. They are holding the lamp to help light the way for those outside in the wilderness of darkness, where men are fighting and grinding down one another into the muddy face of Europe.

The children in the lighted house know that to thus stand by is the very meaning of America. They know that if they fail in this fundamental gesture of hospitality and tolerance, they are betraying the meaning of the house-of-democracy which it is their privilege to occupy.

And so the lamp they have lighted in the great house-of-America burns through the darkness.

THE END

How to find a job

BY PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN

A timely series marches on! Sage advice on selling yourself and your talents

HELP WANTED

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

YES, you can land a job. Luck may land you, but don't count on that. Count only on yourself. Count only on your own knowledge, skill, and character. Do everything recommended in these articles, and you can hardly fail for long. Take heart from the certain failure of most people to work as hard as you work. You'll find few competitors higher up. The crowds are all at the bottom, whittling, whistling, dozing.

How land that job? Well, if you're young and inexperienced, you must go at it one way; if older, then tackle it in another; and if middle-aged, follow still a third way. Women must proceed somewhat differently from men, as a rule, too. But certain things must be done pretty much alike by everybody. Let's look at them first.

LIVE up to yourself! (You heard me say that before, didn't you? Well, you'll hear it often as we proceed.)

Don't live beneath yourself. Don't live above yourself. Live just up to yourself.

People take you at your own appraisal at first. Walk into a man's office wearing shabby clothes. The man sees your clothes before he sees you. He sees you in the clothes. They are your own price tag. Don't blame the man if he regards you as a Basement Bargain.

Enter a man's office quivering, flushing, stammering. He accepts you at face value. How else could he? You fairly shout: "I'm a yellow dog. Want a yellow dog today, mister?"

Are you an architect? Then don't enter like a garbage collector. Are you a good shoe clerk? Don't behave like a barroom scrubwoman. Have the courage of your vocation. Look as you are. Speak as you are. Don't drag yourself down to the level of your lowest fear.

No employer wants a worker who cannot always measure up to the best that's in him. You wouldn't if you were an employer; for you'd be cheating yourself.

Beware of the pleasant fraud of trying to live beyond yourself and above yourself. I warn women here more than men; for this is a favorite feminine humbug. It may land a job, but it never holds it for long.

Once I had to hire about fifty women in a row for various jobs high and low. The applicants who wore costly furs and were all smelled up with rare perfumes never got past my office boy. I don't care how a girl comes by a mink coat. Auntie may have given it to her as a graduation-day present, or Sweetie may have coughed it up. What I object to is a working girl living beyond herself. She's miscast, that's all. And the odds are a hundred to one that she won't do any too well on a job which calls for a plain inexpensive coat.

TO · SUCCEED · PREPARE
100,000 CHANCES FREE
BINGO
TONITE

Folks who live beneath themselves may strive extra hard to make good. But folks who live above and beyond themselves rarely exert themselves. They're the world's worst bet around any office.

Put these first two rules together. Never be meek; never bluff. Never shrink; never pose. The truth will land you the best job.

LIVE up to your future now. How far do you think you can go? Set your own goal. Then invest in yourself accordingly. Invest money. Invest time. Invest all your energies. Invest your friends. If you aim high, invest likewise. Let your plunge be high, wide, and handsome. Go the limit. Borrow all you can for the pursuit of the right job and the right career.

Use everything you can raise to the utmost advantage. Perhaps the kind of job you want doesn't exist within a hundred miles of your home. All right. Then travel. Go wherever the job is to be found. Charge the expense to Better Days. Perhaps you must train for at least six months before you can qualify for a job you know will open up soon. Fine! Invest in Better Days again. Spend six months making yourself skilled.

How few people travel enough! How little these stay-at-homes realize the tremendous stir of new life all over North America! It thrills me as I see it—and where don't I see it? I see it in Saskatchewan, in Ontario, in the Everglades of Florida, in Mexico, in the upper Rio Grande valley, in the villages and farms everywhere oftener than in the great old cities.

Can you read about it in the newspapers? Seldom. You must go out and see for yourself. If you can't afford a train or a bus, then hitchhike or borrow a friend's car. But get out and around!

Do you want a factory job? Well, where are the factories? I'll tell you. Mostly in eight counties. We have more than 3,000 counties in America, but eight of these have the factories that turn out every year more than one fourth of everything America manufactures. The eight counties contain Chicago, Detroit, New

York City, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Buffalo. Quite a long journey around the eight. But worth your while if you are investing in yourself as a mechanic or machine designer or factory accountant or any other manufacturing worker.

As you travel, shun the blighted regions. Look up the worst in the government reports, which are quite frank and explicit. Don't expect a job in Columbia, South Carolina, or in Omaha, Nebraska, or in any other town having heavy relief rolls. On the other hand, don't be surprised to find certain kinds of work even in such blighted towns. New industries are cropping up now which cannot employ relief folks. Again, in most Southern cities the Negroes make up most of the relief rolls. So a big relief list may not mean anything so far as concerns a high-skill worker.

If you can find a way, by all means visit the up-and-coming places. Look in on Macon, down in Georgia. It'll surprise you. Look in on Tampa, on Florida's west coast. It hums. Stop off at Houston, the biggest of all our near-boom cities. Study that remarkable place, Orlando, in the very heart of Florida; and then wake up to the fact that the days of pioneering and frontier boom are not yet quite over.

Don't overlook old Bridgeport, up in Connecticut. I know workers around that hustling factory town who can't find places to sleep. Hundreds of new homes are being built. The place roars. But not so much as the cities and villages of Ontario. First the tremendous gold rush and then the European war poured hundreds of millions of dollars into this alertest region of all Canada for the building of foundries, mills, machine shops, airports, munitions plants, and what not. Sober business men and bankers are saying, half aloud, that within twenty years Ontario may become the industrial center as well as the financial capital of the British Empire.

And what does that mean to you? Answer the question for yourself. I can't. I never met you, did I? Maybe you ought to move to Canada and become a Canadian. Maybe you ought to move to Detroit or Buffalo or Cleveland, to cash in on the overflow of business which these lake cities may get from Canada. Think it over. As you do so, travel around.

LIVE up to yourself. Spend full time on yourself as long as you seek a job. After you find the job, spend full time on it.

I mean just what I say. Work on yourself and your wishes at least eight hours a day. Aren't you worth it? Be your own judge.

Consider a clever woman I know. For the past ten years she has held jobs continuously, except for a few days between jobs now and then. She hasn't an influential friend in the world. She has no money, no social connections, no oomph, no It, no come-hither, nothing except a will of iron, feet of steel, and eyes as sharp as two gimlets. When last I saw her, she had just landed a fine job with a big steamship company. And as usual.

"Here's how," she tells me. "As soon as I see the end of a job approaching, I start writing to every advertisement for Help Wanted that sounds at all promising. While the dying job lasts, I look up the answers to my letters before and after my day's work. I have written down a complete account of myself, with absolutely no lies and no exaggerations. I have several hundred copies of it neatly mimeographed. To the copies going to the best prospects I sometimes attach a small photograph of myself, looking pleasant but not at all pretty.

"I also have printed a list of all the tasks I do well, all I prefer to do, and all I can do at a pinch. You'd be surprised how this impresses intelligent employers.

"Whenever I meet the employer, I ask him exactly what services he seeks. This avoids misunderstandings and wasted time. Smart men appreciate this. If I can't do the job well, I say so at once and leave.

"I've often followed up more than a hundred advertisements before landing a job. Does it get me down? Never! I invest maybe a quarter a day in carfares and a dime or so in shoe leather. Luckily, I can walk miles without tiring. Maybe my legs are the secret of my success, brother.

"Suppose I visit a hundred offices, and then get a job at twenty-five a week. I've spent perhaps five dollars chasing down the job. Good investment, I'd call it."

HOW does the ordinary job hunter, male or female, stack up against this woman? Badly. Watch the common type, any time, any place. He gets up at nine; for he isn't working, see? He paws through the Help Wanted columns grudgingly. What a nuisance it is! Around ten he shuffles forth and looks up the nearest Help Wanted. He finds eight citizens ahead of him. So he goes on to the next. Why waste time? One of the eight will surely land the job.

He mumbles his qualifications to the first employer he sees. He asks for work. He doesn't make sure what work the employer wants. He slouches as if he were being sentenced to thirty days for stealing chickens. Exit. No post mortem.

In a week he may look up six or seven jobs. Between quests he plays Kelly pool with an old friend, goes to six movies, plays eleven games of bridge, and otherwise squanders forty hours which will never, never return. Ten years later he is still shuffling downward.

He never learns that, to live up to himself, he must live up to the clock of life. A man's active years are forty—or a few more. He goes to

"Hold it, dear! I'll be with you as soon as I finish enjoying my MENNEN SHAVE!"

MENNEN
LATHER
SHAVE
MENNEN CO.

No razor-bite... no worries about wiry whiskers when you use oil-dissolving, hair-penetrating Mennen Lather Shave! This champion whisker-wilter offers you closer, smoother shaves... no yank, no pull. Want real shaving *comfort?* Then, say to your druggist, "Mennen Lather Shave for mine!"

Mennen makes a swell Brushless, too.

TRY THE 3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE—SHAVE CREAM—SKIN BRACER—TALCUM FOR MEN

work around sixteen or seventeen. He quits close to sixty, if he can. The hours of his active life are numbered, and the number comes close to an even 100,000.

When one of these hours has passed, he has one less hour to work. Remember that whenever you go out to seek a job. Work all of the eight hours, all of the ten hours, all of the twelve hours, to land the job. Don't stop, unless you believe that you are not worth the time and effort.

EVER see a football team warm up before a game? They run through their signals. Why? Because the human body—nerve as well as muscle—doesn't hit its stride and pace at first. It runs best after it gets a little warm.

So with job hunting. I know a clever insurance salesman who follows a routine whenever he has a specially important prospect. He arranges to meet this man at, say, eleven o'clock in the morning. Then he calls on three or four other prospects between nine and eleven. He picks these because they are hard or else uninterested in insurance. He expects to sell them no insurance. But he works ferociously to sell, just the same. For he is warming up, so that at eleven, when he meets the man to whom he hopes to sell a big policy, he will be going strong.

Try this when you seek a job. Make a practice of tackling some employers from whom you expect little. The oftener you practice, the more skillful you grow. It's inevitable. And that's not all. For every contact you make, on your rounds, increases the number of people who know you at least by name.

Make the law of probabilities work for you. Your chances of landing a job increase steadily with the number of efforts you make to get it. The more times you seek a job, the more likely you are to run into one.

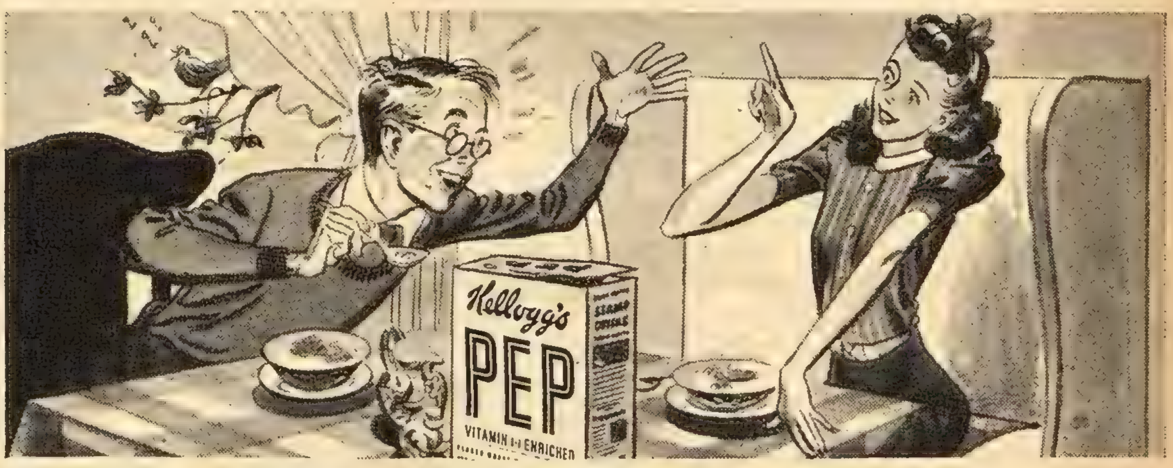
LIVE up to yourself. Tell the world how good you are and how determined you are to get that job. It pays to advertise. I do not refer to liners under the Situation Wanted—Male column. These have their use, but it isn't the important one. To make the law of probabilities work hardest for you, use it to bring your name, your personality, your abilities, and your wishes to the largest possible number of people. Among these people there will be some who either want your services or who know where you belong.

If you can hold a job considerably above the average, you must advertise yourself as systematically as any merchant advertises his store. Perhaps you will find it best to send out hundreds of personal letters to a hand-picked mailing list. Experiment with different lists. It's odd how well one list will work and how poorly another. But this must be expected whenever you shoot in the dark. And every advertisement is such a shot.

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Dorne

Sis: You've got the notes. But where's the "oomph"?

Bud: What the Sam Hill is "oomph"?
Sis: It's "pep appeal," stupid. Something you haven't got. I'll bet you don't eat right . . . *you don't get your vitamins!* Come with me and I'll introduce you to them.



Sis: I heard the doctor say we need to get *all* our vitamins for pep. And right in that delicious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP are extra-rich sources of two of the most important ones—vitamins B_1 and D.
Bud: Say! Where've you been keeping this? It tastes like a million dollars!

Bud: (sometime later) I'm leading the band tonight, Sis. Am I going to be hot!
Sis: Well . . . where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of Vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

Any way you figure it..

One way in Coaches between Chicago and California . . . $39.50
Three meals first day 90
Three meals second day 90
Breakfast third day 25
Total Cost $41.55

IT'S SMART TO RIDE THE

Challenger

Thousands of travelers to and from California are taking advantage of Challenger economies and enjoying its many unusual travel comforts. There's a saving in rail fare . . . in berth charges . . . and dining car meals. Breakfast is only 25¢, luncheon 30¢, dinner 35¢. Attractive Coaches feature deep-cushioned reclining seats and soft night lights. Modern Challenger Sleeping Car berths assure restful sleep. And for Sleeping Car passengers, there's a smart Lounge Car. Registered Nurse-Stewardess service is available to all, without charge.

• • • •

Union Pacific Challengers are in daily service between Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Mail coupon for full information.

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE

The Progressive **Union Pacific Railroad**

ROAD OF THE STREAMLINERS AND CHALLENGERS

W. S. BASINGER, Room 804
Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha, Nebr.
Please send information about fares and service to

Name --------------------------------
Street Address --------------------------------
City -------------------- State --------------------

UNION PACIFIC SERVES
California-Boulder Dam
San Francisco World's Fair
Pacific Northwest
Alaska
Sun Valley, Idaho
Yellowstone National Park
Dude Ranches
Colorado Rockies
Utah-Arizona National Parks

So make as many friends as you can. We are advertised by our loving friends. If you are really good, your friends can sell you better than you can sell yourself. Plainly, then, the more loving friends we win, the more advertising we get. And the more we are advertised, the greater the odds in favor of our getting a job.

Who are the unemployed? The friendless. Government investigators show that dreadful predicament. Most young men and women who have never yet found decent jobs outside of federal relief work know few people beyond their own families. They never get around and mix with folks. Sometimes they are too isolated, sometimes too poor. Less often they are disinclined to mingle with their own kind. Nobody knows them.

Want to learn more about getting and holding a job? Read Professor Pitkin next week!

What marching orders shall we give to this lost generation? Find acquaintances fast. Turn each acquaintance into a friend. Keep on widening your circle of friends as far as you can, as long as you live.

So once more I argue that, to get the job you want, you must do something far in advance of seeking it. Build for yourself a firm place in the society which surrounds you. Make people know you, respect you, and like you. The rest will be easy.

Sometimes as easy as it was for G. Washington Jones, colored. G. Washington is friendly, but until recently had few friends. So he had no good job. One day he heard of an opening in a distillery near by. How get the job? G. Washington wasn't sure, so he called on the employment manager in a settlement house (who tells me this story).

"G. Washington," said he, "you call on Bud Jameson at the distillery every Wednesday morning at eleven thirty. Don't ask him for the job. Just tell him who you are. Tell him you hope to get a job soon, and are going to look in regularly on the chance that he may have one some day. Have a pleasant word for him and for everybody else around the distillery. And good luck!"

G. Washington Jones followed this sage advice to the letter. For months he showed up at eleven thirty sharp every Wednesday morning. He grinned, had a pleasant word for the teamsters, for the office boy, for the clerks, and for the distillery mules. He always saw Bud Jameson, foreman. He never told a hard-luck story, never pleaded for a job.

In time everybody around the distillery knew to the second when G. Washington would appear. They set their watches by his grin.

Did he get a job? He did. What's more, he kept it. For Bud and the boys are his friends.

Queer world, isn't it?

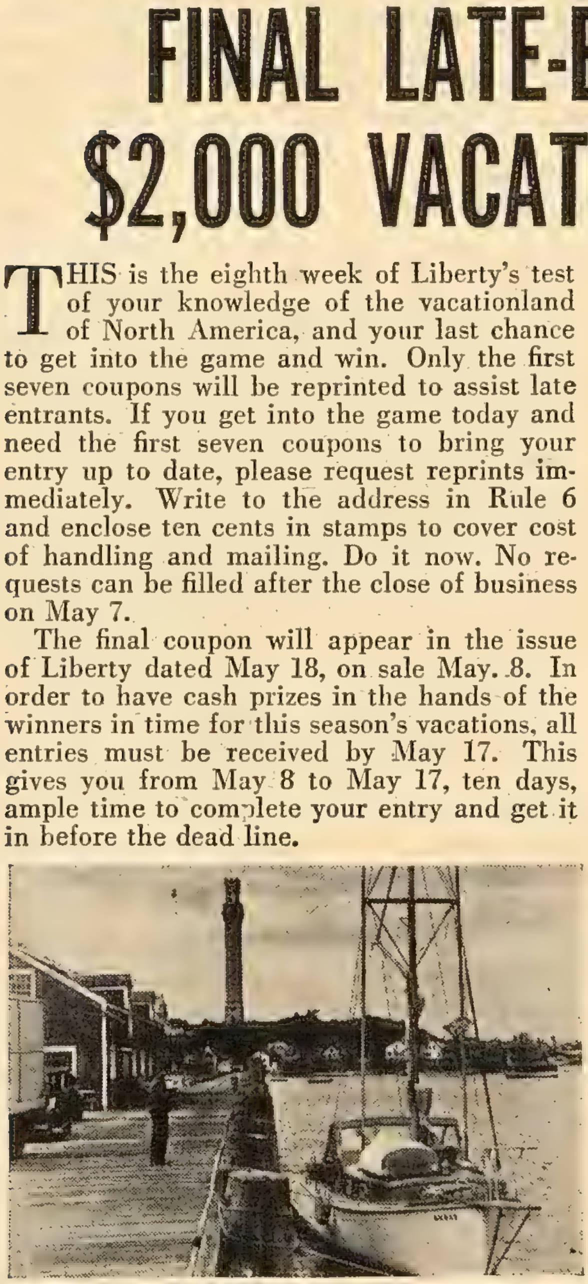
THE END

Californians, Inc., photo.

FINAL LATE-ENTRY OFFER $2,000 VACATIONLAND TEST

THIS is the eighth week of Liberty's test of your knowledge of the vacationland of North America, and your last chance to get into the game and win. Only the first seven coupons will be reprinted to assist late entrants. If you get into the game today and need the first seven coupons to bring your entry up to date, please request reprints immediately. Write to the address in Rule 6 and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Do it now. No requests can be filled after the close of business on May 7.

The final coupon will appear in the issue of Liberty dated May 18, on sale May 8. In order to have cash prizes in the hands of the winners in time for this season's vacations, all entries must be received by May 17. This gives you from May 8 to May 17, ten days, ample time to complete your entry and get it in before the dead line.



New England Council photo.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks ending in the issue dated May 18, 1940, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these jumbles can be unscrambled into the name of a well known vacation resort, area, or a popular transportation route used by vacationists. Example: NOTADAY—DAYTONA. In the interests of clarity and brevity, River, Lake, Mountains, and Island will be omitted from jumbles in this contest. Example: MANITOULIN ISLAND would appear in this contest simply as MANITOULIN.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumbled name in the space provided.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where, in North America, I would best like to spend a vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of accompanying statement. The entry with the largest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be judged the best and will receive a $500 First Prize. The five next best entries will be awarded $100 each. The 200 entries next in order of excellence will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. All winning entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Friday, May 17, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

New England Council photo.

No. 8—USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

Jumble	Solution
1. GLANALARFASI	
2. SLOOPMAK	
3. KNOONAAG	
4. AKOMSKU	
5. ROANSLEWEN	
6. CAMPSTOWST	
7. AUAUAUTHQC	
8. REGGYBOANIA	
9. SKIESATEMROG	
10. TARNESTARNAG	

Must YOU FOREGO SWIMMING and SUMMER SPORTS

BECAUSE OF—

PSORIASIS

If this is one of the problems you face, why not see what SIROIL can do for your psoriasis blemishes? Certainly it is sensible to give SIROIL a chance.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on outer layer of skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of SIROIL will help keep them under control. Applied externally SIROIL does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Offered to you on a two weeks' satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL SHAMPOO
FOR DISCRIMINATING WOMEN

SIROIL Liquid Shampoo Soap removes grease film from hair and scalp in an amazing manner, giving a woman's hair a chance to look its loveliest. Made of pure olive and cocoanut oils blended in a neutral, non-caustic base. Cannot injure or irritate most sensitive scalp or hair. No vinegar rinse needed. SIROIL Liquid Shampoo Soap bears Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval.

SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC., DETROIT, MICH.

AUTO-TRUCK-TRACTOR OWNERS
SAVE UP TO 75% on OIL
OIL FACTS
FREE BOOKLET
Impossible? Just send for free 36-page book 'Oil Facts' and judge for yourself—you'll be amazed.
Reclaimo, 2306 N. Western, Dept. 40 Chicago

SHORT, PRACTICAL COURSE
MODERN BOOKKEEPING

For those who want practical knowledge of modern bookkeeping—proprietors, managers, secretaries, office workers. Practical, inexpensive, interesting. Home study—under C. P. A. direction. *New Job Method* used — simple and quick. For full information—free—write

LaSalle Extension University, A Correspondence Institution
Dept. 531-H Chicago, Ill.

FREE CATALOG—PINS and RINGS
Class pins, club pins, rings and emblems. Finest quality. Reasonable prices from 30c up. Write today for our attractive, free catalog.
Dept. Z, METAL ARTS CO., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

CARPET SWEEPERS NEED 3-IN-ONE

3-IN-ONE will prolong the life of carpet sweepers and other household devices by keeping them in the pink of condition. It not only lubricates, but cleans and polishes, prevents rust and tarnish. Get it at Hardware, Drug, Grocery, 10¢ Stores.

3-IN-ONE Oil

HOW MANY OF THESE 46 sport questions CAN YOU ANSWER?

BY JACK DEMPSEY

1—When and where was the first automobile race in America, and who won it?

2—What is the most universally used object in sports, including games and pastimes?

3—What genteel sport of today developed from warfare of ancient times?

4—What was the original name of badminton, and which is the more strenuous, badminton or tennis?

5—In law, what are “sporting rights”?

6—What was the “Book of Sports”?

7—Define the following sports terms: “dormie,” “on deck,” “in the box,” “balk,” and “honor.”

8—What is the weight of an official Professional League baseball, and the length of a Professional League baseball bat?

9—What is the size and weight limit of an official catcher's mitt in Pro League baseball?

10—In baseball, what is a “dead ball”?

11—What is a vulpicide?

12—Where in *(a)* the Bible, *(b)* Shakespeare, is a wrestling match mentioned?

13—Where does the first account of a pugilistic contest appear in literature?

14—Was John L. Sullivan ever heavyweight champion of the world?

15—Who was first recognized world's heavyweight champion under Marquis of Queensberry Rules, and when and where did he gain the title?

16—Supply the missing word in the following:

“With a smile of Christian charity great ——— visage shone.”

17—Identify the following: *(a)* the Childs Cup; *(b)* the Davis Cup; *(c)* the America's Cup; *(d)* the Brown Jug.

18—What four kings are represented on the ordinary playing cards?

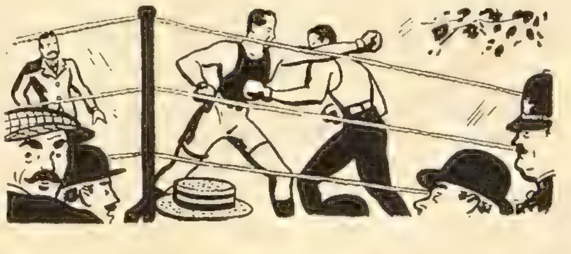
19—Under strict Olympiad Rules, what nation won the 1932 Olympics?

20—What sports are suggested by the following: *(a)* Three and out; *(b)* Ten and out; *(c)* One hundred and out?

21—Who were the original Four Horsemen of Notre Dame?

22—Who invented the left hook in boxing?

23—Who was the first man to swim the English Channel? The first woman? And which of these made the faster time?



24—Identify the following: “Wild Bull of the Pampas”; “The Assassin”; “Boston Tar Baby”; “Basque Woodchopper”; “Singular Senegalese”; “Hard Rock from Down Under.”

25—What race horse was known by the nickname *(a)* “Old Bones”? *(b)* “Big Red”?

26—Is the regulation baseball “diamond” actually diamond-shaped or square?

27—In boxing, who were Noah Brusso? John Kelly? Joseph Hagen? Joseph Carrora? William Breslin? Geary Steffin?

28—In a race at ¼ or ½ mile, which would win between a greyhound and *(a)* a trotter? *(b)* a pacer? *(c)* a race horse (runner)?

29—Who were the first to introduce the game of golf into America, and when?

30—What was the longest glove fight ever held? Which was the shortest?

31—Who became popularly known in sports as “the Grand Old Man of ———”?

32—Which of all the Presidents of the United States was the best boxer?

33—What were the “secular games”?

34—Who was first credited officially with running 100 yards in 9 3/5 seconds on a level track?

35—In bicycling, who was known as the “Mighty Mite”? In boxing, who was called the “Mighty Atom”?

36—What sport is known as “the sport of kings”?

37—Name three kinds of weapons used in fencing.

38—How many players on an ice-hockey team? A basketball team? A lacrosse team? A baseball team? A football team?

39—Who originated the game of basketball in America?

40—What sport in America draws the biggest paid attendance? What sport drew the biggest gate receipts?

41—Who were *(a)* The Galloping Ghost”? *(b)* The “Fordham Flash”? *(c)* The “King of Swat”? *(d)* The “Russian Lion”? *(e)* The “Little Napoleon”?

42—How many former Marquis of Queensberry world's heavyweight champions are alive today, and how many dead? Name the survivors.

43—Which of the United States Presidents was considered the best all-round athlete?

44—Who is known as “Baseball's One-Man Brain Trust”?

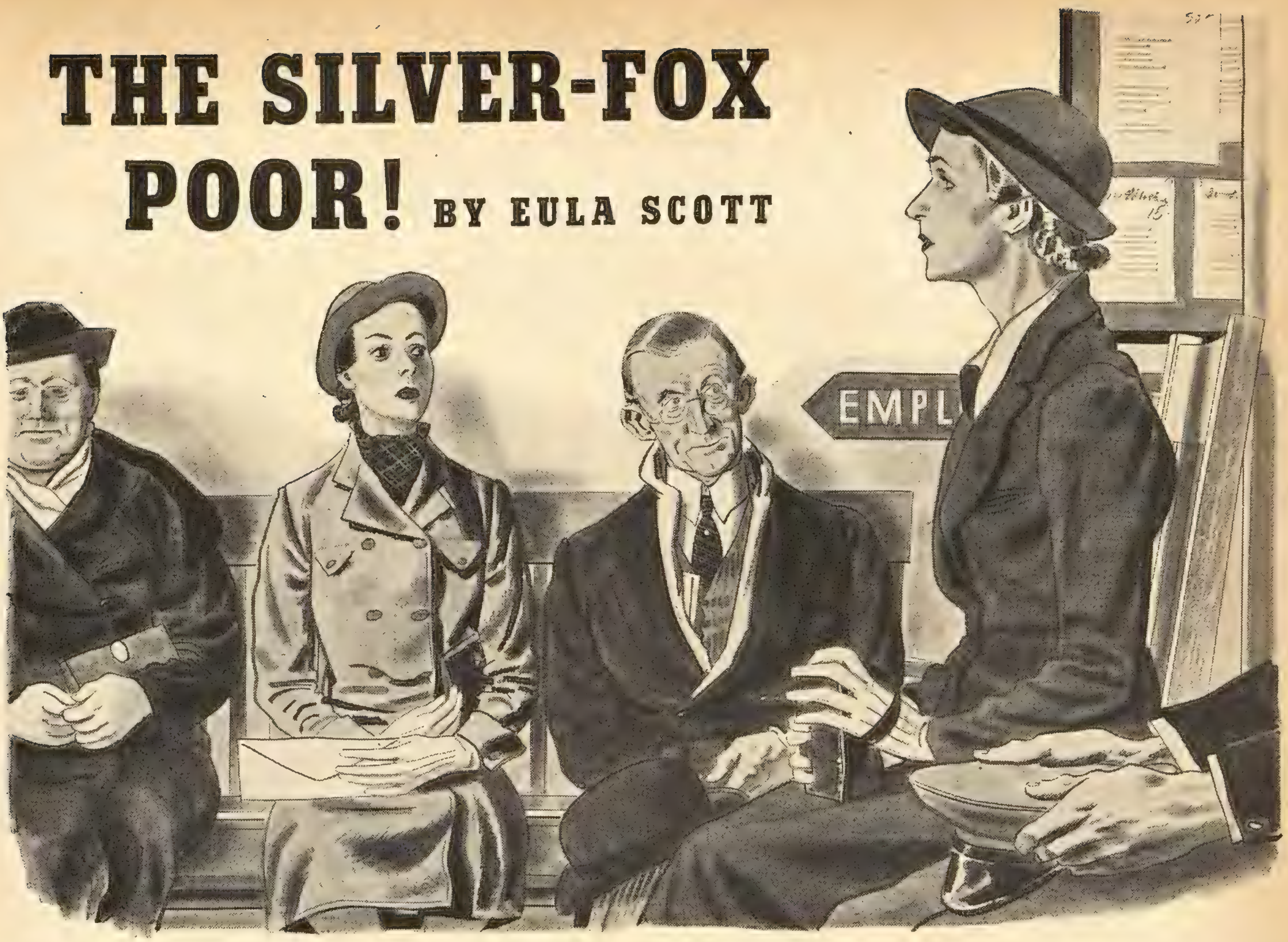
45—What manager of boxers piloted two brothers to world's championships?

46—What is “Red” Burman's real first name?

(Answers will be found on page 63)

THE SILVER-FOX POOR!

BY EULA SCOTT



READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

A woman who began life at forty reveals bitter facts about jobs and job-hunting

TWO years ago I had a twelve-room apartment on Park Avenue. I bought my clothes at smart shops. My husband was a partner in a large brokerage concern. My most serious problem was to decide whether to seat sixteen guests in the dining room at our two-thousand-dollar carved Italian refectory table, or to serve them buffet in our huge living room. Privately, I thought well of myself; I was a successful hostess, and was considered a woman who could have made a success in many lines.

Last November, over Thanksgiving, I lived from Thursday to Monday on fifteen cents a day. For three days I went without food entirely. And I should have had to sleep in a police station if a woman friend had not smuggled me past her landlady to share her dark little bedroom.

No, I am not a derelict. Neither drink nor drugs have made me what I am today. My great fault is, I'm a lady. Everything about me proclaims it—clothes, speech, manners, dress, bearing. I am a member of that great unsung group—the silver-fox poor. The gentlewomen pushing forty who have never been trained to work, and who are now forced out into the world to find a job and earn their living. Wives of merchants, brokers, manufacturers, bankers, artists, business men who went to the wall in this economic upheaval. Widows, grass widows, genteel maiden ladies whose living came from now defunct stocks and bonds. For pure unadulterated joblessness, there is no equal to being a lady.

When we got private word at eleven o'clock one Saturday night that my husband's firm couldn't hold out, we were having a dinner party. We said nothing to the guests but got rid of them as quickly as possible. We knew our situation was desperate. Not only was my husband's position gone, but we had many thousands of dollars in losses to make up. Losses which took our home, our backbone, and finally our marriage.

There came a day when I found myself alone in the world without a cent. My thousand-dollar checking account, which I had depended upon to tide me over until I got a job, was attached for unpaid bills.

I did not grow panicky—not then. Money was not important to me yet. There had always been money. Besides, I still had my self-confidence.

I told no one of my penniless state, sold a ring, and took up quarters in a modest but good hotel. My friends were all excited about my possibilities as an idea woman, as a personnel head, as a woman radio announcer, a stylist, a decorator.

Everybody was giving me introductions and letters to important people. Soon I was eating expensive luncheons with editors of syndicates, successful business men, and with wives of rich men who could pull wires. I was being received graciously by presidents, treasurers, advertising managers, directors of personnel in department stores, cosmetic firms, and radio companies.

I never dreamed the word *no* could be said so gracefully in so many different ways. It kept up for nearly a year. One day, in desperation, I forced a department-store executive to tell me why he would not give me at least a trial. "Your background is too overwhelming," he said. "It is easier to place people with more mediocre qualifications."

What I had to cope with was my past—which, ironically enough, was all I had to sell.

How does a lady live when a few lonely pennies are chasing themselves around in her fifteen-dollar pin-seal bag? How would you live? Perhaps, if your husband gave you jewelry and your mother left you her rings, you'd live as I did. And now I was down to my last ring.

I wrote life histories for employment agencies and feverishly studied the ads. One day an ad read: "Woman of refinement. Income up to $3,500 a year."

I snatched at it and it snatched at me. Oh, I looked the part all right. Just the sort of woman of refinement to enlist membership of professional and club women in a round-table culture group being formed in various cities. But I soon discovered it was nothing more nor less than a bookselling job. The mere thought of asking any one to buy anything has always thrown me into a cold sweat. But they told me of the alluring records piled up by other women just like myself.

So I landed in Hartford, Connecticut (traveling expenses advanced), with a gilt-edged prospectus and one of those printed speeches which you've had reeled off at you a hundred times at your office or front door. How differently I regard them now! It was October and cold. But I literally walked the soles off my shoes. There were five of us, with a woman in charge.

After the second day, she called me aside. "Skip it," she said. "You act too much the lady. You smile and are too gracious. Get it in your head that what you're here for is to *sell these books*." Actually, I would start a sale, get a pleasant hearing. Then some one more experienced would step in, clinch it, and of course get the credit. Because I was a lady, I was a washout at selling.

Later I was to learn to grapple for signatures with the best of them. That was my first lesson, in fact—standing up for myself. So, just as a starter, to all ladies primed with pennies and pawn tickets I recommend nerve of pure brass.

BUT I am getting ahead of my story. In our sales crew was an appealing widow in the same boat as myself. She did not last out the week, either. We came back to New York with less than a dollar between us. We were at our wit's end, and the same thought hit us both simultaneously. Let's dump our pride overboard, and at least we can eat. We can always get work in some one's home.

Think so? You think, if you were stuck, all you'd have to do would be to ask for a job in some one else's kitchen? Well, try it. But first be sure you've forgotten how to look, feel, think, and act the lady.

When we walked into the employment agency, I noticed the chauffeurs and women sit up straight. They thought we had come hiring. But when the manager sent us to sit with them, they slumped back again.

Finally the manager motioned to us and said there was a woman in who wanted a cook and maid. The little widow was interviewed first. Then my turn came and I went in.

A woman in a handsome mink coat and a huge square-cut diamond ring looked me up and down. She shook her head emphatically at the manager. "No. She will never do." When I came out, the agency woman turned on me. "What did you walk in like that for? Why didn't you act humble? No use hanging around here. No one will take you."

It wasn't so, but, because I was a lady, everybody thought I felt myself too good for the job.

The little widow knew some stenography. The next day she had the good fortune to get a temporary secretarial job with the wife of a movie magnate. With the job went meals and a small room in a near-by inexpensive hotel. She spirited me in past the desk, and brought me bits of her meals she could carry in a large pocketbook. I didn't dare go in or out, for fear of being seen.

WHY dwell on that ghastly feeling of panic, hopelessness, and despair? I was only going through what many women of my class are going through today. (And don't let any one ever tell you that lack of a college education is keeping you from getting a job. Plenty of friends of my college days are walking the streets, the same as factory girls, looking for work.)

During those three weeks as social stowaway I did a new kind of thinking. What is wrong with us? Women whose only fault is to be born into or marry into means. In shielding us from the world, have our menfolks unintentionally exposed us to its cruelest possibilities? Would a sound knowledge of the value of money have saved us? With all our vaunted high standard of living, had rivalry in entertaining, in clothes, in popularity played so great a role that we lost sight of everything else?

Even now I haven't got the answer. But the morning I stepped out of my hiding place into broad daylight I had stopped being a lady.

What I went through those next months would fill volumes. But my viewpoint had changed. I was now a human being looking for a job. And I would get it when I could show some one I rated it. No rebuff mattered.

I tried practical nursing, and drew a six-foot policeman who was out of his head. Then I drew a dear little old lady who didn't mind anything so long as I let her tell about the Civil War. It was in that home some one at the table said: "Aren't you afraid of getting fat?" when I drenched my cereal with thick cream. Having good food and enough to eat was like being on a drunken spree.

Tawdriness? Certainly I bumped into it. I learned firsthand that personable business women are often expected to pay for orders, contracts, and business favors granted by respectable business men. Generally I could handle the situation by being dumb or amused or firm. But once I couldn't. It was a demonstrating job, and I was told, with an affectionate arm squeeze, to bring my report back to the office at eight o'clock in the evening. I took a woman friend with me. The job folded up under me the following week.

They say the darkest hour is just before the dawn; that the last hours you hold on are the ones that count.

It was in Utica. Two women and myself were living in one room on thirty cents a day. One girl had a toaster in her trunk. We heated cans of soup three times diluted. We bought stale bread and peanuts.

Then, one morning, I woke up with a real job.

I had learned of the Hostess Hospitality Service Company. They are the ones who welcome newcomers to a town in the name of the local merchants, and present them with bottles of milk, a potted plant, or chocolate cake, depending on what the subscribing merchant has to offer. A hostess goes around in a car and does the greeting and the giving. Naturally, this is a commercial enterprise and the various merchants subscribe to it so as to win the patronage of the new arrivals.

It is a large company spread over a wide area, and one of the offices was in our town. I had been bombarding the company for days, trying to sell them the idea of taking me on. Finally they said: "Try Freeport. If you make good there, you've got a job."

Freeport is a fair-sized town, ten miles away, that had no Hospitality Service. Making good meant going in myself and selling the merchants. I didn't know then that three others had already failed there.

I dug up a list of key merchants to see, and started with the biggest name—the owner of one of the largest dairies in that part of the state.

He saw me, listened, and I walked out with my first contract. When I went to the other firms, I told them I had just sold Blank's Dairies. It was easy then to interest them.

At five o'clock that evening in Utica I was signed up as field organizer for Hospitality Service. The management is now saying that I have possibilities. Several times I have been called into meetings to discuss ideas about expansion.

OH, yes, sometimes I mind not being able to lie in bed in the morning. Sometimes I'd like, for once, to go in and order a meal without thinking about the cost. I miss taxis, exciting clothes, good hotels.

But, instead, I have conquered destiny, and I have won an enormous zest for living that my friends would give a king's ransom to possess. I know the thrill of using my mind and accomplishing. I know what it is to work and have hardheaded business men pay me money for it. Many a time in the old days I have heard my bored friends say, and I've said myself: "I've a notion to go into the interior decorating business . . . open a perfume bar . . . or have a dress shop." But now I know the difference between this mild wishing and the coming to grips with what it takes to make it true.

Oddly enough, I would never go back to being "a lady."

THE END

YOUTH—with SMILES, SONGS, and DRAMA

BY BEVERLY HILLS

Deanna Durbin grows up—romantically—while Tyrone Power and Dorothy Lamour feature a gangster film with a difference

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT   2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR   0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ IT'S A DATE

THE PLAYERS: Deanna Durbin, Kay Francis, Walter Pidgeon, Eugene Pallette, Lewis Howard, Samuel S. Hinds, Cecilia Loftus, Fritz Feld, S. Z. Sakall, Henry Stephenson, Joe King, Virginia Brissac, Romaine Callender. Screen play by Norman Krasna. Directed by William Seiter. Produced by Universal. Running time, 103 minutes.

MAYBE it's because the Deanna Durbin formula grows thin. Maybe this is just as good as any of its six pleasant predecessors. Here Deanna plays the daughter of a celebrated footlight star who, in her school theatricals, so impresses her mother's stage producer that he decides to give her the role intended for mater.

But daughter will have none of it, fearing it will break her mother's heart. So she tries to fancy herself in love with a stalwart wealthy grower of Hawaiian pineapples.

Deanna is sure, pleasant, and charming-voiced as Pamela Drake, Kay Francis makes a gracious worldly stage star, Walter Pidgeon was never better than as the boulevardier pineapple king. And there's Lewis Howard as a youthful schoolchum sweetheart.

It seems to me that one of the weaknesses is the music, not quite as good as in most former Durbin film fables. Maybe the direction of William Seiter lacks the requisite lightness. Maybe it's just your observer, grown callous to the Durbin plot: of setting-things-right-with-the-world via a smile and a song.

Nice bits: S. Z. Sakall's splintered English playwright from Budapest; Cecilia Loftus' worldly-wise companion to Deanna's stage mama.

VITAL STATISTICS: Deanna, kissed once in First Love, is kissed twice here by Lewis Howard as her boy friend. Yes, she's growing up. Deanna has twenty-three costume changes, her largest film wardrobe to date. On her personal stationery, by the way, Deanna uses the musical notes, "d, d," instead of initials. Also on her canvas studio-set chair. . . . Kay Francis has made more than forty pictures in her eleven years in films. . . . Walter Pidgeon is six feet three. Now well into his third cycle in films. Failed the first time; scored as a singing star the second time, when suddenly the vogue of musical films ended. Came back in 1936; been successful ever since without a single song. . . . Cissie Loftus was a celebrated star of her day, famous too as a mimic. Debut in 1892. Played leads to many a famous stage star. . . . S. Z. Sakall, who makes his Hollywood debut as the foreign playwright, is Hungarian, born in Budapest, well known on the Continental stage. First film was the unforgettable Two Hearts in Three Quarter Time. Weighs 204. . . . Samuel S. Hinds was one of the organizers, in 1916, of the famous Pasadena Community Playhouse. Had been an attorney. Switched to acting. . . . Lewis Howard is a New Yorker, took a writing course at Columbia University. Tried the stage, first appeared in the play, The Fabulous Invalid. First film was Deanna's First Love. Says he intends to write a book about Hollywood. . . . Look over the ship's officers. One is Eddie Polo, former serial star, doing a comeback. Badly hurt back in 1920 trying a film stunt.

Sultry Dorothy Lamour exchanges the tropics for a night club in Johnny Apollo.

★ ★ ★ JOHNNY APOLLO

THE PLAYERS: Tyrone Power, Dorothy Lamour, Edward Arnold, Lloyd Nolan, Charles Grapewin, Lionel Atwill, Marc Lawrence, Jonathan Hale, Harry Rosenthal, Russell Hicks, Fuzzy Knight, Charles Lane, Selmar Jackson, Charles Trowbridge, John Hamilton, William Pawley, Eric Wilton, Gary Breckner, Harry Tyler, George Irving, Eddie Marr, Anthony Caruso, Wally Albright. Screen play by Philip Dunne and Rowland Brown from a story by Samuel G. Engel and Hal Long. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 93 minutes.

THIS yarn of a stockbroker's college-bred son who turns mobster is out of the gangster rut. It is fresh and taut, largely because of five admirable performances and the human directorial handling.

Disillusioned and embittered when his father is convicted of mishandling funds, Bob Cain quits college, tries to get a job, finds that the sins of his parent shut all doors to him. So, to get money and political influence at any cost, Cain manages to join up with a ruthless underworld power. He plans to "spring" his father with any means at his command.

There are unsavory glimpses behind the judicial machinery of a great city, there is the inevitable night club which hides a gangster hideout, there is an exciting prison break. All of which sounds like routine racketeer romance—but isn't. Not quite, thanks to Tyrone Power's better-than-usual performance of the college boy turned ruthless, Lloyd Nolan's excellent human mobster chieftain, Dorothy Lamour's sultry hard-boiled authentically shoddy night-club entertainer, and Edward Arnold's sympathetic portrayal of the father who goes to prison. And watch Charles Grapewin's fine bit of the drunken ex-judge turned underworld lawyer.

Even if you're tired of gangster drama, you'll find this a bit different.

VITAL STATISTICS: Five generations of actors are behind Tyrone Power. Father—Tyrone Power, Senior—was a distinguished stage star; tried the films, too, back in the early days. And George Washington's favorite comedian, they say, was a Power who specialized in Irish humor. Ty owns a Loening amphibian monoplane. Is an air-travel fan, has covered some 200,000 miles in air transports. . . . Director Henry Hathaway, at the age of eight, in 1908, was a child actor hired by director Allan Dwan with the old American Film Company. At fourteen he was a prop boy at Universal. His best known directorial job was Lives of a Bengal Lancer. . . . That rowing crew is authentic. U. C. L. A. boys—and genuine. . . . Lloyd Nolan is a San Francisco lad, went to Santa Clara Prep, on to Stanford, flunked out at end of his first year. Worked his way around the world on a tramp steamer, came back to Stanford to major in English. Then the Pasadena Community Theater in 1927. Once played at the Dennis on Cape Cod with Alice Brady. Bette Davis ushered at the theater that summer.

Short Review:

★ **FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS** (Paramount).

Filmed at Paramount's British studios, and based on a stage comedy seen in New York and London, this romantic farce about a French home in which young British diplomats are acquiring correct Parisian polish, is pretty forced. Ray Milland and Ellen Drew were sent to London to play the leading roles, and neither appears to advantage. Best of the cast is a French girl, Janine Darcey. Most of the others overact.

THE TURNTABLE

by LISTENER

CLASSICAL

★ ★ ★ ★ DEBUSSY: *La Mer* (The Sea). Boston Symphony Orchestra directed by Sergei Koussevitzky (Victor Album 643). Breadth and vigor of this music recorded with remarkable fidelity. Koussevitzky's brilliant interpretation now available to all.

★ ★ ★½ RIMSKI-KORSAKOV: *Scheherazade.* The Cleveland Orchestra conducted by Artur Rodzinski (Columbia Album 398). Excellent performance displays the orchestra's rich tone and virtuoso playing by the first violinist.

★ ★ ★½ BEETHOVEN: *Corialan Overture.* Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos (Columbia 11175). Mitropoulos makes auspicious debut with dramatic rendition of this great overture.

★ ★ ★ HANSON: *Symphony No. 2.* Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra conducted by Howard Hanson (Victor Album 648). Definite interpretation of stirring "Romantic" symphony by this contemporary American composer.

OFF THE BEATEN PATH

★ ★ ★½ *Ballad for Americans.* Sung by Paul Robeson (Victor Album P-20). A powerful narrative song in praise of liberty . . . music by Earl Robinson, words by John Latouche.

★ ★ ★ *Gossip.* Rex Irving's Orchestra (Royale 1842). Amusing musical description of chattering women . . . the group plays cleanly and with restraint.

POPULAR

★ ★ ★½ *How High the Moon.* Larry Clinton's Orchestra (Victor 26521). Best Clinton arrangement and neatest performance by the orchestra in many a moon . . . Terry Allen vocal.

★ ★ ★½ *On the Isle of May.* Connie Boswell with Victor Young's Orchestra (Decca 3004). Connie sings smoothly. The orchestra's expert backing captures the mood of Tchaikovsky's original melody.

★ ★ ★½ *Would'st Could I but Kiss Thy Hand, Oh, Babe.* Glen Gray's Orchestra (Decca 3016). Smart contrapuntal introduction leads into Pee Wee Hunt's humorous vocal.

★ ★ ★ *The Moon and the Willow Tree.* Ray Noble's Orchestra (Columbia 35385). Pleasant, subdued music in Ray's best style . . . violins and muted trumpet effectively used . . . vocal by Larry Stewart.

★ ★ ★ *Sweet Potato Piper.* Johnny Green's Orchestra (Royale 1839). Johnny's crisp piano solo alternates with the full orchestra and Louanne's vocal chorus. *Too Romantic* on other side is well sung by Jack Smith.

★ ★ ★ *The Sky Fell Down.* Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra (Victor 26518). Tommy and the band are consistently good . . . so is Frank Sinatra's singing. *After I Say I'm Sorry* arranged in swing style . . . The Pied Piper's vocal and Johnny Mince's clarinet stand out.

SWING

★ ★ ★½ *All Star Strut.* Metronome All Star Nine (Columbia 35380). Each of the nine shines in turn . . . Stacy and Miller do particularly well. *King Porter Stomp* on reverse has fine ensemble work by a fourteen-piece band . . . choice choruses by Goodman and Teagarden.

★ ★ ★ *New Orleans Memories.* Jelly Roll Morton (General Records Album G-11). Jazz in its formative stages played and sung by a pianist who contributed much to its development.

★ ★ ★ *Mary Lou Williams' Blues.* Six Men and a Girl (Varsity 8193). Relaxed solos from Mary Lou's piano and Floyd Smith's guitar. The reverse uses *Tea for Two* as its theme . . . has several fine performances.

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MOTORISTS WISE
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46 Answers

BY JACK DEMPSEY

to his questions on page 58

1—J. F. Duryea, driving a Duryea car, won the first automobile race in America at Chicago, Illinois, on November 28, 1895.

2—The ball.

3—Archery. The bow and arrow was the main weapon of warfare from the beginning of the Christian era until the latter part of the sixteenth century.

4—" Poona " was the original name of badminton, and, according to athletes adept at both games, it is more than twice as strenuous as tennis.

5—" Sporting rights " are the rights of " fowling, shooting, taking or killing game or rabbits, and of fishing on or over a given area or within certain boundaries."

6—The " Book of Sports," also known as the " Declaration of Sports," was an order issued by King James I in 1617, on recommendation of Thomas Morton, Bishop of Chester, permitting certain sports and amusements on Sunday, such as dancing, archery, leaping and vaulting, and other harmless recreations, but prohibiting bear- or bull-baiting and bowling.

7—" Dormie " in golf means a player or side is as many holes up, or ahead, as there are holes remaining to be played in the match. " On deck " in baseball refers to the batter whose next turn it is at bat while the preceding batter is " up." " In the box " in baseball means the pitcher is in the area from which he must pitch the ball to the batter. " Balk " in baseball is any illegal action or movement by the pitcher designed to deceive a batter or base runner; " balk " in billiards is a limited space between the cushion and a line drawn on the table. " Honor " in golf is the right to play first off the tee; in bridge (cards) it is ace, king, queen, jack, or ten of trumps.

8—The League baseball must weigh from 5 to 5¼ ounces avoirdupois; the bat must not exceed 42 inches in length.

9—There is no official limit to the size, weight, or shape of the catcher's mitt in baseball.

10—A " dead ball " is one delivered to the batter by the pitcher, not struck at, which touches any part of the batter's person or clothing while he is standing in his batting position. The ball also becomes " dead " when a balk is committed, when a fair-hit ball strikes a base runner, or when a pitched ball hits a fence or building within 60 feet of the home base. Generally, the ball is considered " dead " when it is not " in play."

11—A vulpicide is one who kills a fox, or the killing of a fox out of hunting season.

12—(*a*) Genesis 32, 24: Jacob wrestles an angel sent by the Lord. (*b*) As You Like It, Act I, Scene 2: Orlando wrestles and throws Charles, the Duke's wrestler.

13—In the 23d book of the Iliad, Homer gives a round-by-round description of the walloping of Euryalus by Epeus, builder of the wooden horse, in the games at the funeral of Patroclus.

14—Yes, Sullivan was heavyweight champion under London Prize Ring Rules, and he retired still holding that title; No, under Marquis of Queensberry Rules, because he did not defeat Charley Mitchell in their battle for the title at Chantilly, France. The fight was called a " draw " at the end of 39 rounds.

15—James J. Corbett won the title on January 25, 1894, in Jacksonville, Florida, when he knocked out Charley Mitchell in 3 rounds.

16—Casey's. The line is from Ernest Thayer's famous poem, Casey at the Bat.

17—(*a*) A trophy donated in 1879 by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, for a rowing race among Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Princeton crews. (Since the World War the Navy crew also competes.) (*b*) The famous trophy donated by Dwight F. Davis for world's lawn tennis team supremacy; now held by Australia. (*c*) The trophy for international yacht-racing supremacy, first won in 1851 off the Isle of Wight by the yacht America. The late Sir Thomas Lipton competed unsuccessfully for it many times. (*d*) A football trophy of only sentimental value played for annually by Minnesota and Michigan elevens.

18—The kings represent David, Alexander, Caesar, and Charlemagne.

19—Under Olympiad Rules, *no nation* can win the Olympic Games; only individual winners are recognized.

20—(*a*) Baseball. (*b*) Boxing. (*c*) Cricket.

21—Elmer Layden, fullback (coach at Notre Dame); Harry Stuhldreher, quarterback (coach at Wisconsin); Jimmy Crowley, left halfback (coach at Fordham); and Don Miller, right halfback (practicing law in Cleveland, Ohio).

22—James J. Corbett. (After he broke his hands on Joe Choynski in a fight held June 5, 1889, he found that punching the bag with " straight " punches hurt his healing but still sore knuckles when he resumed training, so he began " hooking " with his left and became so proficient with the blow that he knocked down his sparmates with it.)

23—Captain Matt Webb of England first swam the English Channel, August 24-25, 1875. His time was 22 hours 45 minutes. Gertrude Ederle of the United States swam it on August 6, 1926, her time being 14 hours 31 minutes.

24—Luis Angel Firpo; Stanley Ketchel; Sam Langford; Paolino Uzcudun; Battling Siki; Tom Heeney.

25—(*a*) Exterminator. (*b*) Man o' War. Both among the leading money-winning racers of all time.

26—The baseball " diamond " officially is a 90-foot square.

27—Tommy Burns; Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil; Philadelphia Jack O'Brien; Johnny Dundee; Jack Britton; Willie Ritchie.

28—(*a*) Greyhound. (*b*) Greyhound. (*c*) Race horse. The greyhound is about 3 seconds faster than the trotter or pacer at this distance, and about that much slower than the race horse up to half a mile, according to the best and average records of both greyhounds and horses.

29—The Dutch first introduced golf into America in the seventeenth century. Not long afterward an official edict from Albany prohibited the " playing of golf in the streets of Albany."

30—The longest glove fight was a draw between A. Bowen and J. Burke in New Orleans on April 6, 1893. It lasted 7 hours 19 minutes, or 110 rounds. The shortest was by Battling Nelson, who knocked out William Rossler at Harvey A. C., Illinois, in 2 seconds, on April 5, 1902.

31—Alonzo Stagg—" of Football "; Connie Mack—" of Baseball "; Jim Ten Eyck—" of Rowing."

32—Theodore Roosevelt, according to the late Jimmy De Forest, was the best boxer ever to gain the Presidency of the United States. According to Jimmy, who boxed with Roosevelt and coached him for many years, " Teddy " could have beaten most of the professional heavyweights.

33—The " secular games," first held in 249 B. C., were celebrated in Rome to mark the commencement of a new saeculum or generation, a period of 100 years as representing the longest human life span in a generation. On that first occasion a vow was made to celebrate the games every hundred years. According to tradition, the games had their origin in certain sacrificial rites which were performed at the Tarentum, a volcano cleft in the Campus Martius. They lasted three days.

34—Arthur F. Duffey ran 100 yards in 9⅗ seconds at Berkeley Oval, New York, on May 31, 1902. His feat gave rise to the slang expression " doing an Arthur Duffey " and refers to any one leaving rapidly. On June 23, 1906, Dan J. Kelly duplicated Duffey's feat.

35—Jimmy Michaels, diminutive paced rider of the late '90s, was popularly known by bicycle-racing enthusiasts as the " Mighty Mite " because of his small stature and the fact that he looked like a little boy. Jimmy Wilde, English flyweight champion, gained world-wide fame as the " Mighty Atom " of boxing because of his marvelous fighting ability.

36—Thoroughbred horse racing.

37—Epée, foil or rapier, and the saber are used in the sport of fencing today.

38—Six. Five. Twelve. Nine. Eleven.

39—Dr. James A. Naismith, a physical instructor in the Springfield, Massachusetts, Y. M. C. A., originated basketball in 1891, using ordinary wooden peach baskets for the " goals."

40—The annual 500-mile automobile race in the Indianapolis Speedway draws the biggest paid attendance of all sports in America. The fight between Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey in Chicago on September 22, 1927, drew the biggest gate receipts, totaling $2,658,660.

41—(*a*) Harold " Red " Grange. (*b*) Frankie Frisch. (*c*) Babe Ruth. (*d*) Georges Hackenschmidt. (*e*) John J. McGraw.

42—Eleven are alive, two are dead. The survivors at this writing are Jeffries, Burns, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, Tunney, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer, and Braddock. Joe Louis, of course, is not yet a *former* heavyweight champion.

43—George Washington; he was a great runner, excelled at broad jumping and high jumping; was an excellent wrestler, a great thrower, and a great rider and marksman.

44—Moe Berg. College graduate, speaks several languages fluently, is admitted to the bar, and is a clever writer and speaker.

45—Max Waxman.

46—Clarence.

A WAY TO GET TOGETHER

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Though I did not agree with everything said in The Enemy Is Here! (January 27 Liberty), I think it is one of the best articles from the viewpoint of a labor leader that I have ever read. On the whole, I think Emmett C. Davison tried to state his views fairly, and those statements that seem to show bias against employers as a class are undoubtedly the result of the abiding conviction held by many labor leaders—that employers are always seeking to "undermine the solidarity of American labor unions." The most severe critics of Mr. Davison's views, however, will be found among labor groups, and the mildest epithet that they will hurl at him will be that of "Red-baiter."

I think Mr. Davison voices the sentiment held by most real Americans, whether they be workers or employers, and that is that something should be done on a co-operative basis to remove the agents of foreign subversive elements from positions where they can do great damage. He calls on labor, government, and industry to get together and establish a round table where information can be matched and necessary action can be taken.

He has stated clearly the actual danger we face from spies and saboteurs known to be Communists, Nazis, or Fascists, and that they are to be found not only among the "grease-stained mechanics" but among the white-collared "higher-ups" as well. To rid ourselves of these enemies, the co-operation Mr. Davison pleads for is vitally necessary.

But when we go into a room somewhere to sit together around the round table, we will have to leave outside our mutual suspicions and distrust.

Any co-operative group such as suggested by Mr. Davison will have enough obstacles to overcome without engaging in any name-calling contest. If it is found that the leader of a powerful labor union is a Communist and an enemy of the government, and employer members of the co-operative group call upon labor to expel him from his post of leadership, will not the cry be raised that the employers are trying to bust up or weaken the union? If labor leaders of the group present evidence that a "higher-up" in some industry is engaged in subversive or spy activities and therefore should be discharged from his post, would not the employer members charge that labor is trying to control industry by telling the employer whom to employ? If either labor or industry, or both, call on the government to take action against a known enemy of our country entrenched in some government position, would not the government agency involved reply that the person so accused is protected by civil service, or wields such powerful political influence that it simply cannot be done?

The sad fact is that these very questions will arise continually unless labor, industry, and the government first agree to definite lines of procedure that would permit the proposed round-table group to meet and overcome such obstacles.

Mr. Emmett Davison stated in his article that his organization knows the enemies of our country now holding membership in the International Association of Machinists. He cited an example of a foreign-born citizen holding a post of responsibility in a naval arsenal, stating that the facts were presented to the government, together with an offer by the organization he represents *to expel him from the union?*

Isn't it perfectly natural for you and me to wonder why this particular enemy was not expelled from the union, despite the naval authorities' plea that the man is "protected by civil service"? Instead of expelling the enemy from the union, elaborate precautions were set up in an effort to keep him under constant surveillance. Perhaps I am unfair in this criticism, but I take for granted that the union has the power to expel a member for proper cause, or else the offer would not have been made. The point is that, up until now, labor leaders have bitterly resented any suggestions from outside sources to take such drastic action, and for some unaccountable reason the great rank and file of the members of organized labor who are unquestionably good solid citizens remain silent when such an issue does become public.

I agree with Mr. Davison that Communism and Fascism are the worst enemies of organized labor, and it is my sincere hope that more levelheaded labor leaders will come out with similar statements.—*Lawrence Andrews.*

KNITTING ON PINS

ALLERTON, MASS. — Mrs. S. H. W. of Oakland, California, said of Sophie Kerr's Little Old Lady's knitting with pins, "It can't be done." (March 23 Vox Pop.)

I started the enclosed on pins and had it done in a very short time. — *Margaret C. Dodd.*

MCALISTERVILLE, PA.—Sixty years ago, when I was twelve, I knitted yards of lace on hatpins with ordinary sewing thread, No. 30. However, it could not be done in a moving automobile in which Sophie Kerr's old lady was traveling.—*Mrs. G. B. Roush.*

¶ And Margaret Dodd enclosed a little pink woolly square to prove her argument. What does our California critic say to this? —Vox Pop Editor.

WHY NEGLECT DALAI LAMA?

SEATTLE, WASH.—Would it not be proper for the President to appoint a personal representative to the new Dalai Lama of Tibet? He might help establish peace in the Himalayas, and of course, if there are a few scattered Lama votes in the country . . .—*Alex A. Barnley.*

IODINE FROM KELP

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Mr. K. H. Rockey makes this statement: "No iodine is produced from kelp in the United States." (March 16 Vox Pop.)

It is now being produced (and has been) here by the Dow Chemical Company of this place. Your Mr. K. H. Rockey can verify this from the head offices of the Dow Chemical Co., Chicago, Illinois, or at the local plant here.—*Earl R. Hepburn.*

FEAR AND HEART DISEASE

SALEM, N. J.—When one begins to orate concerning disease, one should have at least a working knowledge of the facts and principles involved. Saying that fear causes heart disease (February 17 Vox Pop) is quite like saying that the circulation of the blood causes the heartbeat. Fear is a phenomenon of brain activity and is caused by the brain; nor can it cause brain disease. The mind, or psyche, is a phase of brain activity and may not be any better than the brain producing it. The idiot brain has an idiot mind; the imbecile brain, an imbecile mind; the moronic brain produces moronic brain activity and the behaviorism of morons.

Heart failure depends upon a damaged heart, not a fearful brain. The commonest cause of heart disease is syphilis, acquired, congenital, or hereditary, and at the present time is an expression of the epidemic of syphilis which was initiated in this country by the first World War.

Facts, not fancies, determine the cause of heart deaths.—*F. H. C., M. D.*

¶ May we add to Dr. F. H. C.'s good comment and say the "facts" he advocates are all in an excellent book entitled Your Heart and Arteries, by Rasmus L. Alsaker, M. D. — Vox Pop Editor.

"GOERING" SPOILED COVER

UTICA, N. Y.—May I take up a minute of your time to tell you what a charming cover your magazine had for March 16? It is definitely the best-looking cover you have had in years. Only wish it could be framed, but you spoiled that by pasting "Goering" on it. Was that necessary?—*A. L. S.*

POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"SCREWBALL" TOMMY AND THE NATION'S PULSE

"If the world were full of such screwballs as Tommy Manville, what a happy place it would be!" exclaimed one. "The aimless vaporings of a mental buzzard!" cried another. "He seems rather pathetic, searching for the bluebird," sighed a third. "A silly satyr!" declared a fourth. "Just a little boy with a great big heart, groping in the dark," smiled a fifth. Then came two chorusing: "How much is he paying you for it?" and "How much was he paid for it—a million?" And the words "blather," "drivel," "twaddle," and "piffle" filled the air. Prophecy wasn't idle, either. "He will need plenty of insulation where he's going!" announced one oracle of the many who wrote Vox Pop.

Which goes to show how temperatures rose and vocabularies grew when Tommy Manville's reminiscences were read in Liberty. People in forty states and in Canada responded at the rate of ten to one against the life of the gay boy of Bon Repos, with Oregon and New York leading. Connecticut and Michigan forgave him much. Only one Canadian girl said she liked him.

Of course nearly every commentator could tell Tommy how to spend time and money to greater advantage, and most of the ladies failed to admire his choice in their sex. —*Vox Pop Editor.*

HOW MANY PINS IN A DIAPER?

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—If our state representatives knew no more about what we sent them to Washington for than they do about diaper pinning, we would save money by keeping them at home.

Representative Hoffman says, "Everybody knows it takes only one pin to hold up a diaper." That remark brands him as behind the times. Even styles in diaper wearing change.

The distinguished Secretary Ickes held out for two pins—one in front, one in back. This bears out Hoffman's contention that he had never pinned one.

Every modern mother will tell you that proper diapering calls for four pins, two on each side.

Better stick to the things we sent you to Washington for, big boys!—*Mrs. Iva Kennedy.*

LET'S HAVE MORE OF IT

PATERSON, N. J.—In an editorial captioned Is Our Official Oath of Office Meaningless? (January 27 Liberty) correct observation is made that an official swears to uphold the Constitution. But Mr. Macfadden argues that voting for legislation like the Wagner Act violates the Constitution.

And then the joker: Mr. Macfadden quotes Article XIV, Section 1.

Mr. Macfadden should know that there is a difference between states' rights and federal rights. In recognizing that difference the federal Constitution provides what laws the states may or may not pass.

Mr. Macfadden confuses states' rights when he cites Article XIV, Section 1, which provides that no state shall enforce certain laws.

He argues that the federal lawmakers deviated from their duty when they voted for the Wagner Act. Why? Because it violates that constitutional article which refers to states' rights.

You must agree with me that the logic is nonexistent.

Finally, when millions of your readers are out of work, don't editorialize for the profit takers. If present times warrant legislation, let's have it, and more of it.—*Paul Simon.*

☾ **"I don't believe any woman wants the gallantry of men at the expense of her intellectual development," says Mrs. I. M. Price of Spokane, Washington. "Fair-minded men don't expect that of women."**

SIXTH HAT . . . BAGDAD BEGINS

SCHOHARIE, N. Y.—To me the pleasantest surprise in a decade of Liberty reading was Bagdad Begins, by Royal Brown, in the March 16 issue.

Brown has long been my favorite short-story writer—since, in fact, I discovered his Sixth Hat in March 19, 1927, Liberty. I still have that battered copy and have periodically reread the yarn which started me off as a Brown fan.

Some time ago I seem to have lost track of him. You can imagine my genuine pleasure at locating the country's best writer in the country's best weekly.—*Hal von Linden.*

SHE FORGOT FIFTH VERSE

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I get hot under the collar at Mrs. Walter Mahler's letter to Liberty (March 16 Vox Pop) answering Mr. Schafer's letter concerning our national anthem.

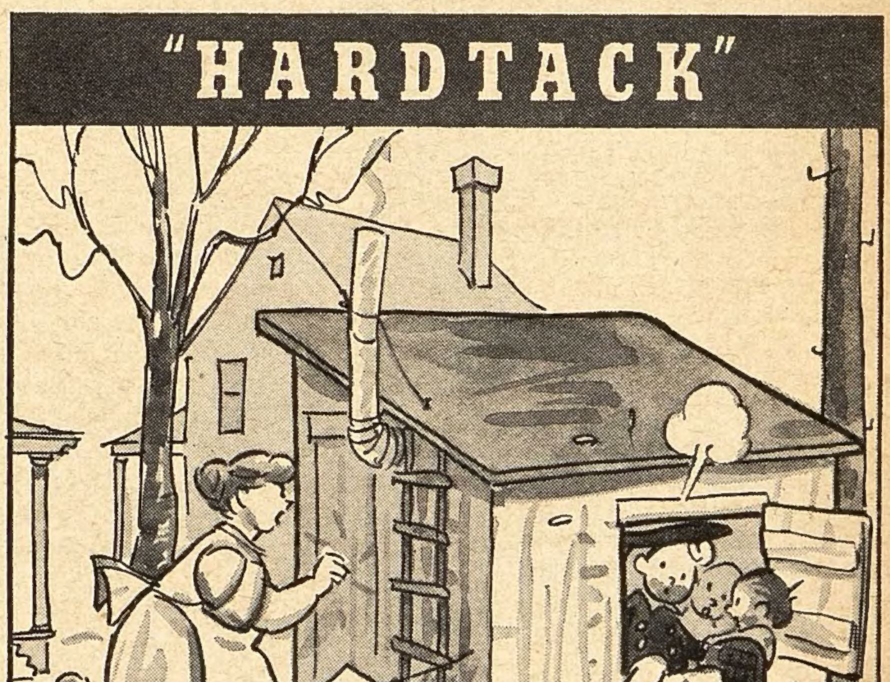
She states that she can sing all *four* verses of The Star-Spangled Banner. For her information, there are *five* verses, the way Francis Scott Key wrote it and Congress adopted it in 1935.—*Louis Doerman.*

☾ **"I would like to see this motto at the top of every Vox Pop page:**

"Smile and the world smiles
with you,
Kick and you kick alone.
For the cheerful grin will let
you in
Where the kicker was never
known"

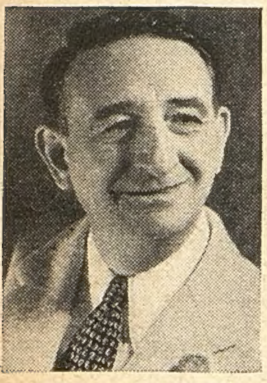
—warbles E. G. S. of Oberlin, Ohio.

"HARDTACK"



"Did the grand exalted members of the Royal Order of Daniel Boom see anything of a blackberry pie that was on the kitchen windowsill?"

A Young Lady Tells Tales Out of School



FULTON OURSLER

GOSSIP HAS been defined as saying things behind one's back that are absolutely true. It is a custom universally condemned and universally practiced. Like everything else in the world, there is good gossip and bad, just as there are good gossips and bad gossips. In Washington, the practice of gossip has reached the proportions of a fine art. The experts there tell things that leave them speechless. There is, for example, that unique organization—what might be called a closed corporation—called the DOTS. This very exclusive society consists of daughters of the Senate, and they have a great deal to say among themselves. . . . What they say, until now, has remained within the confines of the group, but one of its members, daughter of a well known United States senator, has decided to share her knowledge with the world. She has written a series of articles for Liberty called Tales Out of School. Veiled behind her yashmak of anonymity, this sprightly young woman relates her experiences and those of her friends in Washington when work is over. The capital at cocktail hour, at garden parties: government at play. Bureau chiefs have their idle moments, in spite of the New Deal's incessant labors and zeals. Diplomats and representatives, promoters and lobbyists, mamas and their marriageable daughters, counts and no-accounts—all take time out to be sociable, and thereby hangs many a tale. . . . These are the stories out of school told by this intrepid young lady, who must have known that she risked discovery, perhaps by internal evidence, when she decided to put her experiences on paper. . . . We do not think that the Capitol will be shaken from its foundations by her disclosures; the giant chalk piece of the Washington Monument will certainly continue to point upward toward higher and better things—but there will be repercussions. If you want to go behind the scenes in Washington society, next week is the time and Liberty is the place. The young lady will have much to confide.

WE THINK YOU WILL FIND the whole issue next week stimulating and interesting. There is, for example, Channing Pollock's protest, as a freeborn American, The Once-Private Citizen. The famous playwright and lecturer speaks his mind freely on the questions you and I had to answer to the census man. It is a kind of post mortem on the inquisitiveness of government. . . . Then William C. de Mille asks you some questions—forty, to be exact—to test your knowledge. How much do you know about Hollywood? . . . Charley Kurtsinger talks about the Kentucky Derby and tells you why horses alone don't win that turf classic. . . . The famous Dionne quintuplets celebrate their sixth birthday this month. You will want to read the revealing story of the differences in character between these amazing children told by the one man who knows them best—Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe —the man who brought them into the world and who has observed them constantly since. A story that will surprise you. . . . Professor Walter B. Pitkin tells you how to find a better job. . . . And as for fiction, there are several excellent short stories, including Lovers' Jackpot, by Samuel W. Taylor, and The Wind Under Their Wings, by Harry Sylvester, together with full installments of Oomph Girl, by Margaret E. Sangster; Mannerheim: Hero of Finland, by Emil Ludwig; and Calcutta Adventure, by Edison Marshall.

SALMAGUNDI: Here is your good-deed chance for this week: George H. Coryell, 9 Avenue des Roses, Rhode-Saint-Genèse, Belgium, writes: "We, Americans, are unavoidably detained in Belgium. We are trying to whistle away the blues with no mind food to sustain an otherwise cheerful degree of morale. Will a few of your noble-minded readers mail us one or two discarded magazines? They would enormously relieve a degree of nervous tension. As a gesture in the good-neighbor sense, some trustworthy vessel will return to America with suitable Belgian souvenirs. We will thank you, Mr. Oursler, if your heartstrings are stirred, for publishing this in Liberty." . . . Walter Karig, one of our regular Washington commentators, has just been admitted to the Brahmin caste of capital correspondents. He is now one of the fabulous fifty of the Gridiron Club. I was his first guest at the recent dinner and Walter was a star of the show. . . . Also attended recently the annual Dutch Treat show at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. . . . While in Washington, to speak before the annual Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, had a visit with John Edgar Nichols, namesake of the No. 1 G-man and baby son of the No. 1 G-man's No. 1 assistant. He wouldn't talk. . . . After leaving the D. A. R. Congress, flew to Minneapolis and spoke before a group of advertising men. In Miami Beach for a brief spell, attending a convention of magazine wholesalers at the Macfadden-Deauville Hotel. A brief visit while there with Frank Gannett, busy with his campaign. Many of his remarks stuck in our mind, especially this one: "If I could do it, I would clean out Washington of every Communist, every Bolshevist, every Red, every Pink, and if I ever did, the roads around Washington would be so crowded it would look like Napoleon's retreat from Moscow." . . . Met many Floridians who were enthusiastic about Bernarr Macfadden's campaign for the Democratic nomination for United States senator from Florida. Luncheon beside the Macfadden-Deauville pool with Westbrook Pegler and quoted to him what Dryden once said: "More liberty begets desire of more; The hunger still increases with the store." Another luncheon with Arthur Garfield Hays, who told me that there is nothing that will make an average man so mad as to tell him he is an average man. . . . Also a luncheon with Attorney General Robert Jackson, discussing the world, the flesh, and the devil. Mr. Jackson is a charming man. Charm is a quality that seems to go with the office of Attorney General. There are few men with more personal likableness than my old friend Homer Cummings. Incidentally, the former United States Attorney General has just established as a memorial to his wife, Cecilia Cummings, a clinic in the George Washington University Medical School to study possible causes and cures of the disease that was responsible for her death. Cecilia Cummings was a dear friend of our family and we believe that somewhere her blithe spirit lives on and knows the good work that Homer is doing in her name. . . . And still another luncheon with Martin Dies and much talk of the enormous public response to his articles in your favorite magazine. Mr. Dies contracted a painful sunburn in Florida. No matter where he goes the red menace will not let him be!

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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COVER BY ROSALIE RUSH

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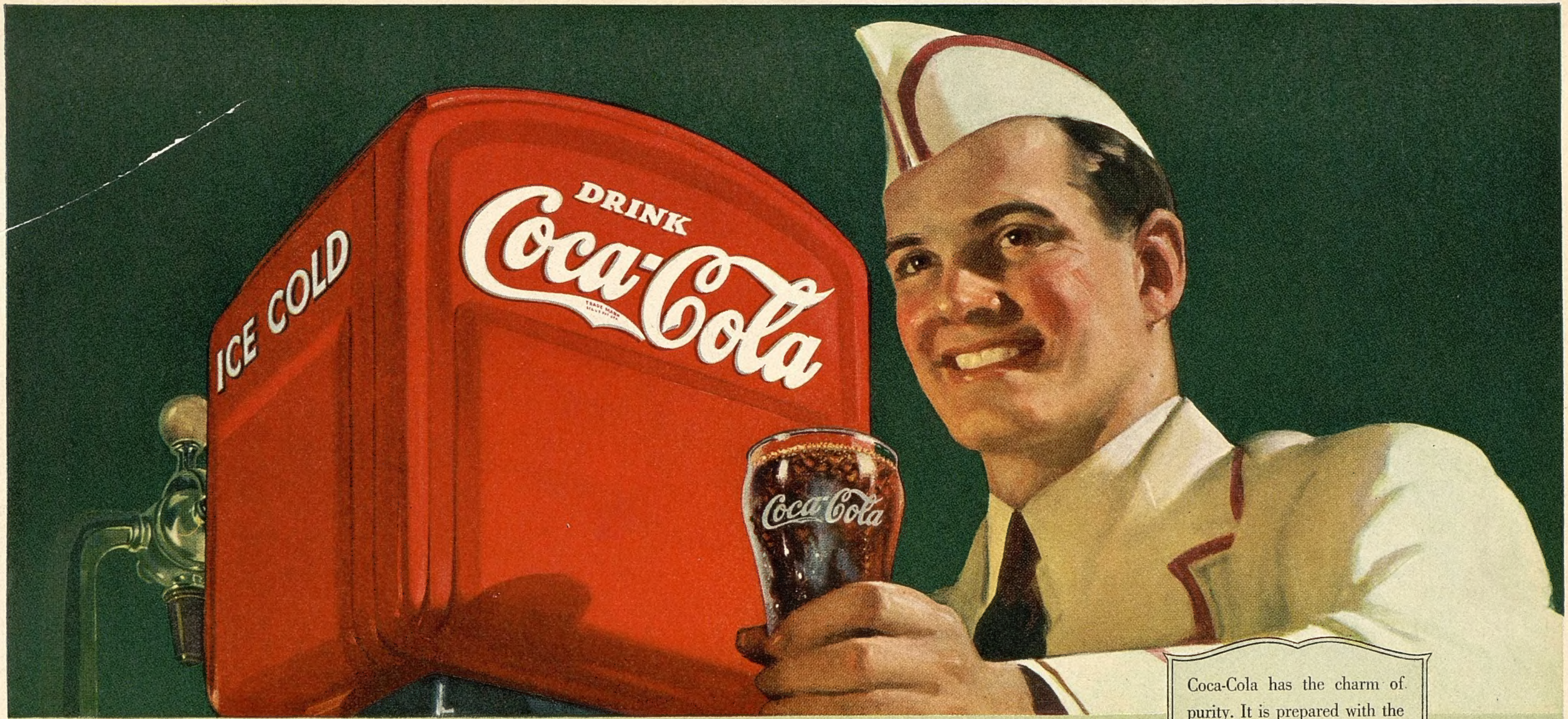

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